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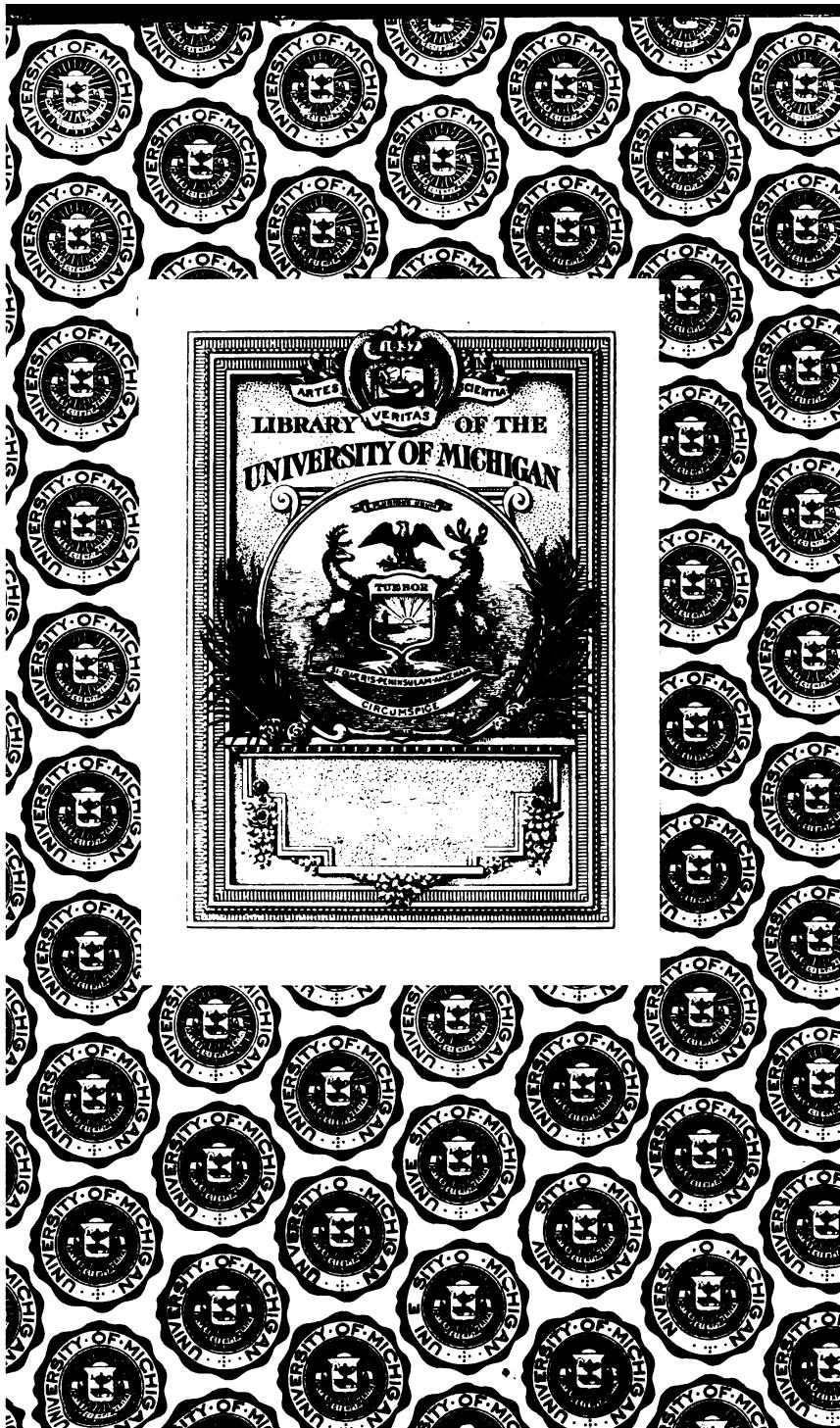
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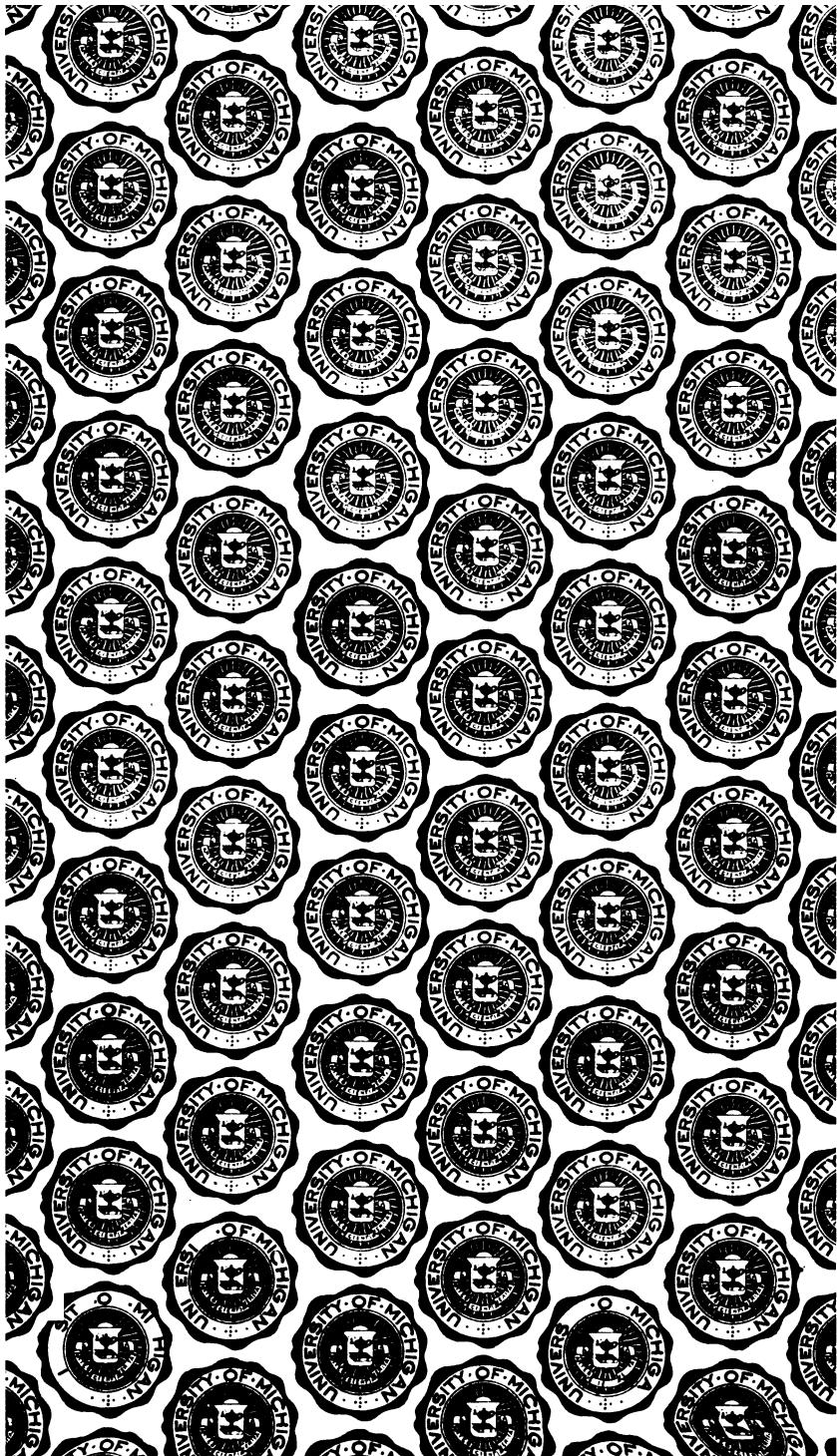
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Per Gault Sculp

Vergilius Maro, Publius
VIRGIL's Husbandry,

OR AN
ESSAY
ON THE
GEORGICS:

Being the FIRST BOOK.
Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

To which are added
The Latin Text, and Mr. Dryden's Version.
With Notes Critical, and Rustick.

*Instruct the list'ning World how MARO Sings
Of Useful Subjects, and of Lofty Things.*

Roscommon. Essay on Translat. Verse.

LONDON:
Sold by WILLIAM and JOHN INNYS,
at the West End of St. Paul's, and JOHN
PEMBERTON, in Fleet-street. MDCCXXV.
(Price One Shilling.)

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THE

P R E F A C E.



HE single Note which Mr. Dryden has made on the First *Georgic*, begins thus ; “ The Poetry of this Book is more sublime than any Part of VIRGIL, if I have any Taste ; and “ if ever I have copied his Majeſtick Stile, ‘tis here ”. This

Passage has given Occasion to a Remark on the *Essay on the Second Georgic*, publish'd some Time since, that allowing what is there endeavour'd to be prov'd, namely, that the second *Georgic* is meanly translated by Mr. Dryden ; yet if the First is so very well done, that Mr. Dryden takes the Liberty to give it as high Commendations as he could with Decency bestow on any Thing of his own Writing ; this is sufficient to deter any one from undertaking a new Translation of the *Georgics*.

THE Design of the following Essay is to answer this Objection, by shewing how far Mr. Dryden is from copying the Majesty of VIRGIL'S Style in his Performance ; how little he understands VIRGIL'S Sence in many Places, or enters into the Manner, and Character of the Author.

ii The P R E F A C E.

I perswade my self this will appear frequently by comparing the two Translations together ; but to make it yet plainer, I shall here, examin a Passage or two more fully than I can the whole in a Work of this Nature. I shall begin with the first six Lines of Mr. Dryden's *Version*, which ought not to be suppos'd the worst :

*What makes a plenteous Harvest, when to turn
The fruitful Soil, and when to sow the Corn ;
The Care of Sheep, of Oxen, and of Kine ;
And how to raise on Elms the teeming Vine :
The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,
I sing, MÆCENAS, and I sing to Thee.*

B E F O R E I enter upon Mr. Dryden's Translation, I cannot but observe that this *Exordium* or *Proposition* in the Original, is embellish'd with all the Art and Beauty imaginable. First, The Poet lays down the Matter he intends to treat of, in the plainest Manner. He mentions his *Patron*, but without any Ostentation ; for he understood very well that it depended on his Success in the Work to shew that he deserv'd the Honour that was done him in being singled out by so great a Judge on such an Occasion. The Manner in which he lays down his Subject is with the greatest Modesty : *Quid satiat*, not *Quid facit* : *quo sidere conveniat*, et *qui fit cultus* ; and the first mention he makes of himself, *Hinc canere incipiam*, expresses a becoming Diffidence. He only says, He will *begin*, or He will *try* to write on these Subjects in Verse ; by which he suggests they are so difficult that he very much doubts how he may be able to go on with them. This is the *Tremor Oratoris* so much applauded by the Ancients.

The P R E F A C E. iii

IN like manner, he rises gradually at the Beginning of each following Book : The *Exordium* of the Second Book is chiefly a Recapitulation of the First : And then, with great Art, he brings in his Patron to assist him in his farther Progress.

WHEN he comes to the Third Book, having now gone as far again as ever any one went before, he rises higher, and owns his Subject to be above the common Trifles which most Writers are amus'd with. Here he ventures to declare that it was *Mecenas* put him upon this Work ; and, like a skilful Courtier, to enhance the Value of his Services, he observes the Difficulty of the Task that was set him, *tua Mecenas, haud mollia jussa.* But then he shews that nothing terrifies him under so great Protection : He promises yet nobler Things in the Conclusion of the Piece. *Mox tamen ardentes accingar dicere pugnas.* †

'Tis not till the Middle of the Third Book that he launches out in such a manner as other Poets have frequently begun with.

*Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor ; juvat ire jugis qua nulla priorum
Castalian molli devertitur orbita cirvo.*

And again,

Nunc veneranda Pales, magno nunc ore sonandum.

A 2

He

† This Passage the Commentators understand of the *Aeneid* ; but it is plainly meant of the Fourth *Georgic*. There he describes the *Ardentes Pugnas*, the Civil Wars betwixt the same People for the Sake of Rival Kings. In this Sense the Passage is very sublime, to promise to introduce such a matter in talking of Bees ; but in one Poem to promise another is Low, and unworthy of *VIRGIL*, and what never enter'd into his Imagination.

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He enters boldly upon the Fourth Book, having already made three Times as much of his Subject as the celebrated *Grecian*; and the strongest Expression he any where makes use of in relation to himself, is here

*In tenui labor : at tenuis non gloria ; si quem
Numina leva finunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.*

a Passage not at all understood by the Commentators.

But to return to the *Exordium* of the First Book: If the Manner of it is so artful and judicious, the Style is equally so; which I shall demonstrate as I go along with my Remarks upon Mr. Dryden's *Version* of this Passage.

What makes a plenteous Harvest,

This Beginning is dogmatical, and vulgar, and mean, considering who it is addrest to. VIRGIL does not propose the Practice of Husbandry to *Macenas* as if he was to get his Livelihood by it, but he represents Husbandry as an Embellishment of the Earth, as well as a necessary Labour. He declares it to have been the Decree of Heaven, in order to banish Sloth from amongst Mankind.

— *Pater ipse tolendi
Haud facilis esse viam voluit, &c.*

He shews by many Instances in each of the *Georgics*, that it was the Employment of the Greatest Men amongst them, even of their Princes, and their Heroes, or Demi-gods.

WHOEVER looks over the Schedule of the Countryman's Tools in this Book, will find a God, a God-

The P R E F A C E. v

a Goddess, and a Monarch, to have been the Inventors of several of them ; and upon this Account it is that VIRGIL introduces that Line, which, if I mistake not, he was the most delighted with of any one in all his Georgics.

Si te digna magis dñini Gloria Ruris.

THE real Sense of which Line is, If you have a due Value for Husbandry as the most glorious of all Employments ; But Mr. Dryden has translated this Line in the same Way as the First.

— If Ploughmen hope lin. 247
The promis'd Blessing of a bounteous Crop.

BUT there is another Remark to be made upon this Hemistich.

What makes a plenteous Harvest,

HERE Mr. Dryden follows *Ruclus*, as *Ruclus* follows *Pontanus* ; but he might have learnt from several other Commentators, that *Segetes* in this Place does not signify the Corn, but the Corn-Lands ; though without the Help of any Commentator, it is easy to see that in a Discourse of Husbandry, the manuring and ploughing of the Ground must needs be mentioned before the Harvest : But this is still more evident, when we consider that VIRGIL would not pretend to instruct Husbandmen in any Thing but what is in their Power to perform. Now it is certain, and VIRGIL himself very finely shews it a little lower, that a *plenteous* Harvest does not depend upon Prudence or Labour, but many other Things besides : What absolutely depends upon every one's Diligence and Care, is cultivating the Soil, in order to make it capable of Great Increase :

vi The P R E F A C E.

Increase : and therefore *latas Segetes* plainly means *Campos fructuosos*. It ought to be observ'd likewise, how artfully the Poet chuses this Figurative Adjective *latas* : For no proper Epithet could have express'd his Sence. *Latas* is by *Servius*, and others, taken for *Pingues* ; but that is very distant from the Author's Meaning. Some Lands are of themselves too *fat*, and by that means heavy and dull ; and the Way to make them *latas, joyful*, is by Ploughing, and other Methods which the Poet mentions. Neither is it meant to express *putres* only ; for tho' That would have been proper in relation to *heavy, rich* Soil, it would not have answered to the *lighter*, which this figurative Expression does to all alike.

I shall conclude this Remark with what may be of Use to our Observations throughout the whole Book. I shall take notice what it was that made Mr. *Dryden* mistake his Author in this Place, and so many others. This appears to have been the different Manner the *Latin*, and the *English* Poet wrote in, from very different Reasons. *VIRGIL*, who understood his Subject perfectly well, and had the strongest Ideas and fullest Impressions of what he treated about, takes Care to paint to the Life every Thing he meddles with, and to describe it strongly to the Imagination, without expressing the Thing it self in the common Phrases.

Quid faciat latae Segetes.

HERE the Poet gives Life and Sense to the Earth ; and this Expression enlivens the Fancy of the Reader, and spreads before his Eyes vast Tracts of Ground covered with all Sorts of Grain. But the moment you pronounce

What

The P R E F A C E. vii

*What makes a plenteous Harvest,
nothing rises to the Mind but a Farmer reaping
his Corn, or carrying it to Market.*

THE Meanness of Mr. Dryden's Style was owing to the Lowness of his Imagination on this Subject, of which he had but very slight Conceptions, or rather was perfectly ignorant. This made him frequently fall into the grossest of all Mistakes; which was to express the Thing spoken of in the most proper or vulgar Terms: He was fond of shewing his Learning in a manner that Virgil was ashame'd of; and for the same Reason, when Virgil describes the matter in Hand by some remarkable Peculiarity, Mr. Dryden, ignorant of the Beauty of his Author, runs into a flat Account of the Thing itself. The Examples of this Kind are innumerable. I shall mention but one.

Balanumque gregem fluviis mensare salubri.

THIS Verse represents fully to the Life, a Flock of Sheep wash'd in a River; for the most remarkable Thing on that Occasion, is the prodigious Bleating which they make: But Mr. Dryden not acquainted with Nature, translates this Line thus,

and sleep

In wholesome Water-falls the Woolly-Sheep. lin. 366

By casting my Eye upon this Passage of Mr. Dryden, I find it follow'd by another just of the same Turn of Translation.

And

viii The P R E F A C E.

And oft the drudging Ass is driv'n with ToyL,
To neighb'ring Towns with Apples and with Oyl:
Returning late, and loaden Home with Gain
Of barter'd Pitch, and Hand-mills for the Grain.

(l. 367)

*Sæpe oleo tardi costas agitator aselli,
Vilibus aut onerat pomis : lapidemque revertens
Incusum, aut atræ massam picis urbe reportat.*

HERE VIRGIL paints in strong Colours a Man driving a poor Ass with bare Ribs, and a heavy Burden ; and the *incusum lapidem* is a very poetical Description of a Mill-stone. But Mr. Dryden has lost all the Beauties of the whole Passage.

IN like manner, in most of the Prognostics of the Weather, nothing can be wider from the Original than the Translation. The following Quotation will serve for one Instance amongst a Multitude.

*Solis et occasum servans de culmine summo
Nec quicquam seros exercet noctua cantus.*

VIRGIL embellishes this mean Subject in a very extraordinary Manner. When he is to say that the *Hooting of Owls* at Night is a Sign of fair Weather, he takes Occasion to make a delicate Reflection upon superstitious People. Owls were suppos'd by such Persons always to forebode some Calamity by their Noise ; but now, says he, they sing *nec quicquam, in vain* ; for No-body is so weak as to expect bad Weather from their Music. Mr. Dryden, instead of giving the same Hint, introduces his *Noctua* with the Poetry of a City Bellman.

And *Owls*, that mark the setting Sun, declare
A Star-light Evening, and a Morning fair.

l. 547

THEME

The P R E F A C E. ix

THIS I take to be as Low Writing as can be met with in any Poetical Performance.

WHAT is next to be examin'd, is the Remainder of the first Line, and the rest of the Couplet.

— *When to turn
The fruitful Soil, and when to sow the Corn.*

HERE again Mr. Dryden unhappily follows Rueus : For any one that attends to the Matter treated of in this *Georgic*, will perceive that Syde-
be is not us'd here figuratively. The Celestial Signs to be observ'd by the Husbandman make a considerable Part of this Book : And this again shews that the Poet was not unmindful who he wrote to ; and indeed he never loses Sight of his Patron. But Mr. Dryden is still lower than Rueus's Interpretation ; *When to turn the Soil* ; and *When to sow the Corn*. Had VIRGIL put Two *Quandos* into his two first Lines; Mæcenas had never read any further.

How would it have stood in the *Latin*, if VIR-
GIL had begun

*Quid faciat letas Segetes, et revertere quando
Terram, Mæcenas; ultimisque adjungere quando
Vites, and so on?*

Yet this *Latin* is really as Poetical as Mr. Dryden's English.

I need not observe that *fruitful* is a mere Ex-
pletive, and an improper one ; for *poor* Soil
must be turn'd as well as the *fruitful* ; Or that
when

X The P R E F A C E.

when to sow the Corn is perfectly for Rhyme Sake; and unknown to the Original ; Or how odly the Subject of the Third Book is plac'd before that of the Second. These Improprieties lye obvious to every Eye : Nor is it less visible that the Sheep, the Oxen, and the Kine walk on as quietly and as regularly in the Metre as if they were going to a Fair. I shall now take Notice of the last Couplet.

*The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to Thee.*

Quanta experientia is very strangely translated Birth and Genius. Mr. Dryden did not at all enter into VIRGIL's Design of proposing the Wisdom, and Government, and Arts of that little Creature, for an Example to the Romans ; yet this Oversight is more excusable than the following Line ;

I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to Thee.

WHICH is an empty Rant, and conveys no clear Idea at all to the Mind ; but the little that it does imply is directly opposite to VIRGIL's Sence, and Modesty ; And yet I am perswaded Mr. Dryden thought this an admirable Imitation of VIRGIL's Majestick Style.

It is too apparent to admit of the least Doubt that Mr. Dryden did not sufficiently attend to his Author, when he is Majestic, and when his Style is on Purpose Low : And what is yet more extraordinary, he never once, as I can perceive, endeavours to imitate the Resemblance of VIRGIL's Numbers to the Thing describ'd.

THAT

The P R E F A C E. xi

THAT Mr. Dryden did not attend to his Author's Style, the Passage just mention'd is a plain Instance. *Hinc canere incipiam* is very cool and sedate; but Mr. Dryden soars as high as ever his Wings could carry him. The Invocation is throughout very sublime, especially in this Passage.

— *Vestro si munere tellus
Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit arista,
Poculaque inventis Acheloia miscuit uvis :*

Which Mr. Dryden translates,

Who gave us Corn for Mast, for Water Wine : l. 10.

THESE childish Antitheses, which VIRGIL ever avoids, Mr. Dryden continually affects. His Fancy was so over-run with this Low Kind of Epigrammic Wit, that he has debas'd even Ovid, especially the finest Parts of the Metamorphosis; for a Proof of which I refer the Reader to the Deluge in the First Book; and yet this Fault is more inexcusable in the Book now before us.

India mittit Ebur.

India black Elion, and white Iv'ry bears l. 85.

And again the following Line is entirely his own.

No rising Winds or falling Storms are nigh. l. 617

BUT Mr. Dryden's Version of one of the most Majestic Passages of this First *Georgic* is very well worth observing. This is in the Description of the Thunder-Storm.

xii THE P R E F A C E.

— *media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra.*

Which Mr. Dryden translates thus, speaking of Jupiter,

And from the middle Darknes *gaping* out,
By Fits he deals his fiery Bolts about. I. 446

THIS is very like Hudibras's Description of an unsavory Shower that fell amongst the Mob, but not at all resembling VIRGIL's.

WHY Mr. Dryden did not endeavour to imitate VIRGIL's Numbers, where the Sound is still a Comment on the Sense, is not easy to imagin, unless it was occasion'd by the Haste he wrote in; for as this is one of the most agreeable, so it is certainly one of the most troublesome Parts of Poetry. The Ingenious Editor of Ovid's Metamorphosis, translated, makes a Question whether this Peculiarity of Metre was intended, or only accidental. If that Learned Gentleman had consider'd VIRGIL, I mean this Part of his Works, the Georgics, as thoroughly as he had search'd into Ovid, I am perswaded he woud not have had any Doubt on that Subject. If I mistake not, at least a Tenth Part of all the Lines of the Four Georgics are work'd up after this Manner. Vida is so explicit in Examples of this Kind from VIRGIL, that Scaliger treats that Part of his Poem as a kind of Cento. But indeed he does not seem to have done that Poem Justice in any respect. It is a great Pleasure to see so valuable a Piece so excellently translated of late: It cannot fail of being of particular Use to English Readers upon the Subject

Subject which I am now treating of ; no other Author having handled it so fully. The Lord Roscommon, in his invaluable Treatise, has not omitted it. The *Essay on Criticism* has gone something farther ; but another Writer, by Example, though not by Precept, I mean the Author of *Cyder*, has carry'd this Point higher than any one before him in our Language. That Piece every where abounds with this kind of Excellence, as it does with all Perfections ; which is not strange when we consider from whence the Plan of the Poem, the Digressions, and the Language it self are taken. In the Particular I am treating of, the English Poet has often come up to the Strength of the Roman Writer. I beg Leave to mention only one.

Tellarem Boreas rigidam spirante movere. Georgic 2d.

— and *Boreas'* Spirit blusters frore,

Here I cannot resist the Temptation of citing an Original Passage in that incomparable Piece which shews how capable our Language is of this kind of Beauty. 'Tis in the Description of a Frosty Morning.

— Now the Fowler warn'd
By these good Omens, with swift early Steps,
Treads the Crimp Earth,

'Tis impossible any one should have a Poetical Ear, and not be sensible of the Power of these Four Monosyllables, *Treads the Crimp Earth*, which make the Reader hear the Frosty Ground crash under his Feet.

IT is no small Fault in Mr. *Dryden's* Translation that he has pass'd over all the Beauties of this nature, in the *Georgics*. One would have thought that He who profess'd he had a particular Art of Versifying would have exerted it on this Occasion. What this Art was I am not able to guess, but it seems probable that it was rather Poetical Genius than Art that Mr. *Dryden's* best Lines were owing to: At least 'tis plain to be perceiv'd, that he had not such a certain Method of Verification as is observable in several Writers since Mr. *Dryden's* Time. What I mean will be better explain'd by Example than by any thing I can say about it. For Instance, this following Line has Nothing of Verse in it.

Begin, when the slow Waggoner descends. l. 318

THE Cæsure, or Pause, is said to be the chief Thing to be observ'd in the Mechanism of a Verse, and the Suspence which is occasion'd by some Transposition or other of the Phrase, is very properly call'd, by the best French Critick in Poetry I ever met with, *the Soul of the Verse*. In the Line above quoted, there is neither Cæsure nor Suspence; and yet with the least Alteration possible, the same Words would make a very good Line; as thus,

Begin, when slow the Waggoner descends

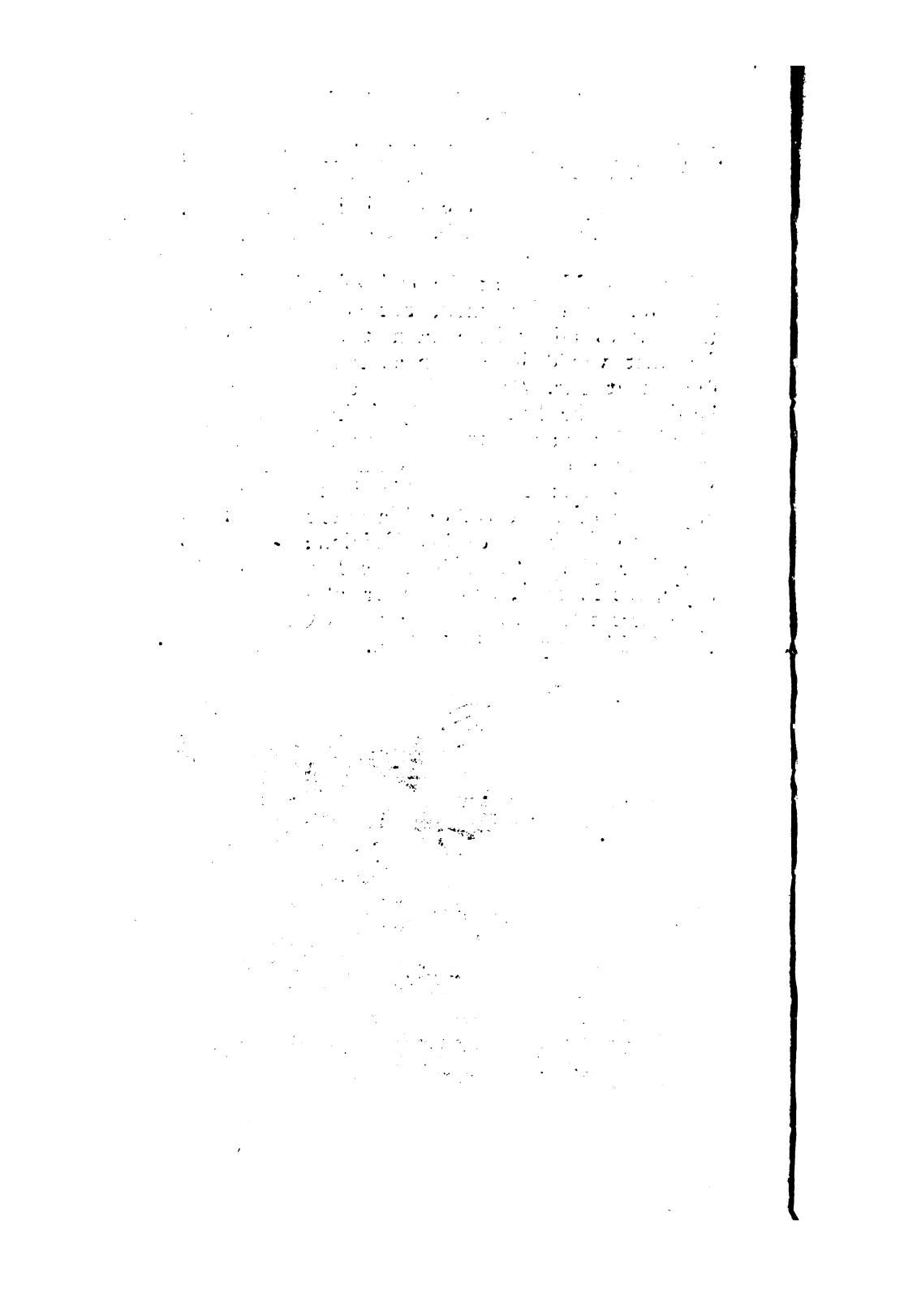
ALL the Alteration is only changing the Adjective into an Adverb, by which Means the Particle is brought near to its Relative, which remedys the Defect in the Cæsure; and the Adverb being remov'd at some Distance from the Verb, causes the necessary Suspence. Mr. *Dryden*,

The P R E F A C E. xv

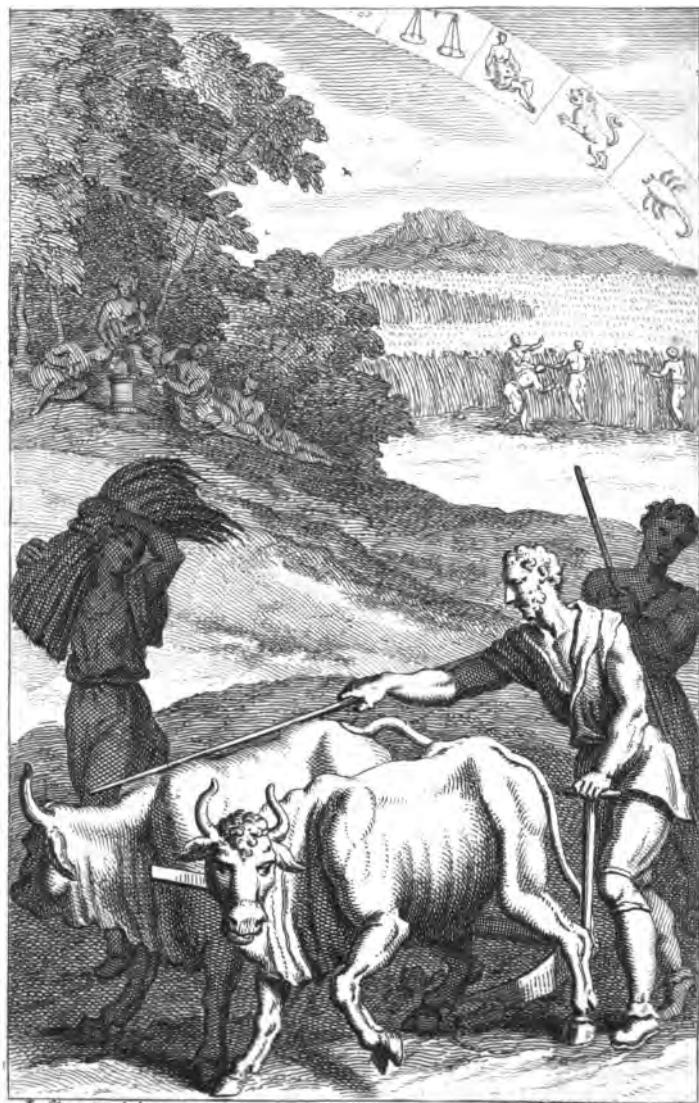
den, not having made this little Alteration, shews evidently that he was not so great a Versifier as he frequently assured the World he was, and as the World was pleas'd to believe on his Word.

IN the Notes at the end of this Essay, I have further endeavoured, but not by so many Instances as might have been taken Notice of, for that would have been an endless Task, to shew that Mr. *Dryden* mistook extremely, when he thought he had so nearly imitated the Style of this *Georgic*; not that I agree with Him that it is more sublime than any Part of *VIRGIL's* Works. I cannot see that it is sublimer than any other of the *Georgics*: Those excepted, I am ready to subscribe to his Opinion; but as to the Four *Georgics* themselves, the Beauties of the Style, the Method, and Manner of each are very different from the others; and each is a most finish'd Master-piece in its kind.



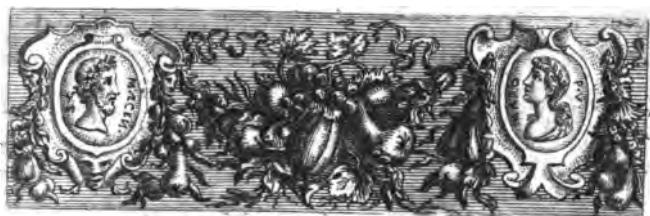






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VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

BOOK I.

WHAT may delight the *Plains*, beneath what *Signs*
The Soil be turn'd, and joyn'd with Elms the *Vines*,
What Care to *Herds*, *Mæcenas*, and their Young,
What mighty Arts to Thrifty *Bees* belong,
Hence, will I try to raise the vent'rous Song. *S*

VIRGILII GEORGICON. *Liber Primus,*

QUID faciat Letas Segetes, quo Sydere Terram
Vertere, MÆCENAS, Ulmisque adjungere Vites
Conveniat; Que Cura Boum, qui cultus habendo
Sit Pecori, Apibus quanta experientia Parcis,

Mr. DRYDEN's VERSION.

What makes a plenteous Harvest, when to Turn
The Fruitful Soil, and when to Sow the Corn:
The Care of Sheep, of Oxen, and of Kine,
And when to raise on Elms the teeming Vine;
The Birth and Genius of the frugal Bee,
I sing, Mæcenas, and I sing to Thee,

B

Light

2 VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

Lights of the World ! Ye brightest Orbs on high !
 That lead the sliding Year around the Sky :
Bacchus and foſtr'ing *Ceres*, Heav'nly Pair,
 If for *Chaonian* Maſt the shining Ear
 First did the Earth by your kind Gift produce,
 And mix'd with Chrystal Streams the Cluster's Juice ;
 And you bleſt Pow'rs, ſtill preſent to the Swain,
 Hither ye *Fawns*, and you the *Dryad* Train,
 Your Gifts I ſing : And *Thou*, whoſe Trident's Force
 First clave the Earth, and rais'd the neighing Horſe :
 And *Thou* the Guardian of the Sylvan Toil,
 Whoſe full Three Hundred Steers graze *Cæa*'s Isle :
 And *Pan*, if thy *Arcadia* be thy Care,
 Hither thou Guardian of the Flock, repair :

Hinc canere incipiam. Vos & clarissima mundi
Lumina, labentem cælo que ducitis annum :
Liber, & alma Ceres, veftro ſi munere tellus
Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit arifta,
Poculaque inventis Achelosa miscuit uvis ;
Et vos agrestum praesentia numina Fauni ;
Ferte ſimul Faunique pedem, Dryadesque puellæ ;
Munera veftra cano. Tuque &, cui prima frementem
Fudit equum, magno tellus percufſa tridenti,
*Neptune : et cultor nemorum, cui pingua *Cæa**
Ter centum nivei tondent dumeta juvenci ;
*Ipſe nemus linquens patrium saltusque *Lycæi*,*
Pan ovium cuſtos, tua ſi tibi Mænala, cure,
Adſis &, Tegæ, favens ; oleæque Minerva

Ye Deities ! who Fields and Plains protect,
 Who rule the Seasons, and the Year dire&t ;
Bacchus and foſtr'ing *Ceres*, Pow'r's Divine,
 Who gave us Corn for Maſt, for Water Wine : 10
 Ye Fawns, propitious to the Rural Swains,
 Ye Nymphs that haunt the Mountains and the Plains,
 Join in my Work, and to my Numbers bring
 Your needful Succour, for your Gifts I ſing :
 And thou, whoſe Trident ſtruck the teeming Earth. 15
 And made a Paſſage for the Courſer's Birth,
 And thou, for whom the *Cæan* Shore sustains
 Thy Milky Herds, that graze the Flow'ry Plains.
 And thou, the Shepherds tutelary God,
 Leave for a while, O *Pan* ! thy lov'd Abode : 20
 And if *Arcadian* Fleeces be thy Care,
 From Fields and Mountains to my Song repair.

Minerva,

Minerva, for by you the Olives flow ;
And you, Fair Youth, the Founder of the Plough ;
And you, Sylvanus, with your Cypress Bough :
Come all ye Gods, and Goddesses that hear
The Suppliant Swain, and make the Fields your Care :
You, who the Bloom of Seedless Fruits sustain,
And You, who on the Sown send down the kindly Rain :
And chiefly Thou : Whose future Seat on High,
(In what bright Council of the Starry Sky,) }
Uncertain is ; whether, Great Cæsar, Thou
Wilt chuse to watch o'er Cities here below,
Or on the Fields thy gracious Looks bestow :
Parent of Fruits, and pow'ful of the Storm,
Mankind to thee shall Sacred Rites perform ;
Throughout the Mighty Orb thy Empire own,
And with thy Mother's Boughs thy Temples crown'd.

Inventrix ; unque puer monstrator aratri ;
Et teneram ab radice ferens, Silvane, cupressum :
Dijque Deæque omnes, studium quibus arva tueri,
Quique novas alitis non ullo semine fruges ;
Quique satis largum calo demittit imbre.
Tuque adeo, quem mox quaæ sint habitura deorum
Concilia, incertum est ; urbesne invisere Cæsar,
Terrarumve velis curam, et te maximus orbis
Auctorem frugum, tempestatumque potentem
Accipiet, cingens materna tempora myro ;

Inventor, Pallas, of the fat'ning Oyl ;
Thou Founder of the Plough and Ploughman's ToyL
And thou, whose Hands the Shroud-like Cypress rear ;
Come all ye Gods and Goddesses, that wear
The rural Honours and increase the Year.
You who supply the Ground with Seeds of Grain ;
And you, who swell those Seeds with Kindly Rain :
And chiefly thou, whose undetermin'd State
Is yet the Busines of the Gods Debate :
Whether in After-times to be declar'd
The Patron of the World, and Rome's peculiar Guard,
Or o'er the Fruits and Seasons to preside,
And the round Circuit of the Year to guide.
Pow'ful of Blessings, which thou Strew'st around
And with thy Goddess Mother's Myrtle crown'd.

Or, God of Ocean, wilt thou fix thy Reign,
To *Thule's* utmost Shoar thy vast Domain?
To *Thee* alone the Mariner shall pray,
And *Thetis* all her Waves for thy Alliance pay :
Or in the Starry Regions wilt *Thou* shine,
Amid the lingring Months a new rose Sign ?
There where the op'ning Void attends thy Laws,
Betwixt the *Maid*, and the pursuing *Claws* ;
For *Thee*, his Arms the *Scorpion* now confines,
And his unequal Share of Heav'n resigns :
Whatever, in the Realms of Light, you'll be,
(For *Stygian* Deep's can't ask a King like thee,
Nor thou with such a direful Rule agree :
Tho' wond'ring *Greece* *Elysian* Fields admires,
Nor *Proserpine* at *Ceres'* Prayer retires ;)

*An deus immensu venias maris, ac tua nauta
Numina sola colant : tibi serviant ultima Thule,
Teque sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis :
An ne novum tardis fidus te mensibus addas,
Qua locuſ Exigonen inter Chelaque sequentis
Panditur. Ipſe tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpios, et cali justa plus parte relinquit.
Quicquid eris (nam te nec sperant Tartara regem ;
Nec tibi regnandi venias tam diva cupido,
Quamvis Elysios miretur Gracia campos,
Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem)*

Or Wilt thou *Cesar*, chuse the watry Reign,
To smooth the Surges, and correct the *Majn*?
Theo Mariners in Storms to thee shall pray
Ev'n utmost *Thule* shall thy Pow'r obey ;
And *Neptune* shall resign the Fasces of the Sea.
The watry Virgins for thy Bed shall strive,
And *Tethys* all her Waves in Dowry give.
Or wilt thou bleſſ our Summers with thy Rays,
And seated near the Ballance, poise the Days ;
Where in the Void of Heaven a Space is free,
Betwixt the *Scorpion* and the *Maid* for thee.
The Scorpion ready to receive thy Laws,
Yields half his Region, and contracts his Claws,
Whatever part of Heav'n thou shalt obtain,
For let not Hell presume of such a Reiga ;
Nor let so dire a Thirst of Empire move
Thy Mind, to leave thy Kindred Gods above.
Tho' *Greece* admires *Elysium*'s belt Retreat,
Tho' *Proserpine* affects her silent Seat,
And importun'd by *Ceres* to remove,
Retires the Fields below to those above.

Thee

VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

5

*Thee I invoke : Do Thou assist my Course,
And to the bold Attempt give equal Force ;
Pity with me th' unskilful Peasant's Cares,
Begin your Reign, and hea' ev'n now our Pray'rs.*

*In early Spring, when from the whitening Hills
The gentle Moisture silently distills ;
When crumbling to the Zephyrs falls the Soil ;
Then, let my Bullock groan beneath his Toil :
Deep let the Plough within the Surface wear,
And polish'd with the Furrow shine the Share :
Those Plains, at last, the Peasant's Hopes compleat,
Which twice the Cold have felt, and twice the Heat :
Burst were the Barns with their luxuriant Freight.*

2

*Da facilem cursum, atque audacibus annue cæptis,
Ignorosque via mecum miseratus agrestis,
Ingredere, et votis jam nunc assuefce vacari.*

*Vere novo, gelidus canis cum mortibus humor
Liquitur, et Zephyro putris se gleba resolvit,
Depresso incipiat jam tun mibi taurus aratro
Ingemere, et sulco attritus splendescere vomer.
Illa seges demum votis respondet avari
Agricole, bis qua solem, bis frigora sensit :
Illiū immensæ ruperunt horrea messes.*

But thou propitious *Cæsar* guide my Course,
And to my bold Endeavours add thy Force. 60
Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's Cares,
Int'rest thy Greatness in our mean Affairs

And use thy self betimes to hear and grant our Pray'rs

While yet the Spring is young, white Earth unabinds

Her frozen Bosom to the Western Winds ; 65

While Mountain Snows dissolve against the Sun,

And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run.

Ev'n in this early Dawning of the Year,

Produce the Plough, and yoke the sturdy Steer,

And goad him till he groans beneath his Toil,

Till the bright Share is bury'd in the Soil.

That Crop rewards the greedy Peasant's Pains,

Which twice the Sun, and twice the Cold sustains,

And bursts the crowded Barns, with more than promis'd Grains.

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7

65

70

7

Buc

But e'er we launch into the Plain unknown,
 The Winds, the various Heavens should be shwon ;
 The Wills, the native Customs of the Fields,
 And what each Climate resists, and what it yields ;
 The *Harvest* Here, There *Vines* more happy found,
 Elsewhere the *Trees* with Golden Products crown'd,
 And *Herbs* unbidden rise, and throng the Ground :
 Do you not see how *Tmolus* his *Perfumes*,
 Her *Iv'y India*, soft *Sabæans Gums*,
 How *Pontus* heady *Castor* sends from far,
 The *Spaniards Steel*, *Epirian* Hills the *Mare*,
 Fierce to th' Olympic Palms, and rapid Car ?

At prius ignotum ferro quam scindimus æquor,
Ventos, et varium celi prædïscere morem
Cura fit, ac patrios cultusque habitusque locorum,
Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quid quæque recusat.
Hic segetes, illuc veniunt felicius uva :
Arborei fatus alibi atque injussa virescunt
*Gramina. Nonne vides, crocoids ut *Tmolus* odores,*
India mittit ebur, moltes sua thura Sabæi ?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
Castoren, Eliadum palmas Epiros equarum ?

But e'er we stir the yet unbroken Ground,
 The various Course of Seasons must be found ;
 The Weather, and the setting of the Winds,
 The Culture suiting to the sev'ral Kinds
 Of Seeds and Plants ; and what will thrive and rise,
 And what the Genius of the Soil denies
 This Ground with *Bacchus*, that with *Ceres* suits ;
 That other loads the Trees with happy Fruits.
 A fourth with Grafs, unbidden decks the Ground :
 Thus *Tmolus* is with yellow Saffron crown'd :
India black *Ebon*, and white *Ivory* bears :
 And soft *Idume* weeps her od'rous Tears.
 Thus *Pontus* sends her Beaver Stones from far ;
 And naked *Spaniards* temper Steel for War,
Epirus for th' *Elean* Charlot breeds
 (In hopes of Palms) a Race of running Steeds.

75

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85

90

Nature, these Cov'nants, these Eternal Bands
 Impos'd, immediate, on the sev'ral Lands,
 When first *Deucalion* thro' the empty Space
 The *Flints* dispers'd ; Hence Man's laborious Race.
 Come then, Begin. Strait let the vig'rous Steer
 Turn the *Rich Furrow* in the New-born Year ;
 And Summer's Heat with rip'ning Suns pursue
 The Sluggish Glebe, and all the Clod subdue.
 But if not *fat* the Soil, it will suffice,
 When bright *Arcturus* mounts the purple Skies,
 To skim the Surface with a Gentle Share
 And lift the Furrow lightly to the Air ;
There, lest the Weeds the smiling Blade withstand,
 Lest Moisture, *Here*, desert the Barren Sand.

*Continus has leges, eternaque fadra certis
 Imposuit Natura locis : quo tempore primum
 Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem :
 Unde homines nati ; durum genus. Ergo age, terra
 Pinguis solam primis extemplo à mensibus anni
 Fortes invenians tauri, glebasque jacentis
 Pulverulentia coquat maturis solibus astas.
 At si non fuerit tellus facunda ; sub ipsum
 Arcturum tenui sat erit suspendere sulco :
 Illuc, officiant latis ne frugibus herba :
 Hic, sterilem exiguus ne deserat humor arenam.*

This is th' Original Contract ; these the Laws
 Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's Cause,
 On sundry Places, when *Deucalion* hurl'd
 His Mothers Entrails on the desert World :
 Whence Men, a hard laborious Kind, were born. } 95
 Then borrow Part of Winter for thy Corn,
 And early with thy Team the Glebe in Furrows turn.
 That while the Turf lies open, and unbound,
 Succeeding Suns may bake the Mellow Ground.
 But if the Soil be *barren*, only scar
 The Surface, and but lightly print the Share, } 100
 When cold *Arcturus* rises with the Sun:
 Lest wicked Weeds the Corn shou'd over-run
 In watry Soils ; or lest the barren Sand
 Shou'd suck the Moisture from the thirsty Land. } 105

8 *VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.*

So to *Shorn Plains* you'll Rest alternate yield,
 And lasting Quiet to the *lingring Field* ;
 Or, There, you'll chuse to sow the *Golden Corn*,
 Whence, pleas'd with rattling Husks, the *Pulse* was botri ;
 Or where the *Vetches* little Offspring stood,
 Or *Lupins* brittle Stalks, and sounding Wood :
 For *Flaxen Harvests* ever burn the Plain,
Oats ever burn it with their husky Grain :
 The hungry *Poppy* burns up all the Ground,
 A gloomy Race, in Sleep *Leibean* drown'd.
 But still alternate Tillage aids your Toil ;
 Only, don't blush to glut the craving Soil
 With fat'ning Muck, nor o'er th' exhausted Sand
 To spread vile Ashes with a friendly Hand :
 Thus, with the Chang'd Produce, is eas'd the Field,
 Nor undeserving is the Plain untill'd.

Alternis idem tonsas cespere nivalis,
Et segnem patere sita durescere campum.
Aut tibi flora seres mutato fidere fertur,
Unde prius latum siliqua quassante legumen,
Aut tenuis fatus vicis, trifisque lupini
Sustuleris fragiles calamos, silvamque sonantem.
Urit enim lini campum seget, wit avena :
Urunt Laethos perfusa papaveris somno.
Sed tamen alternis facilis labor : arida tantum
Ne saturare fimo pingui padeat sola, newe
Effatos cinerem immundum factore per agros.
Sic quoque mutatis requiescant factibus arva,
Nec nulla interea est inarata grata terra

Both these unhappy Soils the Swain forbears,
 And keeps a *Sabbath* of alternate Years :
 That the spent Earth may gather Heart again ;
 And, better'd by Cessation, bear the Grain.
 At least where Vetches, Pulse, and Tares have stood, 110
 And Stalks of Lupines grew (a stubborn Wood :)
 Th' ensuing Season, in return, may bear
 The bearded Product of the Golden Year.
 For Flax and Oats will burn the tender Field,
 And sleepy Poppies harmful Harvests yield. 115
 But sweet Vicissitudes of Rest and Toyl
 Make easy Labour, and renew the Soil.
 Yet sprinkle sordid Ashes all around,
 And load with fat'ning Dung thy Fallow Ground.
 Thus Change of Seeds for meagre Soils is best ; 120
 And Earth manur'd not idle, though at rest.

It profits oft to fire the Fruitless Ground,
And thirsty Stubble, crackling all around :
Whether from thence by Nature's Secret Laws,
Fresh Nourishment the Earth, and Vigour draws ;
Or that the latent Vice is purg'd by Heat,
And the redundant Humours waste in Sweat :
Or that the Flames unusual Tracks explore,
Relax the Grit, and open ev'ry Pore ;
Whence genial Moisture hastens through the Earth,
Slides to the Root, and chears the tender Birth :
Or that the Heat the hollow Glebe constrains,
Braces each Nerve, and knits the gaping Veins ;
Lest piercing Wet, or the swift Power of Day
More fierce ; or scorching Boreas urge his Way.

Sæpe etiam sterilis incendere profuit agros,
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urete flammiss.
Sive inde occultas vires, et pabula terre
Pinguia concipiunt : Sive illis omne per ignem
Excoquitur vitium, atque exsudat inutilis humor :
Seu pluris calor ille vias et cæca relaxat
Spiramenta, novas veniat qua succus in herbas:
Seu durat magis, et venas adstringit hiantis :
Ne tenues pluviae, rapidive potentia solis
Acrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adarat.

Long Practice has a sure Improvement found,
With kindled Fires to burn the barren Ground ;
When the light Stubble to the Flames resign'd,
Is driv'n along, and crackles in the Wind.
Whether from hence the hollow Womb of Earth
Is warm'd with secret Strength for better Birth ;
Or when the latent Vice is cur'd by Fire,
Redundant Humours through the Pores expire ;
Or that the Warmth extends the Chiriks, and makes
New Breathing whence new Nourishment she takes ;
Or that the Heat the gaping Ground constrains,
New Knits the Surface and new Strings the Veins ;
Lest soaking Show'r shou'd pierce her secret Seat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial Heat ;
Or scorching Suns too violently beat.

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Much

Much too he helps the Field, who ev'ry Clod
With Harrows breaks, and drags the Hurdle's Load ;
Nor e'er on Him, with an ungracious Eye,
Looks yellow Ceres from the Lofty Sky ;
Who, the rough Backs he slices from the Plain
Assails oblique, and thorough cuts again,
And plies the Soil, and makes the Furrow yield
Tame to the Coulter, and commands the Field.

The Solstice moist, serene the Winter Sky,
For this, ye Swains, intreat the Pow'rs on high ;
When Winter Dust by driving Winds is born,
Glad is the Glebe, most wondrous glad the Corn ;
So much, nor Mysia from her Tillage boasts,
And Gargarus himself admires his Loaded Coats.

*Multum adeo, rastris glebas qui frangit inertis,
Vimineasque trahit crates, juvat arva : neque illum
Flava Ceres alto nec quicquam spectat Olympo,
Et qui, proscisso quaë suscitat equire terga,
Rursus in obliquum verso perrumpit aratro,
Exercetque frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis.*

*Humida solstitia atque hincmes orate Serenas,
Agricolæ. Hiberno lætissima pulvere farra,
Letus ager. Nullo tantum se Mysia cultu
Factat, et ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messis.*

Nor is the Profit small, the Peasant makes,
Who smooths with Harrows, or who pounds with Rakes
The crumbling Clods : Nor Ceres from on high
Regards his Labours with a grudging Eye ;
Nor his, who plows across the Furrow'd Grounds,
And on the Back of Earth inflicts new Wounds :
For he with frequent Exercise Commands
Th' unwilling Soil, and tames the stubborn Lands.

Ye Swains invoke the Pow'rs who rule the Sky,
For a moist Summer and a Winter dry :
For Winter Drought rewards the Peasant's Pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd Grain.
Hence Mysia boasts her Harvests, and the Tops
Of Gargarus admire their happy Crops.

140

145

150

*Why shou'd I tell of Him, who, sown the Grain,
Flys, instant, on the Clod, inrich'd in vain,
And then undams the Streams, and deluges the Plain ? }
And when anon, scorch'd in the Blaze of Day,
The Field lies gasping, and the Plants decay ;
See ! how he labours on the Hanging Brow,
Extends the Path, and tempts the Springs to flow ;
Down the smooth Stones they make a murmur'ring Sound,
And with their bubbling Streams relieve the Ground.*

*Or why of Him, who, left the Stem should yield,
Weak to the heavy Ears, feeds down the Field,
Betimes, in all it's Infant Grassy Pride,
Soon as the thick'ning Blades the Furrow hide ?*

*Quid dicam, jacto qui semine comminus aroa
Insequitur, cumulosque ruit male pinguis arena ?
Deinde satis fluvium inducit, rivosque sequentis ?
Et cum exustus ager morientibus astutus herbis,
Ecce superciliosus clivosis tramitis undam
Elicit. Illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
Saxa ciet, scabebis quo arentia temperat arva.*

*Quid, qui, ne gravidis procumbat culmus arisit,
Luxuriem segetum tenera deposita in herba,*

*When first the Soll receives the fruitful Seed,
Make no Delay but cover it with speed :
So fenc'd from Cold ; the pliant Furrows break,
Before the surly Clod resists the Rake.
And call the Floods from high, to rush amain 155
With pregnant Streams, to swell the teeming Grain.
Then when the fiery Suns too fiercely play,
And shrivell'd Herbs on with'ring Stems decay,
The wary Ploughman, on the Mountain's Brow,
Undams his wat'ry Stores, huge Torrents flow ; 160
And ratling down the Rocks, large Moisture yield,
Temp'ring the thirsty Fever of the Field.
And left the Stem too feeble for the freight,
Shou'd scarce sustain the Head's unwieldy weight,
Sends in his feeding Flocks betimes t' invade 165
The rising Bulk of the luxuriant Blade ;
E'er yet th' aspiring Off-spring of the Grain
O'ertops the Ridges of the furrow'd Plain :*

Or else of Him, who leads from Oozy Lands
 The Stagnate Pool, and drains the guzzling Sands;
 Chiefly in dubious Months, when forth the Flood
 Impetuous goes, and drives abroad the Mud ;
 The hollow'd Dikes confess the raging Stream,
 Tepid the Wave, and nauseous is the Steam.
 Yet, after all this Care, and endless Toil
 Of Men, and Steers, in labouring the Soil ;
 Not nothing hurt lewd Geese, and Thracian Cranes,
 And Weds with bitter Roots, or shade that Veils the Plains.

Th' Eternal Sire's immutable Decrees
 Would not that Tillage shou'd be trac'd with Ease ;
 He will'd that Art might first the Field prepare,
 And whetted Human Minds with needful Care ;
 Nor that his Reign should rust in Sloth could bear,

*Cum primus fulcos equant sata ? quique paludis.
 Collectum humorem bibula deducit arena ?
 Præsertim incertis si mensibus omnis abundans
 Exit, et obducto late tener omnia limo ;
 Unde cava rapido sudant humore lacuna.
 Nec tamen (bac cum sint hominumque bouisque labores
 Versando terram experit) nihil improbus anfer,
 Strymonaque grues, et amaris intuba fibris,
 Officiunt, aut umbra nocet. Pater ipse colendi
 Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem
 Movit agros, curvis acuens mortalia corda,
 Nec torpere grayi passas sua regna veterno.*

And drains the Standing Waters, when they yield
 Too large a Beverage to the Drunken Field,
 But mott in Autumn, and the flow'ry Spring,
 When dubious Months uncertain Weather bring ;
 When Fountains open, when impetuous Rain
 Swells hasty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain ;
 When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o'er,
 Or hollow Places spue their wat'ry Store.

170

Nor yet the ploughman, nor the labyring Steer,
 Sustain alone the Hazards of the Year :
 But glutton Geese, and the Strymonian Crane,
 With foreign Troops, invade the tender Grain :
 And towring Weeds malignant Shadows yield ;
 And spreading Succièy choaks the rising Field.
 The Sire of Gods and Men, with hard Decrees,
 Forbids our Plenty to be bought with Ease :

180

And wills that Mortal Men inur'd to Toil,
 Shou'd exercise, with Pains, the grudging Soil.
 Himself invented first the shining Share,
 And whetted Humane Industry by Care :
 Himself did Handy-Crafts and Arts ordain ;
 Nor suffer'd Sloath to rot his active Reigne

185

190

Before Great Jove no Swains subdu'd the Ground,
 The Fence was lawless, and unjust the Mound.
 They rang'd the Whole : And unrequested bore
 Earth, from her ample Womb, a lavish Store ;
 He lodg'd the Venom in the Serpent's Breast ;
 Bade Ocean swell, and Wolves the Fold infest ;
 He spoil'd the Forests of their Golden Dew,
 And shook the Honey from the bending Bough ;
 He made the Fire withdraw his gentle Beams,
 And stopp'd the Wine that purl'd in careless Streams ;
 That thoughtful Toil might various Arts devise ;
 Make Wheat from Grafs in labour'd Furrows rise ;
 And beat from Flints, with unextinguish'd Pains,
 The Seeds of Flame conceal'd in stubborn Veins.

*Ante Jovem nulli subigebant arva coloni :
 Nec signare quidem aut partiri limite campum
 Fas erat. In medium quererant : ipsaque tellus
 Omnia liberius nullo poscente ferebat.
 Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris,
 Prædarique lupos jussit, pontumque moveri,
 Mellaque decussit folijs, ignemque removit,
 Et pâssim rivis currenria vina repressit :
 Ut varias usus meditando extunderet artes
 Paullatim, et sulcis frumenti quereret herbam ;
 Ut silicis venis abstrusum excuderet ignem.*

- E'er this, no Peasant vex'd the peaceful Ground ;
 Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found :
 No Fences parted Fields, nor Marks nor Bounds
 Distinguish'd Acres of litigious Grounds :
 But all was common, and the fruitful Earth 195
 Was free to give her unexacted Birth.
 Jove added Venom to the Viper's Brood,
 And swell'd, with raging Storms, the peaceful Flood :
 Commission'd hungry Wolves t' infest the Fold,
 And shook from Oaken Leaves the liquid Gold. 200
 Remov'd from Humane reach the cheerful Fire,
 And from the Rivers bade the Wine retire :
 That studious Need might useful Arts explore ;
 From furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store :
 And force the Veins of clashing Flints t' expire 205
 The lurking Seeds of their Calestial Fire.

Then

Then first the hollow'd Alder presid the Stream ;
 Then Sailors quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name
 For ev'ry fixt, and ev'ry wandring Star,
 The Shining Bull, and Arctos' Beamy Car ;
 Now Snares for Beasts the wily Hunters place,
 With viscous Twiggs deceive the feather'd Race,
 And wide surround with Dogs the Echoing Chace ;
 He with the Lashing Net the Stream divides,
 And They wet Lines pull up from briny Tides ;
 Then th' Edge of Iron, and the Saw's shrill Blade,
 (For with the Wedge the First did Wood invade,) 210
 Then various Arts successively ensu'd ;
 Incessant Toil all Obstacles subdu'd,
 Whilst Want and hard Necessity pursu'd.

Tunc alnos primum fluvij sensere cavatas :
 Navita tum stellis numeros et nomina fecit ;
 Pleiadas, Hyadas, claramque Lycaonis Arcton ;
 Tum laqueis captare feras, et fallere visco,
 Inventum ; et magnos canibus circumdare saltus.
 Atque aliis latum funda jam verberat amnem,
 Alta petens : pelagoque aliis trahit humida lino.
 Tum ferrī rigor, atque argute lamina serræ ;
 (Nam primi cuneis scindebant fissile lignum.)
 Tum variae venere artes. Labor omnia vicit
 Improbus, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.

Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam ;
 Then Sailors quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name
 For ev'ry fix'd, and ev'ry wandring Star :
 The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.
 Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found,
 And deep-mouth'd Dogs did Forrest Walks surround : 210
And casting Nets were spread in Shallow Brooks,
Drags in the Deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks.
 Then Saws were tooth'd, and sounding Axes made ;
 (For Wedges first did yielding Wood invade.) 215
 And various Arts in order did succeed,
 (What cannot endless Labour urg'd by Need ?)

With

With piercing Steel to turn the stubborn Land
 Propitious Ceres Mortals first ordain'd ;
 When scanty Food the Sacred Groves supply'd,
 And all relief Dodonean Oaks deny'd ;
 But soon new Toil the Foodful Glebe requir'd,
 Eat with an evil Rust the Grain expir'd ;
 Fierce in the Field the lazy Thistle stood,
 And Burrs, and Brambles rose, a cruel Wood !
 Darnel unblest'd the shining Plain o'er spreads,
 And high exalt the *Fruitless Oats* their Heads.
 So that unless, with unextinguish'd Toil
 Of lab'ring Harrows, you pursue the Soil,
 Fright off the Birds, and thin the Shady Plain,
 And with repeated Vows call down the Rain ;
 Ah ! bootless on another's Heaps you'll look,
 And comfort Hunger with the shaken Oak.

*Prima Ceres ferro mortales vertere terram
 Infisit : cum jam glandes atque arbata sacra
 Deficerent silva, et vixum Dodona negaret.
 Mox et frumentis labor additus : ut mala culmos
 Eset rubigo, segnisque horreret in arvis
 Carduus. Intreunt segetes : Subit aspera silva
 Loppaque tribulique ; interque nitentia culta
 Infelix solium et steriles dominantur avenae.
 Quod nisi et assiduis terram infectabere rafsis,
 Et sonitu terrebis aves, et ruris opaci
 Falce premes umbras, votisque vocaveris imbre :
 Heu ! magnum alterius frustra spectabis acervum :
 Concussaque famem in silvis solabere queru.*

First Ceres taught, the Ground with Grain to sow,
 And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked Plough ; 220
 When now Dodonian Oaks no more supply'd
 Their Mast, and Trees their Forrest-Fruit deny'd.
 Soon was his Labour doubl'd to the Swain,
 And blasting Mildews blackned all his Grain.
 Tough Thistles choak'd the Fields, and kill'd the Corn, 225
 And an unthrifty Crop of Weeds was born.
 Then Burrs and Brambles, an unbidden Crew
 Of graceless Guests, th' unhappy Fields subdue :
 And Oats unblest, and Darnel domineers,
 And shoots its Head above the shining Ears. 230
 So that unless the Land with daily Care,
 Is exercis'd, and with an Iron War
 Of Rakes and Harrows, the proud Foes expell'd,
 And Birds with Clamours frighted from the Field ;
 Unles the Boughs are lopp'd that shade the Plain, 235
 And Heav'n invok'd with Vows for fruitful Rain,
 On other Crops you may with Envy look,
 And shake for Food the long aband'n'd Oak.

Now must be told, in all his painful Wars,
 What various Arms the drudging Peasant bears ;
 Vain without which, and impotent were Hope,
 Nor could be sown, nor rise the joyful Crop :
 The Share, and Solid Beam lead up the Train,
 And slowly roll'd along the Pond'rous Wain,
 The Plank, the Sled, the Drag's incumbring Weight,
 And th' Oifer-Ware, of old, a Monarch's State,
 The Mystic Van, and Hazle-woven Grate ;
 These all, beforehand long, will you prepare,
IF HEAV'NLY TILLAGE IS YOUR GLORIOUS CARE.

*Dicendum, et que fint duris agrestibus arma,
 Quis sine nec potuere seri, nec surgere messes.
 Vomis, et inflexi primum grave robur aratri,
 Tardaque Eleusinae matris volventia plausta,
 Tribulaque, trabeaque, et iniquo pondere rastri :
 Virgea praeterea Celei vilisque supellex,
 Arbutae crates, et mystica vannus Iacchi.
 Omnia que multo ante memor provisa repones ;
 Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.*

Nor must we pass untold what Arms they wield,
 Who labour Tillage and the Furrow'd Field : 249
 Without whose Aid the Ground her Corn denys,
And Nothing can be sown and Noting rise.
 The crooked Plough, the Share, the tow'ring height
 Of Waggons, and the Carts unwieldy weight ;
 The Sled, the Tumbril, Hurdles and the Flail 253
The Fan of Bacchus with the flying Sail.
These all must be prepar'd, if Ploughmen hope
The promis'd Blessing of a Bounteous Crop.

When

When bent betimes, and tam'd the stubborn Bough,
 Tough Elm receives the Figure of the Plough ;
 Eight Foot the Beam, a trailing Length, appears ;
 The Earth-Boards double, double are the Ears ;
 Light to the Yoke the Linden feels the Wound,
 And the tall Beech lies stretch'd along the Ground ;
 They fall for Staffs that wrest the plunging Course ;
 And Heat, and thick'ning Smoak explore their genuin Force.
 I many ancient Precepts can declare ;
 Unless you fly the Things of lesser Care.

*Continuo in silvis magna vi flexa domatur
 In burim, et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.
 Huic a stirpe pedes remo potentus in octo,
 Bine aures, dupliciti aptantur dentalia dorso,
 Ceditur et tilia ante jugo levis, altaque fagus,
 Stivaque, qua cursus a tergo torqueat imos,
 Et suspensa focis explorat robora fumus.
 Possum multa tibi veterum praecepta referre :
 Ni refugis, tenuisque piget cognoscere curas.*

Young Elms with early Force in Copse bow,
 Fit for the Figure of the crooked Plough,
 Of eight Foot long a fastned Beam prepare,
 On either Side the Head produce an Ear,
 And sink a Socket for the shining Share,
 Of Beech the Plough-Tail, and the bending Yoke ;
 Or softer Linden harden'd in the Smoke. 250
 I cou'd be long in Precepts, but I fear
 So mean a Subject might offend your Ear. 255

To smooth the *Floor* the *Roller* runs the Round,
 And binding *Chalk* consolidates the *Ground* ;
 Lest *Weeds* arise, lest *Dust* possess the *Place*,
 And gaping *Clefts* the baffled *Toil* disgrace ;
 Then ev'ry *Plague* exults. The little *Mouse*
 Oft makes her *Garners*, and erects her *House*
 Deep in the *Soil* : The *Mole*, depriv'd of *Sight*,
 There digs her *Lodging*, and abhors the *Light* ;
 In hollow *Caverns* sculks the speckled *Toad*,
 The *Earth-bred Monster*, and the *Vermin Brood* ;
 Whole *Heaps* consumes the *Weavell* ; and the *Ant*
 Fearful of helpless *Age*, and pinching *Want*.

Area cum primis ingenti equanda cylindro,
Et vertenda manu, et creta solidanda tenaci :
Ne subeant herbae, neu pulvere vista fatiscat ;
Tum varie illudunt pestes. Sape exiguus mus
Sub terris posuitque domos atque horrea fecit :
Aut oculis capti fodere cubilia talpæ.
Inveniensque cavis bufo, et que plurima terre
Monstra ferunt : populatque ingentem farris acervum
Curculio, atque inopi metuens formica senectæ.

Delve of convenient Depth your Thrashing *Floor* ;
 With temper'd *Clay* then fill and face it o'er :

And let the weighty *Rowler* run the round,

26a

To smooth the Surface of th' unequal *Ground* ;

Lest crack'd with Summer Heats the *Flooring flies*,

Or sinks, and through the *Crannies Weeds* arise.

For sundry Foes the *Rural Realm* surround :

The Field-Mouse builds her *Garner* under *Ground*,

26b

For gather'd *Grain* the blind laborious *Mole*

In winding *Mazes* works her hidden *Hole*.

In hollow *Caverns* *Vermin* make *abode*,

The hissing *Serpent*, and the swelling *Toad* :

The Corn-devouring *Weazel* here *abides*,

27a

And the wise *Ant* her wintry *Store* provides.

Mark likewise, when the *Almonds* in the Wood
 Put on their Bloom, and fragrant Branches load :
 If crowded Fruit o'ercomes the bending Trees,
 Such on the Glebe ensues the vast Increase ;
 Then pil'd up Sheaves will call for mighty Toil,
 And mighty Heat subdue the thirsty Soil :
 But if a wanton Shade of Leaves appears,
 In vain the Floor shall bruise the chaffy Ears.
 Some have I seen, the Seed, through prudent Care,
 With *Nitre*, and thick *Lees* of *Oyl* prepare,
 That flatt'ring Husks might yield the full Produce ;
 And though slow Flames the quick'ning Pow'r infuse,

*Contemplator item, cum se nux plurima silvis
 Induet in florem, et ramos curvabit olentes :
 Si superant fetus, pariter frumenta sequentur,
 Magnaque cum magno veniet tritura calore.
 At si luxuria foliorum exuberat umbra,
 Nec quicquam pinguis palea teret area culmos.
 Semina vidi equidem multos medicare ferentes,
 Et nitro prius, et nigra perfundere amurca,
 Grandior ut fetus siliquis fallacibus esset.
 Et quamvis igni exiguo properata maderent ;*

Mark well the flow'ring Almonds in the Wood ;
 If od'rous Blooms the bearing Branches load,
 The Glebe will answer to the *Sylvan Reign*,
 Great Heats will follow, and large Crops of Grain. 275
 But if a Wood of Leaves o'ershade the Tree,
 Such and so barren will thy Harvest be :
 In vain the Hind shall vex the Thrashing-floor,
 For empty Chaff and Straw will be thy Store.
 Some steep their Seed, and some in Cauldrons boil,
 With vigorous Nitre, and with Lees of Oyl, 280
 O'er gentle Fires ; th' exuberant Juice to drain,
 And swell the flatt'ring Husks with fruitful Grain.

Yet have I seen much labor'd, specious Grain
 Starve, and Degenerate in the fairest Plain ;
 Unless the Seeds were yearly counted o'er,
 And ev'ry largest cull'd from all the Store.
 'Tis thus by Fate that all Things here below
 Rush into worse, and ever downwards go ;
 Not otherwise, than when against the Course
 Of some fierce Stream, one strives with all his Force
 Through the strong Tide to urge the Vessel on,
 If once He slacks his Arms, He's instant gone,
 And headlong hurry'd with the Torrent down.

{

*Vidi lecta diu, et multo spectata labore
 Degenerare tamen : ni vis humana quotannis
 Maxima quaque manu legeret. Sic omnia fatis
 In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri.
 Non aliter, quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
 Remigijs subigit ; si brachia forte remisit,
 Atque illum in præceps prono rapit aloeus amnis.*

Yet is not *the* Success for Years assur'd,
 Though chosen is the Seed, and fully cur'd ; 285
 Unless the Peasant, with his annual Pain,
 Renews his Choice, and calls the largest Grain :
 Thus all below, whether by *Nature's Curse*,
 Or Fates Decree, degen'rate still to worse.
 So *the* Boat's brawny Crew the Current Stem,
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the Stream. 290
 But if they slack their Hands, or cease to strive,
 Then down the Flood with headlong Haste they drive.

Besides,

Besides, we should as much *Arcturus' Stars*,
 The *Kids* observe, and when the *Snake* appears,
 As those, who homewards steer the vent'rous Way
 Through *Pontus*, and the Jaws of th' Oyster-breeding Sea.

When *Libra* weighs the Hours of Toil and Night,
 And parts alike the Globe to Shades and Light.
 Then in the Field, Ye vig'rous Swains appear,
 Put forth your Strength, and exercise the Steer ;
 Sow hardy Grains : The miry Task perform
 To Winter's last impracticable Storm :
 Nor is it not the Time to cover o'er
 Or *Ceres' Poppy*, or the *Flaxen Store* :
 Nor should the Harrow's Labour ever end,
 Whilst dry the Glebe, whilst Clouds as yet impend.

Præterea tam sunt Arcturi sidera nobis,
Hedorumque dies servandi, et lucidus Anguis :
Quam, quibus in patriam ventosa per aquora vectis
Pontus, et ostriferi fances tentantur Abydt.
Libra die somnique pares ubi fecerit horas,
Et medium luci atque umbris jam dividit orbem :
Exercete, viri, tauros ; serite bordas campis,
Usque sub extremum bruma intractabilis imbrem.
Necnon et lini segetem et Cereale papaver
Tempus humo segere, et jam dudum incumbere rasfris,
Dum secia tellure licet, dum nubila pendent.

Nor must the Ploughman less observe the Skies,
 When the *Kidds*, *Dragon*, and *Arcturus* rise, 295
 Than Sailors homeward bent, who cut their Way
 Thro' *Helle's* stormy Streights and Oyster-breeding Sea.
 But when *Astræa's* Ballance, hung on high,
 Betwixt the Nights and Days divides the Sky,
 Then Yoke your Oxen, sow your Winter Grain ; 300
 Till cold *December* comes with driving Rain
 Linseed and fruitful Poppy bury warm,
 In a dry Season, and prevent the Storm.

Sown in the Spring are Beans : The crumbling Soil
 Then, *Thee* receives, *Thee*, *Media's* flow'ry Spoil ;
 And Millet still succeeds, an Annual Care,
 When with his Horns the *Bull* unbars the Year ;
 And frighten'd by the *Dog*, and shuns the adverse Star. } }

But if to vig'rous Crops you'll urge the Plain,
 Insisting solely on the bearded Grain ;
 First, let the *Sisters* in the Morn go down,
 And from the Sun retire the *Gnoissan* Crown,
 E'er in the Trench you lodge the Seed ; and e'er
 To Earth you trust the Hopes of all the Year.
 Begun have some, before the early Stars
 With *Maja* sunk ; but their untimely Cares
 The fancy'd Harvest mock'd with empty Ears. } }

*Vere fabis satie. Tunc si quoque, Medicea, puores
 Accipient fulci : Et millo roris omnia cura,
 Candidus auratis operis cum cornibus ornum
 Taurus, et aduerso cedens Ganic occidit astre.
 At si triticum in messem robustaque farra
 Enercetis humrum, felisque instabiles crinis :
 Ante tibi Eos Aplanoides abscondantur,
 Gnoissaque ardoris decodat bella Corone,
 Debita quan' fulcis comititas semina, quonque
 Invita properes anni spem credere terra.
 Multi ante occasum *Maja* cepere : Sed illos
 Expectata seges vanis elutis avenis.*

Sow Beans and Clover in a rotten Soil,
 And Millet rising from your Annual Toil ; } 305
 When with the Golden Horas, in full Career,
 The *Bull* beats down the Barriers of the Year ; }
 And *Argos*, and the *Dog* forsake the Northern Sphere. } }

But if your Care to Wheat alone extend,
 Let *Maja* with her Sisters first descend,
 And the bright *Gnoissan* Diadem downward bend : } 310
 Before you trust in Earth your future Hope ;
 Or else expect a listless lazy Crop,
 Some Swains have sown before, but most have found
 A husky Harvest, from the grudging Ground. } 315

But if the *Vetch* you'll plant, or meaner *Tare*,
 Nor shall disdain th' *Egyptian Lentil's Care*:
Signs scarce obscure *Bootes* setting yields ;
 Begin, and sow, thro' half the Frosts, the Fields.

For this, his *Orb* the World's Great Light divides,
 And by twelve Stars his certain Passage guides :
 Five *Zones* the Heav'n's infold : With constant Sun
 Still Red, still scorch'd in *Torrid Heat* the *One* :
 Round *This* on either Hand wind distant Coasts
 Regions of Storm, and everlasting Frosts :
 Betwixt the *Fir*, and *Theft*, by bounteous Heav'n
 To feeble Mortals *Two* are kindly giv'n :
 Across them both a Path oblique inclines,
 Where in successive Order turn the *Signs*.

Si vero viciamque seres villemque fasolum,
Nec Peplum curva aspernabero lonis;
Haud obscura cadens mittas tibi signa Bootes.
Incipe, et ad mediae seminecm extende pruinias.

Idcirco certis dimensum partibus orbem
Per duodenam regit mundi Sol aureus Astra.
Quinque tenent calum zone. Quarum una coruscet
Semper sole rubens, et torrida semper ab igni :
Quam circum extrema dextra levaque trabuntur,
Cerulea glacie concreta atque imbris atris.
Has inter mediomque dua mortalibus agris
Munere concessa divum. Via secta per ombras,
Obliquus qua se signorum vertet ordo.

Vile Vetches wou'd you sow, or Lentils lean.
The Growth of Egypt, or the Kidney-bean !
Begin when the slow Waggoner defends ;
Nor cease your sowing till Mid-winter ends :
 For this, through twelve bright Signs *Apollo* guides
 The Year, and *Earth in sever'l Climes diuides*. 324
 Five Girdles bind the Skies, the torrid Zone
 Glows with the passing and repassing Sun.
 Far on the Right and Left, th' Extreams of Heav'n,
 To Frosts and Snows, and bitter Blasts are giv'n ;
 Betwixt the midst and these, the Gods assign'd
 Two habitable Seats for Humane Kind :
 And cross their Limits cut a sloping Way,
 Which the twelve Signs in beauteous Order sway.

As, steep, to *Scythian* Heights the World ascends,
 Downwards the Ball to *Lybian* Tempests bends :
 This Cove to Us is still sublimely High,
 And That below, *Styx*, and the *Ghosts* descry :
 Here, the vast *Snake* in winding Circles glides,
 And either *Arctos*, like a Stream, divides :
 There, as they say, Or rests the soft, still Night,
 And Shades for ever thick'ning veil the Light :
 Or when from hence *Aurora* leads the Way,
 Thither she hastens, and restores the Day ;
 And whilst on us the *Morn*'s swift Coursers breathe,
 There the Nocturnal Tapers lights the *Eve*.

*Mundus ut ad Scythiam Ripebasque arduus arcis
 Consurgit ; premitur Libyaæ devexus in austros.
 Hic vertex nobis semper sublimis : At illum
 Sub pedibus Styx atra videt, Manesque profundi :
 Maximus hic flexu sinuoso elabitur anguis
 Circum, perque duas in morem fluminis Arctos.
 [Arctos Oceanî metuentes aequore tingui.]
 Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempesta silet nox ;
 Semper et obtusa densentur nocte tenebrae :
 Aut reddit a nobis Aurora, diemque reducit :
 Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelit,
 Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.*

Two Poles turn round the Globe ; one seen to rise
 O'er *Scythian* Hills, and one in *Libyan* Skies,
 The first sublime in Heav'n, the last is whirl'd
 Below the Regions of the nether World.
 Around our Pole the Spiry Dragon glides,
 And like a winding Stream the Bears divides ;
 The less and greater, who by Fate's Decree
 Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea :
 There, as they say, perpetual Night is found
 In silence brooding on the unhappy Ground.
 Or when *Aurora* leaves our Northern Sphere,
 She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there.
 And when on us she breaths the living Light,
 Red *Vesper* kindles there the Tapers of the Night.

330

335

340

Hence

Hence in the fickle Sky we *Storms* foreknow,
 The Days of *Harvest*, and the Time to *sow* ;
 And when with Oars to cut the shining Way,
 And backwards drive a Length of faithless Sea ;
 When to the Main to lead the floating War,
 And timely on the Mountain fell the Fir.
 'Tis not in vain that we explore the Skies,
 Mark when the Stars *descend*, and when they *rise* ;
 With all the diff'rent Seasons that appear ;
 Though still the same, still constant is the Year.

*Hinc tempestates dubio prædiscere cælo
 Possumus, hinc messisque diem, tempusque serendi :
 Et quando infidum remis impellere marmor
 Conveniat : Quando armatas deducere classis,
 Aut tempestivam silvis evertere pinum.
 Nec frustra signorum obitus speculanur et ortus ;
 Temporibusque parem diversis quatuor annum.*

From hence uncertain Seasons we may know ;
 And when to reap the Grain, and when to sow ; 345
 Or when to fell the Fuzes ; when 'tis meet
 To spread the flying Canvass for the Fleet.
 Observe what Stars arise or disappear ;
 And the four Quarters of the rolling Year.

Whenever it befalls, that pow'ring Rain,
 And Storms of Sleer withhold the eager Swain ;
 Then is it given to compleat with Care
 Works done in Haste, when now the Skies are clear ;
 The Ploughman hammers out the Share obtuse,
 Trees hollows into Troughs for various Use,
 Or stamps the Mark upon the fleecy Race,
 Or diff'rent Numbers on the Fields Increase :
 Others the Fork, or Setters point : Or twine
 Light Oifer-Bands to stay the feeble Vine :
 Now with the Bramble weave the Basket's Round ;
 Now parch the Grain, and now incessant pound.

*Frigidus agricolam siquando continet imber,
 Multa, forent que mox calo properanda sereno,
 Maturare datur. Durum procudit arator
 Vomeris obtusi dentem: cavat arbore lintres:
 Aut pecori signum, aut numeros impressit acervos.
 Exacuant alij vallos, furcasque bicornis,
 Atque Amerina parent lenta retinacula viti.
 Nunc facilis rubea texatur fiscina virga :
 Nunc torrete igni fruges, nunc frangite saxo.*

But when cold Weather, and continu'd Rain, 356
 The lab'ring Husband in his House refrain ;
 Let him forecast his Work with timely Care,
 Which else is huddled, when the Skies are fair : 357
 Then let him mark the Sheep, or whet the shining Share,
 Or hollow Trees for Boats, or Number o'er
 His Sacks, or measure his increasing Store ; 358
 Or sharpen Stakes, or head the Forks, or twine
 The Sallow Twigs to tye the stragling Vine ;
 Or wicker Baskets weave, or aire the Corn,
 Or grinded Grain betwixt two Marbles turn. 360

Thus

Thus too, the Laws of Man, and Gods above,
Ev'n on the *sacred Days*, some Works approve ;
To lead the Torrent o'er the Thirsty Plain,
Religion never has forbid the Swain ;
Or with the Fence to guard the rising Grain ;
Birds to insnare ; to fire the prickly Wood ;
Or plunge in healthy Streams the bleating Crowd :
Oft the Belab'rer of the slow-pac'd Ass
With Oyl, or with the Apple's large Increase,
His Ribs surcharges ; and the furrow'd Stone,
Or pitchy Mass, brings drudging from the Town.

*Quippe etiam festis quedam exercere diebus
Fas et iura sinunt. Rivos deducere nulla
Religio retinet, segeti pretenders sepem,
Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,
Balantumque gregem flavio mersare salubri.
Sepe oleo tardi costas agitator aselli,
Visibus aut onerat pomis : lapidemque revertent
Incusum, aut atra massam picti urbe reportat.*

No Laws, Divine or Humane, can restrain
From necessary Works the lab'ring Swain :
Ev'n Holy-days and Feasts Permission yield,
To float the Meadows, or to fence the Field,
To fire the Brambles, snare the Birds, and sweep
In wholsome Water-falls the woolly Sheep.
And oft the drudging Ass is driv'n, with ToyL,
To neigb'ring Towns with Apples and with Oyl :
Returning late, and loaden home with Gain
Of barter'd Pitch, and Hand-mills for the Grain.

365

270

For various Labours each revolving Moon
 Gives *Happy Days*; the *Fifth* be sure to shun :
 Then, the relentless *Furies* bears the *Earth*,
 And pale fac'd *Pluto* at an impious Birth :
 Then, from her Womb the *Rebel Brethren* rise,
 In desp'rate League combin'd to storm the Skies :
 On *Pelio* thrice to heave they all essay'd
Offa, and thrice on *Offa's* tow'ring Head
 To roll *Olympus* up with all his shade :
 Thrice whirl'd th' Omnipotent his Thunder round,
 And dash'd the pil'd-up Mountains to the Ground.

Ipsa dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna
Felices operum, Quintam fuge: pallidus Orcus,
Eumenidesque fate. Tum partu terra nefando
Caeumque Zapetumque creat, scoumque Typhoea,
Et conjuratos celum rescindere fratres.
Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Offam.
Sicilicet atque Offa frondosum involvere Olympum;
Ter pater exstructos dissecit fulmine montis.

The *lucky Days*, in each revolving Moon,
 For Labour chuse : The *Fifth* be sure to shun ;
 That gave the *Furies* and pale *Pluto* Birth,
 And arm'd against the Skies, the Sons of Earth.
 With Mountains pil'd on Mountains, thrice they strove, 375
 To scale the *sleepy Battlements* of *Jove* :
 And thrice his Lightning and red Thunder play'd,
 And their demolish'd Works in Ruin laid.

Happy

Happy the *Seventh*, next the *Tenth*, to joyn
Steers in the Taming Yoke, to fix the Vine,
And o'er the Loom extend the quiv'ring Twine ;
The *Ninth* by Flight the Captive oft relieves ;
But adverse are her Beams to proling Thieves,

Some Toils to Cool of *Night* more freely yield,
Or when the *Morn* bedews the pearly Field :
By *Night* parch'd Meads are cut, and Stubble light,
Distilling Moisture ne'er deserts the *Night* :
Thus by the Wintry Light of sparkling Fire
One splits the Match, till late the Flames expire :
Mean while the Dame sings in the glimm'ring Room,
To chear the Labour of the rattling Loom ;
Or from the Must, by *Vulcan* thickned, skims
The frothy Surges on the brazen Brims.

Septima post decumam felix, et ponere vitem,
Et prensos domitare boves, et licia tela
Addere. Nona fugae melior, contraria furtis.
Multa adeo gelida melius se nocte dedere,
Aut cum sole uovo terras irrorat Eous.
Nocte leves melius stipulae. Nocte arida prata
Tondensur : noctes lentus non deficit humor.
Et quidam seros biberni ad luminis ignes
Pervigilat, ferroque faces inspicat acuto.
Interea longum cantu solata laborem
Arguto conjugæ percurrit pectine telas :
Aut dulcis musti Volcano decoquit humorem,
Et folijs undam trepidi despumat aeni.

The Sev'nth is, next the Tenth, the best to joyn
Young Oxen to the Yoke, and plant the Vine.

386

Then Weavers stretch your Stays upon the West :

The Ninth is good for Travel, bad for Theft.

Some Works in dead of Night are better done ;

Or when the Morning Dew prevents the Sun,

Parch'd Meads and Stubble mow, by *Phœbe's* Light ;

Which both require the Coolnes of the Night ;

For Moisture then abounds, and Pearly Rains

Descend in silence to refresh the Plains.

The Wife and Husband equally conspire,

To work by Night, and raze the Winter-Fire :

385

He sharpens Torches in the glim'ring Room,

She shoots the flying Shuttle through the Loom :

Or boils in Kettles Must of Wine, and skims

With Leaves, the Dregs that overflow the Brims,

and till the watchful Cock awakes the Day,

She sings to drive the tedious Hours away.

390

BUT

But bound is *Ceres* at the Noon of Heat ;
 And the dry Floor tears out the glowing Wheat.
 Plough naked, Hinds, and naked sow the Plain ;
 Still slothful proves the Winter to the Swain :
 'Tis then their Stores the Peasants oft employ
 In mutual Feasts, and give a Loose to Joy ;
 The genial *Winter* all their Minds prepares
 To sprightly Mirth, and burys anxious Cares :
 So joy the Sailors, ev'ry Danger past,
 Safe in the Port the Ship, and crown'd the Mast.

At rubicunda Ceres medio succingitar aſtu,
Et medio toſtas aſtu terit area fruges.
Nudus aræ, ſere nudus. Hiems ignava colone.
Frigoribus perto agricola plerumque fruuntur,
Mutuaque inter ſe laeti convivia curant ;
Invitat genialis biems, curaque refoluit :
Ceu preſſe cum iam porsum cotigere carinæ,
Puppibus et laeti naute imposuerat coreras.

But in warm Weather, when the Skies are clear,
 By Day-light reap the Product of the Year :
 And in the Sun your Golden Grain display,
 And thrash it out, and winnow it by Day,
 Plough naked Swain, and naked sow the Land,
 For lazy Winter numbs the lab'ring Hand. 400
 In Genial Winter, Swains enjoy their Store,
 Forget their Hardships, and recruit for more.
 The Farmer to fall Bowls invites his Friends,
 And what he got with Pains, with Pleasure spends.
 So Sailors, when escap'd from stormy Seas,
 First crown their Vessels, then indulge their Ease. 405

Yet is it *Then* the Time to strip the Wood
 Of *Acorns*, or the *Olive's* shining Food,
 The *Laurel's* Freight, and *Myrtle* stain'd in Blood :
 Then *Toils* for *Stags*, for *Cranes* to fix the *Snare*,
 And trace the Mazes of the long-eard' *Hare* :
Then, with the Whirling *Sling* to stay the *Doe*,
 When Streams push on the Ice, when tow'ring mounts the
 Snow.

Why, should I *Autumn's* Storms, and Signs relate ?
 Why, when more short the Day, and mild the Heat,
 The tedious Labours of the watchful Swain ?
 Or when moist *Spring* falls pour'ring o'er the Plain ?
 Or when the Harvest bristles into Ears,
 And in the swelling Grain the Milk appears ?

Sed tamen et quernas glandes sum stringere tempus
Et lauri baccas, oleamque, cruentaque Myrta.
Tum gruibus podicas et retia ponere cervis,
Auritosque sequi lepores : Tum figere damas,
Scutpea torquentem Balearis verbera fundae,
Cum nix alta jacet, glaciem cum flumina trudunt.

Quid tempestates Autumni et sidera dicam ?
Atque ubi jam breviorque dies, et mollior aestas,
Quae vigilanda viris ? vel cum ruit imbriferum ver ;
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi stipula latentia turgent ?

Yet that's the proper Time to thrash the Wood
 For Mast of Oak, your Father's homely Food. 410
 To gather Laurel-berries, and the Spoil
 Of bloody Myrtles, and to press your Oyl.
 For Stalking Cranes to set the guileful Snare,
 To inclose the Stags in Toyls, and Hunt the Hare.
 With Balearick Slings, or Gnoffian Bow,
 To persecute from far the flying Doe. 415
 Then, when the Fleecy Skies new cloath the Wood,
 And Cakes of rustling Ice come rolling down the Flood.

Now sing we stormy Stars, when Autumn weighs
The Year, and adds to Nights, and shortens Days ; 420
And Suns declining shine with feeble Rays :
 What Cares must then attend the toiling Swain ;
 Or when the low'ring Spring, with lavish Rain
 Beats down the slender Stem and bearded Grain :
 While yet the Head is Green, or lightly swell'd
 With Milky Moisture, over-looks the Field. 425

Oft, when the Reaper on the yellow Plain
 The Hind had enter'd, and now bound the Grain,
 I've seen the Winds, in dreadful Fight engage
 From ev'ry Quarter, with resistless Rage ;
 They from the lowest Roots aloft wou'd tear
 The pond'rous Corn : So would a Tempest bear }
 Or Chaff, or empty Straw, and whirl it thro' the Air. }
 Oft from above descends a Troop of Floods ;
 Oft gather from the Deep the thick'ning Clouds ;
 Down rush the Skies, and with impetuous Rain
 Wash out the Ox's Toil, and sweep away the Grain :

*Sæpe ego, cum flavis messorem induceret arvis
 Agricola, et fragili jam stringeret bordea culmo,
 Omnia ventorum concurrere prælia vidi :
 Quæ gravidam late segetem ab radicibus imis
 Sublime expulsam eruerent. Ita turbine nigro
 Ferret hiems culnumque levem stipulasque volantis.
 Sæpe etiam immensum cælo venit agmen aquarum,
 Et fædam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
 Collectæ ex alto nubes. Ruit arduus æther,
 Et pluvia ingenti sata lata bouisque labores*

Ev'n when the Farmer, now secure of Fear,
 Sends in the Swains to spoil the finish'd Year :
 Ev'n while the Reaper fills his greedy Hands,
 And binds the Golden Sheaves in brittle Bands : 430
 Oft have I seen a sudden Storm arise,
 From all the warring Winds that sweep the Skies :
 The heavy Harvest from the Root is torn,
 And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble born ;
 With such a Force the flying Rack is driv'n, 435
 And such a Winter wears the Face of Heav'n :
 And oft whole Sheets descend of lucy Rain,
 Suck'd by the spongy Clouds from off the Main :
 The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,
 The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown. 440

The Dikes are fill'd : No Bounds the Torrents keep :
 And with the breathing Surges boils the Deep :
 Amidst a Night of Clouds his glitt'ring Fire,
 And rattling Thunder hurls th' Eternal Sire :
 Far shakes the Earth : Beasts fly : And mortal Hearts
 Pale Fear dejects : He with resplendent Darts,
 Or Rhodope, or Atbos' lofty Crown,
 Or steep Ceraunia's Cliffs strikes headlong down :
 The Rains condense : More furious Auster roars :
 Now with vast Wind the Woods, now lashes He the Shoars,

*Diluit. Impletur fossæ, & cava flumina crescunt.
 Cum sonitu, feroetque fretis spirantibus æquor.
 Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
 Fulmina molitur dextra. Qæ maxima motu
 Terra tremit : Fugere fere ; & mortalia corda
 Per gentes humiliis stravit pavor. Ille flagrant^t
 Aut Atbo, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
 Dejicit. Ingeminans austri, & densissimus imber ;
 Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc litora plangit.*

The Dykes are fill'd, and with a roaring Sound
 The rising Rivers float the nether Ground ; }
 And Rocks the bellowing Voice of boylng Seas rebound. }
 The Father of the Gods his Glory shrouds,
 Involv'd in Tempests and a Night of Clouds
 And from the middle Darknes flashing out
 By fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.
 Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,
 Her Entrails tremble and her Mountains nod ; }
 And flying Beasts in Frights seek Abode : } 445
 Deep Horror seizes ev'ry Humane Breast,
 Their Pride is humbled, and their Fear confess'd :
 While he from high his rowling Thunder throws,
 And fires the Mountains with repeated Blows :
 The Rocks are from their old Foundations rent ; } 455
 The Winds redouble and the Rains augment :
 The Waves on Heaps are dash'd against the Shoar,
 And now the Woods, and now the Billows roar.

In fear of this, observe the Monthly Signs ;
 And how each Planet's ruling Course inclines :
 Mark whither *Saturn's* frigid Beams retire,
 And to what Orbs *Cylenius* points his Fire :
 But, above all, the Heav'nly Pow'rs adore ;
 Great *Ceres'* Aid with annual Rites implore,
 And raise the Altar on the grassy Floor ;
 When Winter ends, and Spring serenely shines ;
 Then fat the Lambs, and mellow are the Wines ;
 Then soft the Slumbers on the verdant Ground ;
 Then with thick Shades the lofty Mountains crown'd :

Hoc metuens, celi mensis, & sidera serva,
Frigida Saturni se se quo stella receptet,
Quos ignis celi Cylenius erret in orbes.
In primis venerare deos, atque annua magna
Sacra refer Cereri lati operatus in herbis,
Extreme sub casum biemis, jam vere sereno.
Tum pingues agni, & tum mollissima vina :
Tum somni dulces, densaque in montibus umbrae.

In fear of this, observe the Starry Signs,
 Where *Saturn* Houses, and where *Hermes* joyns.
 But first to Heav'n thy due Devotions pay,
 And Annual Gifts on *Ceres'* Altar lay.
 When Winter's Rage abates, when chearful Hours
 Awake the Spring, the Spring awakes the Flow'rs,
 On the green Turf thy careless Limbs display,
 And celebrate the mighty Mother's Day.
 For then the Hills with pleasing Shades are crown'd,
 And Sleeps are sweeter on the silken Ground :
 With milder Beams the Sun securely shines ;
 Fat are the Lambs, and luscious are the Wines.

460

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Let

Let all Thy Rustic Youth, at Ceres' shrine,
 With bended Knees confess the Pow'r Divine :
 Mix you the fragrant Combs, with Milk, and gentle Wine.
 Round the new Fruits thrice let the Victim go :
 Let shouting Crowds attend the solemn Show,
 Home to the Doors on Ceres call : Nor e'er
 Let one presume beneath the ripen'd Ear
 To thrust the Sickle ; 'till with Temples bound,
 (Of supple Oaken Twigs the sacred Round)
 He Gestures uncouth yields to Ceres' Praise,
 And sings of Ceres in resounding Lays.

Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adores.
Quo tu late favos, & miti dilue Baccho !
Terque novas circum felix eat hostia fruges ;
Omnis quam chorus, & socij comitantur ovantes ;
Et Cererem clamore vocent in tecla ; neque arce.
Falcem maturis quisquam supponat aristis,
Quam Cereri, torta redimitus tempora queru,
Det motus incompositos & carmina dicat.

Let ev'ry Swain adore her Pow'r Divine,
 And Milk and Honey mix with sparkling Wine:
 Let all the Choir of Clowns attend the Show,
 In long Processions shouting as they go ;
 Invoking her to bless their yearly Stores
 Inviting Plenty to their crowded Floors. 475
 Thus in the Spring, and thus in Summer's Heat,
 Before the Sickles touch the ripening Wheat,
 On Ceres call ; and let the lab'ring Hind
 With Oaken Wreaths his hollow Temples bind : 480
 On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,
 With uncouth Dances, and with Country Lays.

36 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

But that by certain Signs we might be told
 Of Heat, and Rains, and Winds that urge the Cold ;
 Th' Eternal Sire, What monthly might advise
 The Moon, has fix'd : When Southern Tempests rise :
 What, oft observing, the sagacious Swain
 His Herds might nearer to their Stalls retain :
 E'er Winds arise ; Or, swells the working Flood ;
 Or a harsh Crash is heard throughout the Wood ;
 Or, mingling, sound the Coasts from distant Seas,
 And gath'ring Murmur rustles in the Trees :
 Then, scarce the Wave from bended Skiffs abstains,
 When Cormorants forsake the wat'ry Plains,
 And scream along the Shore : When swift to Land
 The Sea Gulls haste, and sport around the Strand :
 Or When the Hern prepares his lofty Flight,
 Quits the known Marsh, and mounts th' Aetherial Height.

*Atque hoc ut certis possimus discere signis,
 Astusque, pluviasque, & agentis frigora ventos ;
 Ise pater statuit, quid menstrua Luna moneret,
 Quo signo caderent austri : quid saepe videntes
 Agricolæ, propius stabulis armenta tenerent.
 Continuo ventis surgentibus aut freta ponti
 Incipiunt agitata tumescere, & aridus altis
 Montibus audiri fragor ; aut resonantia longe
 Litora misceri, et nemorum increbescere murmur.
 Jam sibi tum curvis male temperat unda carinis,
 Cum medio celeres revolant ex aquore mergi,
 Clamoremque ferunt ad litera ; Cumque marina
 In sicco ludunt fulicæ : Notasque paludes
 Deserit, atque altam supra volat ardea nubem.*

And that by certain Signs we may preface
 Of Heats and Rains, and Wind's impetuous Rage,
 The Sov'reign of the Heav'n's has set on high
 The Moon, to mark the Changes of the Sky :
 When Southern Blasts should cease, and when the Swain
 Shou'd near their Folds his feeding Flocks restrain.

For e'er the rising Winds begin to roar,
 The working Seas advance to wash the Shoar: 490
 Soft Whispers run along the leafy Woods,
And Mountains whistle to the marm'ring Floods :
 Ev'n then the doubtful Billows scarce abstain
 From the toss'd Vessel on the troubled Main :
 When crying Cormorants forsake the Sea,
 And stretching to the Covert Wing their Way : 495
 When sportful Coots run skimming o'er the Strand ;
 When watchful Herons leave their watry Stand ;
 And mounting upward with erected Flight,
 Gain on the Skies, and soar above the Sight.

485

490

495

500
Off

Oft too you'll see, whea *furious Winds* impend,
 Præcipitate, the Stars from Heav'n descend :
 And far behind, thro' gloomy Shades of Night,
 Glitter and whiten the long Trails of Light :
 Oft whirl in Air dry Straw, and wither'd Leaves,
 And Feathers wanton on the simm'ring Waves.

But when from *Boreas'* part the Thunder pours,
 And *Eurus'* House, and *Zephyr*'s adverse roars ;
 Then with the swelling Dikes swims all the Plain ; }
 Then ev'ry Seaman on the foamy Main
 Quick gathers up the Sails all drench'd with Rain ; }

*Sæpe etiam Stellas, vento impendente, videbis
 Præcipites cælo labi, notisque per umbras
 Flammærum longæ a tergo albefore træctus :
 Sæpe levem paleam & frondes volitare cadueas,
 Aut summa nantis in aqua colludere plumas.
 At Boreæ de parte trucis cum fulminat, & cum
 Eutique Zéphirique sonat domus ; omnia plenis
 Rura natans soffis, atque omnis navita ponto*

And oft before tempestuous Winds arise,
 The *seeming* Stars fall headlong from the Skies ;
 And, shooting through the Darkness, gild the Night
 With sweeping Glories, and long Trails of Light :
 And Chaff with eddy Winds is whirl'd around, 505
 And dancing Leaves are lifted from the Ground ;
 And floating Feathers on the Waters play,
 But when the winged Thunder takes his Way
 From the cold *North*, and *East* and *West* ingage,
 And at their Frontiers meet with equal Rage,
 The Clouds are crush'd, a Glut of gather'd Rain, 510
 The hollow Ditches fills, and floats the Plain,
 And Sailors furl their dropping Sheets amain.

38 VIRGIL'S HUSBANDRY.

None, uninform'd, e'er did the Show'r assail ;
Cranes, as it rose, flew downwards to the Vale :
 Or gazing on the Heav'n's stood the *Steer*,
 And with wide Nostrils snuff'd the humid Air :
 Or *Swallows*, chatt'ring, round the Lake have flown ;
 And miry *Frogs* sung out their ancient Moan :
 And oftner has the *Ant* with busy Tread,
 Up from the Nether-Cells her Eggs convey'd ;
 Deep drank the mighty *Bow* : And foodless rose
 Loud, with their rustling Wings, a Host of *Crows*.

*Humida vela legit. Numquam imprudentibus imber
 Obfuit. Aut illum surgensem Vallibus imis
 Aeris fugere grues: aut bucula cælum
 Suspiciens, patulis capravit naribus auras:
 Aut arguta lacus circumvolvitavit birundo:
 Et veterem in limo rane cecinere querelam.
 Sapius & tectis penetralibus extulit ova
 Angustum formica terens iter, & bibit ingens
 Arcus: Et e pastu decadens agmine magno
 Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.*

Wet Weather seldom hurts the most unwise,
 So plain the Signs, such Prophets are the Skies : 515
 The wary Crane foresees it first, and sails
 Above the Storm, and leaves the lowly Vales :
 The Cow looks up, and from afar can find
 The Change of Heav'n, and snuffs it in the Wind :
 The Swallow skims the Rivers watry Face, 520
 The Frogs renew the Croaks of their loquacious Race,
 The careful Ant her secret Cell forsakes,
 And drags her Eggs along the narrow Tracks,
 At either Horn the Rainbow drinks the Flood,
 Huge Flocks of rising Rooks forsake their Food, 525
 " And, crying, seek the Shelter of the Wood. } }

Now

Now may you see wide Ocean's various Fowls ;
 Or those that haunt Cayster's well-lov'd Pools ;
 In wanton Strife the Silver-Flood divide,
 And lave their Shoulders with the sparkling Tide ;
 Now with their downy Breasts the Torrent Stem,
 Now plunge their Heads, now run upon the Stream :
 With endless Labour ply the Wat'ry Plain,
 And dive, and wash, and proudly wash in vain :
 Then with full Voice the Rook the Show'r demands,
 And solitary Stalks along the scorching Sands :
 Nor is unskilful of impending Storms
 The Virgin, nightly, that her Task performs :
 When sparkle in the Lamp the Oyl she sees,
 And fungous Balls around the Wick increase.

*Jam varias pelagi volucres, & que Asia circum
 Dulcibus in stagnis rimirantur prata Caystri,
 Certatim largos bumeris infundere rores ;
 Nunc caput objectare fretis, nunc currere in undas,
 Et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.
 Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce,
 Et sola in secca secum spatiatur arena.
 Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ
 Nestivere biemem ; testa cum ardente viderent
 Scintillare oleum, & putris concrescere fungos,*

Besides, the sever'al Sorts of watry Fowls,
 That swim the Seas, or haunt the standing Pools :
 The Swans that sail along the Silver Flood,
 And dive with stretching Necks to search their Food, 530
 Then lave their Backs with sprinkling Dews in vain,
 And stem the Stream to meet the promis'd Rain.
 The Crow with clam'rous Cries the Show'r demands,
 And single Stalks along the Desart Sands.
 The nightly Virgin, while her Wheel she plies, 335
 Foresees the Storms impending in the Skies,
 When sparkling Lamps their spott'ring Light advance,
 And in the Sockets Oily Bubbles dance.

Nor from less certain Signs, the Swain descrys
 Unshow'ry Suns, and bright, expanded Skies;
 For Then, nor blunt a Star, nor rising seems
 The Moon a Debtor to her Brother's Beams;
 Nor fleecy Webs fly round in wavy Streams:
 Not to the tepid Sun their Wings expand
 The Sea-lov'd *Halcyons*, basking on the Strand;
 Nor mindful are the Swine, with Jaws display'd
 To gripe the Straw, and toss their rustling Bed;
 But downwards glides the Mist, and lodges on the Mead:
 And Owls, still waiting on the Sun's Retreat,
 In vain their Midnight Songs aloft repeat.

*Nec minus eximbris soles & aperta serena
 Prospicere, & certis poteris cognoscere signis.
 Nam neque tum stellis acies obtusa videtur,
 Nec fratri radijs obnoxia surgere Luna,
 Tenuia nec lana per celum vellera ferri.
 Non tepidum ad solem pennis in litore pandunt
 Dilecta Theridi Alcyones: non ore soluto
 Immundi meminere sues factare maniplos.
 At nebulae magis ima petunt, campoque recumbunt:
 Solis & occasum servans de culmine summo
 Nequicquam seros exercet noctua cantus.*

Then after Show'rs, 'tis easy to descry
 Returning Suns, and a Serener Sky:
 The Stars *shine* smarter, and the Moon adorns,
 As with unborrow'd Beams her sharpen'd Horns;
 The *film*y Gossamer now flits no more,
 Nor *Halcyons* bask on the short sunny Shore:
 Their Litter is not toss'd by *Sows* unclean,
 But a blue droughtey Mist descends upon the Plain:
 And Owls, that mark the Setting-Sun, declare
 A Star-light Evening, and a Morning fair.

540

545

Nifus appears sublimely high in Air,
And *Scylla* suffers for the Purple Hair ;
Wherever She her trembling Pinions plys,
See, the Blood-thirsty Foe pursuing flys,
Insatiate *Nifus*, whizzing thro' the Skies :
Wherever *Nifus* rises to the Day,
Swift, thro' the liquid Air she cuts her Way,
Then, thrice, or four Times, firmly prest the Throat,
The *Rooks* redouble ev'ry clearer Note :
Gay, with I know not what unusual Joys,
They crowd the Trees, and chatt'ring is their Noise :
But sweet Delight possesses ev'ry Breast,
When each beholds, soon as the Storms are ceas'd,
Her tender Young once more, and pleasing Nest.

Appares liquido sublimis in aere Nifus,
Et pro purpureo penas das Scylla capillo.
Quacumque illa levem fugiens secat æthera pennis,
Ecce inimicus atrox magno stridore per auras
Insequitur Nifus : Qua se fert Nifus ad auras,
Illa levem fugiens raptim secat æthera pennis.
Tum liquidas corvi presso ser gutture voces
Aut quater ingeminant : Et sepe cubilibus altis,
Nestio qua præter solitum dulcedine leti,
Inter se folijs strepitans. Juvas imbribus altis.
Progeniem parvam dulcisque revisere nidos.

Tow'ring aloft, avenging *Nifus* flies,
While dar'd below the guilty *Scylla* lies ;
Wherever frightened *Scylla* flies away,
Swift *Nifus* follows, and pursues his Prey
Where injur'd *Nifus* takes his Airy Course,
Thence trembling *Scylla* flies and shuns his Force ;
This Punishment pursues th' unhappy Maid,
And thus the Purple Hair is dearly paid. 550

Then, thrice the Ravens rend the liquid Air.
And croaking Notes proclaim the settled fair.
Then, round their airy Palaces they fly,
To greet the Sun ; and seiz'd with secret Joy,
When Storms are over-blown, with Food repair
To their forsaken Nests, and callow Care. 555 560

Not that I think the Gods to them dispense
 Of Things in Fate a more discerning Sense ;
 But when the Storm, and moist inconstant Skies
 Alternate change ; When Southern Tempests rise,
 Condense what's Thin ; and what's Condens'd more Rare
 By Warmth becomes, They vary with the Air :
 Now one Impression in their Bosoms dwells,
 Another when the Wind the Clouds dispels :
 Hence from the Birds that warbling Concert flows ;
 Hence Herds exult, and hoarsely shout the Crows.

*Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
 Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.
 Verum, ubi tempestas et celi mobilis humor
 Mutavere vias, et Juppiter uvidus austris
 Denset, erant quæ rara modo, et quæ densa, relaxat ;
 Vertuntur species animorum, et pectora motus
 Nunc alios, alios, dum nubila ventus agebat,
 Concipiunt. Hinc ille avium concentus in agris,
 Et leta pecudes, et ovantes gutture cervi.*

Not that I think their Breasts with Heav'nly Souls
 Inspir'd, as Man, who Destiny controls.
 But with the changeful Temper of the Skies, 565
 As Rains condense, and Sun-shine rarifies ;
 So turn the Species in their alter'd Minds,
 Compos'd by Calms, and dispos'd by Winds.
 From hence proceeds the Birds harmonious Voice :
 From hence the Cows exult, and frisking Lambs rejoice. 570

But to the rapid Sun if you attend,
 And how the *Moons* their foll'wing Courses bend :
 You'll ne're be taken by th' eniuing Day,
 Nor shall Fair Nights, infidious, Thee betray :
 When first the *Moon* collects the coming Rays,
 If She thick Ait³ in her dark *Horn* displays,
 Vast Show's invade the Peasant, and the Seas :
 But if a Virgin Blush her Face o'erspread,
 Winds blow ; with Wind still *Phæbe*'s Cheeks are red :
 But at her fourth Ascent, if pointed rise
 The Silver Horns, and bright she trips the Skies :
 That Day entire, and all its foll'wing Race,
 Till fully She compleats her Monthly Space,
 (Safe by this Sign) nor Storms shall know, nor Rain ;
 And Sailors, rescu'd from the boistrous Main,
 Their promis'd Vows shall pay to all the Watry Reign. ³

*Si vero solem ad rapidum lunasque sequentis
 Ordine respicies ; numquam te craftina fallet
 Hora, neque infidijs noctis capiere serena.
 Luna revertentes cum primum colligit ignis,
 Si nigrum obscurò comprendererit aëra cornu,
 Maximus agricolis pelagoque parabitur imber.
 At, si virginem sustulerit ore ruborem,
 Ventus erit. Vento semper rubet aurea Phæbe.
 Sin ortu in quarto (namque is certissimus auctor)
 Pura, neque obtusis per cælum cornibus ibit ;
 Totus et ille dies, et qui nascentur ab illo
 Exactum ad mensem, pluvia ventisque carebunt :
 Votaque servati solvent in litore naute
 Glauco, et Panopeæ, et Ino Melicertæ.*

Observe the daily Circle of the Sun,
 And the short Year of each revolving Moon :
 By them thou shalt foresee the following Day ;
 Nor shall a starry Night thy Hopes betray.
 When first the Moon appears, if then She shrowds ⁵⁷⁵
 Her silver Crescent, tip'd with sable Clouds ;
 Conclude She bodes a Tempest on the Main,
 And brews for Fields impetuous Floods of Rain.
 Or if her Face with fiery Flushing glow,
 Expect the rattling Winds aloft to blow. ⁵⁸⁰
 But four Nighes old, (for that's the surest Sign)
 With sharpen'd Horns if glorious then she shins :
 Next Day, nor only that, but all the Moon,
 Till her revolving Race be wholly run,
 Are void of Tempests, both by Land and Sea, ⁵⁸⁵
 And Sailors in the Port their promis'd Vow shall pay.

And thus the Sun, as R^{ising} hé appears,
 Or dipt in Ocean, various Signs declares ;
 Unerring Signs his circling Course attend,
 Or in the Morn, or when the Stars ascend :
 When e'er he mottles o'er his new-born Light,
 Or masks in Clouds, or half retires from Sight,
 Suspect the Show'r : For, fatal to the Sown,
 And Trees, and Herds, the South comes pow'ring down ;
 If, at the Purple Dawn, his struggling Rays
 Strike thro' the thick'ning Skies a scatter'd Blaze ;
 If, o'er her Cheeks a livid paleness shed,
 Aurora springs from Tithon's Saffron Bed ;
 Ah ! what can Leaves to guard the Grapes avail ?
 So rattling bounds on Roofs the horrid Hail !

*Sol quoque et exoriens, et cum se condet in undas,
 Signa dabit. Solem certissima signa sequuntur,
 Et que mane refert, et que surgentibus astris.
 Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit orbem
 Conditus in nubem, mediisque refugerit orbe ;
 Suspecti tibi sint im'bris. Namque urgunt ab alto
 Arboribusque satisque notus pecorique sinister.
 Aut ubi sub lucem densa inter nubila sepe
 Diversi erumpent radij, aut ubi pallida surget
 Tithoni croceum linguis Aurora cubile ;
 Heu ! male tum mites defendet pampinus uvas :
 Tam multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando.*

Above the rest, the Sun, who never lies,
 Foretells the Change of Weather in the Skies :
 For if he rise, unwilling to his Race,
 Clouds on his Brow, and Spots upon his Face ; 590
 Or if thro' Mists he shoots his sullen Beams,
 Frugal of Light, in loose and straggling Streams :
 Suspect a drizzling Day, with Southern Rain,
 Fatal to Fruits, and Flocks, and promis'd Grain.
 Or if Aurora, with half open'd Eyes, 595
 And a pale sickly Cheek salute the Skies ;
 How shall the Vine, with tender Leaves, defend
 Her teeming Clusters when the Storms descend ?
 When ridgy Roofs and Tiles can scarce avail
 To barr the Ruin of the rattling Hail. 600

But

But from *Olympus*, just as he slides down,
 "Twould profit more to have observ'd the *Sun*.
 Oft o'er his Face are diff'rent Colours spread ;
 Thick *Rains* the *Azure*, *Winds* denotes the *Red* :
 But intermingled if the Spots appear
 With shining Flame, then Winds and Clouds prepare }
 With equal Rage, an universal War :
 That Night let none to venture on the Sea,
 Or to unty the Cable, counsel me.
 But if his Orb all lucid shines, and gay,
 When forth he leads, and when he hides the Day,
 Fear not the Storm : You'll see the Northern Breeze
 Slide thro' the Grove, and gently move the Trees.

Hoc etiam, emenso cum jam decedet Olympo,
Profuerit meminisse magis. Nam saepe videmus
Ipsius in vultu varios errare colores.
Ceruleus pluviam denunciat, igneus euros.
Sin macule incipient rutilo immisceretur igni ;
Omnia tunc pariter vento nimbisque videbuntur
Fervore. Non illa quisquam me nocte per altum
Ire, neque a terra moneat convellere funem.
At si, cum referetque diem, condetque relatum,
Lucidus orbis erit, frusta terrebere nimbis,
Et claro silvas cernes aquiloni moveri.

But more than all, the Setting Sun survey,
 When down the steep of Heav'n he drives the Day.
 For oft we find him finishing his Race,
 With various Colours erring on his Face ;
 If fiery red his glowing Globe descends, 605
 High Winds and furious Tempests he portends :
 But if his Cheeks are swoln with livid blue
 He bodes wet Weather by his watry Hue :
 If dusky Spots are vary'd on his Brow,
 And, streak'd with red, a troubled Colour show, 610
 That sullen Mixture shall at once declare
 Winds, Rain, and Storms, and Elemental War.
 What desp'rate Madman then wou'd venture o'er
 The Frith, or haul his Cables from the Shoar ?
 But if with purple Rays he brings the Light, 615
 And a pure Heav'n resigns to quiet Night ;
 No rising Winds, or falling Storms, are nigh :
 But Northern Breezes through the Forest fly :
 And drive the Rack, and purge the ruffled Sky.

Lastly ; }

Lastly ; to what the Ev'ning is inclin'd,
 From whence shall come the Cloud-dispelling Wind, }
 And of the humid South the Secret Mind,
 The Sun to you repeated Tokens gives ;
 And who dares say that e'er the Sun deceives ?
 He, even giddy Tumults oft declares,
 And treach'rous Falshood, and audacious Wars :
 He too, when CÆSAR fell, was touch'd for ROME
 With tender Pity, and bewail'd her Doom :
 In Rust obscure he veil'd his Beamy Light,
 And th' impious Age fear'd an eternal Night :

*Denique, quid vesper serus vebat, unde serenas
 Ventus agat nubes, quid cogitet burnidus Auster,
 Sol tibi signa dabit. Solem quis dicere falsum
 Audeat ? ille etiam cæcos instare tumultus
 Sepe monet, fraudemque ex operta tumescere bella.
 Ille etiam extinctio miseratus Cæsare Romam,
 Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine textit,
 Impiaque æternam timuerunt secula noctem.*

Th' unerring Sun by certain Signs declares, 620
 What the late Ev'n, or early Morn prepares :
 And when the South projects a stormy Day,
 And when the clearing North will puff the Clouds away.

The Sun reveals the Secrets of the Sky ;
 And who dares give the Source of Light the Lye ? 625
 The Change of Empires often he declares,
 Fierce Tumults, hidden Treasons, open Wars.
 He first the Fate of Cæsar did foretel,
 And pity'd ROME when ROME in Cæsar fell.
 In Iron Clouds conceal'd the Publick Light : 630
 And impious Mortals fear'd Eternal Night.

Tho'

Tho' at that Time *Earth* too, and spacious *Seas*,
 And *Dogs* obscene, and *Birds* the dire Decrees
 Of Fate presag'd : How oft have we beheld
Fierce Aetna deluge the Cyclopiian Field,
 Burst all her Furnaces, and melted Stone,
 And Globes of Flame immense roll headlong down ?
 A Noife of Arms, and Clashng of the War
Germania heard, all round the frighted Air :
 Then did the *Alps* with unknown Tremblings move ;
 And doleful Cries ran thick thro' ev'ry Grove :
 Ghosts, wondrous pale, in Dusk of Eve appear'd,
 And Cattle utt'ring Humane Sounds were heard :
 Streams, horrid ! stop ; Earth yawns ; with Tears all wet
 Stand Iv'ry Shrines ; and Brafs runs down with Sweat :

*Tempore quamquam illo tellus quoque et aquora ponte
 Obsecnæque canes, importunæque volucres
 Signa dabant. Quoties Cyclopum effervere in agros
 Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Aetnam,
 Flammarumque globos, liquefactaque volvere saxa !
 Armorum sonitum toto Germania cælo
 Audire : Insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.
 Vox quoque per lucos volgo exaudita silentis
 Ingens, et simulacra modis pallentia miris
 Visa sub obscurum noctis, pecudesque locutæ,
 Infandum ! Sistunt amnes, terræque debiscunt,
 Et mestum illacrimat templis ebur, æraque sudant.*

Nor was the Fact foretold by him alone :
 Nature herself flood forth, and seconded the Sun.
 Earth, Air and Seas, with Prodigies were sign'd,
 And Birds obscene, and howling Dogs divin'd. 635
 What Rocks did *Aetna* bellowing Mouth expire
 From her torn Entrails ! And what Floods of Fire !
 What Clanks were heard, in *German* Skies afar
 Of Arms and Armies, rushing to the War !
 Dire Earthquakes rent the solid *Alps* below,
 And from their Summits shook th' Eternal Snow. 640
 Pale Specters in the close of Night were seen,
 And Voices heard of more than Mortal Men.
 In silent Groves, dumb Sheep and Oxen spoke,
 And Streams ran backward, and their Beds forsook :
 The yawning Earth disclos'd th' Abyss of Hell : 645
 The weeping Statues did the Wars foretell ;
 And Holy Sweat from Brazen Idols fell.

ln

In furious Gulphs absorbs the whirling Woods
 Imperial Po, the Sov'reign of the Floods :
 And pouring onwards with resistless Sway,
 Bears, with their ruin'd Stalls, the Herds away :
 Nor were the Victims wanting to forebode
 Impending Fate ; Or Wells to spring with Blood ;
 Or Towns with hideous Howlings to resound,
 Whilst grizly Wolves walk'd their Nocturnal Round :
 Ne'er did such Lightning flash along the Sky,
 Or baleful Comets blaze so thick on high :
 For this, a second Time, Phlippi's Field
Romans engag'd in equal Arms beheld ;
 And twice *Emathia* did just Heav'n think good,
 And *Hæmus'* Waists to fatten with our Blood :

Proluit insano contorguens vortice silvas
Fluviorum rex Eridanus, campisque per omnis
Cum stabulis armenta tulit. Nec tempore eodem,
Tristibus aut exstis fibre apparere minaces
Aut putcis manare crux cessavit : Et alte
Per noctem resonare, lupis ululansibus, urbes.
Non alias cœlo ceciderunt plura sereno
Fulgura : Nec diri toties arsere cometæ.
Ergo inter sece paribus concurrere telis
Romanas acies iterum videre Phlippi :
Nec fuit indignum superis bis sanguine nostro
Emathiam, et lætos Hæmi pingue scere campos.

Then rising in his Might, the King of Floods
 Rush't thro' the Forests, tore the lofty Woods ; 650
 And rowling onward, with a sweepy Sway,
 Bore Houses, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away.
 Blood sprang from Wells, Wolves howld in Towns by Night,
 And boding Victims did the Priests affright. 655
 Such Peals of Thunder never pour'd from high
 Nor fork'y Lightnings flash'd from such a sul'en Sky.
 Red Meteors ran across th' Ethereal Space ;
 Stars disappear'd, and Comets took their Place.
 For this th' *Emathian* Plains once more were strow'd 660
 With *Roman* Bodies, and just Heav'n thought good
 To fatten twice those Fields with *Roman* Blood.

Nay,

Nay, and the Time will come, when lab'ring Swains
Shall plough up rusty Piles within those Plains ;
Or hollow Casques with clashing Harrows raise,
And at huge Bones dug up, astonish'd gaze.

Vesta, and *Romulus*, ye Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Who *Tuscan* Tyber guard, and *Roman* Tow'rs ;
Stay not the Succour which we all implore,
But let this Youth the sinking Age restore.
Well may our Blood, which has so oft been spilt,
Wash out *Laomedon*'s perjurious Guilt ;
All Heaven, *Cæsar*, envy us thy Reign,
And of your Triumphs upon Earth complain ;
Where impious Mortals Right, and Wrong confound ;
Wars rage ; and Vice in ev'ry Shape is crown'd :

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa invenerit scabra rubigine pila :
Aut gravibus rastriis galeas pulsabit inanis,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.
Di patris Indigetes, et Romule, Vestaque mater,
Que Tuscum Tiberim et Romana Palatia servas,
Hunc saltem everso juvenem sucurrere saeclo
Ne prohibete. Satis jam pridem sanguine nostro
Laomedontæ luisimus perjuria Troæ
Jam pridem nobis cœli te regia, Cæsar,
Invidet atque hominum queritur curare triumphos,
Quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas ; tot bella per orbem
Tam multæ scelerum facies : Non ullus aratro

Then after Length of Time the lab'ring Swains,
Who turn the Turfs of those unhappy Plains,
Shall rusty Piles from the plough'd Furrows take
And over empty Helmets pass the Rake.
Amaz'd at Antick Titles on the Stones,
And mighty Relicks of Gigantick Bones.

669

Ye home-born Deities of Mortal Birth !

Thou Father *Romulus*, and Mother *Earth*,
Goddefs unmov'd ! whose Guardian Arms extend
O'er *Tuscan* Tiber's Course, and *Roman* Tow'rs defend ;
With youthful *Cæsar* your joint Pow'rs ingage,
Nor hinder him to save the sinking Age.
Oh ! let the Blood, already spilt, atone
For the past Crimes of curs'd *Laomedon* !

670

Heav'n wants thee there ; and long the Gods we know
Have grudg'd thee, *Cæsar*, to the World below :
Where Fraud and Rapine, Right and Wrong confound ;
Where impious Arms from ev'ry Part resound,
And monstrous Crimes in ev'ry Shape are crown'd.

675

The

The Plains no Honour from the Plough receive ;
 The ravish'd Hinds their Toils unfinish'd leave :
 A ghastly Sight the squallid Field affords,
 And bending Scythes are hammer'd into Swords :
 Here moves *Euphrates*, fierce *Germania* there ; }
 Towns against Towns perfidious Arms prepare ; }
 Throughout the ruin'd World reigns impious War.
 As when the Carrs, swift pow'ring thro' the Race,
 Encounter furious on the dusty Space :
 The Charioteer is hurry'd o'er the Plain,
 And headlong fly the Steeds, nor will they hear the Rein.

Dignus bonus. Squalent abdutis arva colonis,
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensim.
Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum :
Vicina ruptis inter se legibus urbes
Arma ferunt. Savit toto Mars impius orbe.
Ut cum carceribus sese effudere quadrigæ,
Addunt se in spatia, et frustra retinacula tendens
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenæ.

The peaceful Peasant to the Wars is pref'd ;
 The Fields lye fallow in inglorious Rest :
 The Plain no Pasture to the Flock affords,
 The crooked Scythes are streightned into Swords :
 And there *Euphrates* her soft Off-spring arms, 685
 And here the *Rhine* rebellows with Alarms :
 The neighb'ring Cities range on sev'ral Sides,
 Perfidious *Mars* long plighted Leagues divides, }
 And o'er the wasted World in Triumph rides,
 So four fierce Coursers starting to the Race,
 Scow'r through the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace : }
 Nor Reins, nor Curbs, nor threatening Cries they fear
 But force along the trembling Charioteer. 690





NOTE S.

The Reader will observe, that P. Page refers to the new Translation, L. Line, to Mr. Dryden's.

Rueus justly challenges a Seat amongst the most applauded Editors of the Classics, for the Service of the *Daphne*; but it is not the *Georgic* which gives him this Rank. Here the Remarks are not so judicious as in the preceding or following Parts of the Learned Critic's Labours upon *VIRGIL*. I have already observed in the Preface, that there are two Errors in the two first Lines of his Interpretation; there is another which has not yet been taken Notice of, and that is the explaining *Hinc* by *Deinceps*, which quite destroys the Sense of the Poet. *Hinc* relates to what goes before, as if he had said, *ab his rebus incipiam scribere*, and not *deinceps scribam*; a Manner of speaking which was never seen in any *Exordium* whatever.

Mr. Dryden follows *Rueus* in almost every one of his Mistakes; for indeed his Translation is rather a Version of *Rueus*'s Interpretation, than of *VIRGIL*'s Poetry. The Obligation which the Learned World has to the French Writer, is, his having abstracted, generally with Judgment, most of the Commentators, and put the whole into a better Method than ever any one had done before him.

'Tis pleasant to see with what Forehead a late Writer of his Country assumes the Port of a very great Critick, chiefly upon the Strength of having turned the Notes of *Rueus* into his Mother Tongue. Those Remarks which are of that Writer's own Growth are, generally, the greatest Trifles imaginable. I beg the Reader's Patience as to one of 'em, which is under the first Page of his Translation of the *Georgics*: *Rueus* in his Edition has writ,

Sit pecori, ATQUE epibus quanta experientia parcis.

Catrou has left out *atque*; and the Note he makes upon this wonderful Emendation, which is to be found in twenty Editions before his Lucubrations appeared in the World, is as follows,

N O T E S.

follows, *j'ai corrigé*, &c. " I have corrected the Text in this Place, which was depraved by the scrupulous Exactness of the Grammarians. I have rescinded the Word *atque* after *pecori*.

By this single Passage we may frame a very right Judgment of this Writer, who, I am mighty apt to think, is not only a Frenchman, and of the Society of Jesus, but likewise a Native of Gascony.

P. 1. Hence, will I try to raise the vent'rous Song.]

I think this Translation to be sufficiently justify'd, as to so much of it as is not directly in the Original Text, by what follows in the Invocation,

— *Audacibus annue captis*, — p. 5.

P. 2. This Invocation has been found Fault with for it's Length : Indeed a long Invocation before an Epic Poem, when our Expectation is raised to something sublime in the Subject it self, would be justly blameable ; but on this Occasion where the Subject was supposed to be mean and low, the contrary was necessary ; and I believe they that first saw this Piece which begun

Quid faciat letas segetes, —

were very much surprised to find forty three such Lines before they came to

Vere novis — — —

L. 7. *Ye Deities ! who Fields and Plains protect,
Who rule the Seasons, and the Year direct.*]

This Passage, which, in the Original, is only applicable to the Sun and Moon, Mr. Dryden, for the Sake of his Metre, has interpreted at large of all the Deities that preside over Country Affairs. He begins where *VIRGIL* ends.

Dique deaque omnes, studium quibus arva tueri.

And by this Means he is forced into a disagreeable Tautology in his Translation, as the Reader will see by comparing the Lines above with Lines 26, 27, in this Invocation.

Several Commentators have made a Difficulty in the Original, by joining *Vos O clarissima mundi*, &c. with *Liber & alma Cerer*, as if they were called the brightest Lights of the World ; and thus indeed it is no easy matter to understand

N O T E S.

stand the Poet; but his Sence seems to be very plain without this forced Construction. *VIRGIL* begins with invoking the *Sun* and *Morn*, because they, says he, govern the Year, that is, give favourable Seasons.

Then he goes on to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, because they, says he, taught the Earth how to produce Corn and the Vine; and then he proceeds to the Tutelar Deities of the Husbandman, &c.

Nothing can be more intelligible than this in the Original, and I wish this were the only Passage which the Commentators have obscured by their Expositions.

L. 25. *And thou, whose Hands the shrowd-like Cypress rear.*]

*Tis very strange that Mr. Dryden should make *VIRGIL* talk of Shrowds; and yet this Expression he has repeated, I think, three or four times in the *Georgics*.

P. 3. *You, who the Bloom of Seedles Fruits sustain,
And you, who on the Sown send down the kindly Rain:*]

The Learned differ very much whether we ought to read *non ullo semine*, or *nonnullo semine*: I must confess, I am not able to determine which is preferable to the other; and therefore the Translation might as well have been, in my Opinion,

*You, who the Fruits from genuine Seed sustain,
And you, who on the Sown send down the kindly Rain:*

P. 5. *Begin your Reign, and bear ev'n now our Pray'rs.*

I have interpreted this Passage differently from all the Commentators. *Rueus* substitutes *viam*; but this makes the Sence very low, or rather no Sence at all.

The Interpretation I have given it, seems to be justify'd by considering that this is the Summing up, or Conclusion of the whole Invocation: After having called upon the other Deities, he comes at last to *Augustus*, to whom Divine Honours had been decreed, and therefore he says to him, *Ingredere*, i. e. Enter upon your Cœlestial Charge, and accustom your self to the First Honours that are paid to Divine Beings, which is *votis vocari*.

N O T E S.

L. 72. That Crop rewards the greedy Peasants Pains,
Which twice the Sun, and twice the Cold sustains,
And bursts the crowded Barns, with more than promis'd Grains.

Here Mr. Dryden again interprets *Seges* the Crop : But this Place cannot admit of any Dispute, for there is no Crop that stands two Winters, and two Summers. *Rueur*, who found the Difficulty of the Passage, has recourse, in his Interpretation, to the same Word, and explains *Seges* by *Seges*, but in his Note, he makes a great deal of Confusion, and sometimes speaks of the Ground, and sometimes of the Corn sown in the Ground. The Passage in it self has no Difficulty at all in it, and means neither more nor less than only that a Field which has lain still two Years together, instead of one, (which last is the Common Method) will bear a much greater Crop.

L. 90. Epirus for th' Elæan Chariot breeds
(In hopes of Palms,) a Race of running Steeds.]
Mr. Dryden would not have pardoned such Poetry as this
in Ogilby.

Epirus breeds
A Race of Running Steeds.

The next Couplet is much of the same Strength.

This is th' Original Contract ; these the Laws
Imposed by Nature, and by Nature's Cause,]

The Original Contract is a very unpoetical Expression, and imposed by Nature is by no Means right; for *VIRGIL* makes Nature here very active; but what follows, and by Nature's Cause, is merely expletive.

L. 103. Left wicked Weeds the Corn shou'd over-run
In watry Soils; or left the barren Sand
Shou'd suck the Moisture from the thirsty Land.]

These are some of the Lines that any one who understands the Original must have no little Patience to be able to read.

Illic, efficiunt latus ne frugibus herba :
Hic, Sterilem exiguum ne deserat humor arenam

NOTE S.

VIRGIL had spoke of the Seasons of ploughing strong heavy Ground, and light Ground. The first, says he, must be plough'd early in the Spring, and lie all Summer, and the other lightly in Autumn, or else the strong Ground will run all to Weeds, and the light Ground will have all its Juices exhausted. Instead of this, Mr. Dryden talks of wicked Weeds in watry Soils, and of Sand sucking the Moisture from the thirsty Land. All which is perfect Jargon: And in the same manner Mr. Dryden goes on

*Both these unhappy Soils the Swain forbears
And keeps a Sabbath of alternate Years.]*

*Alternis idem tenas cessare novatis,
Ex segnum patiere situ duroscere campum.*

VIRGIL, after speaking of the Manner of ploughing whole or unbroken Ground, both heavy and light, goes on to declare how Ground in common Tillage shou'd be manag'd; and what he says of this Third sort Mr. Dryden applies to the Two former. *Ruins* wou'd have set him right, but the Lines running very well, Mr. Dryden in all Probability would not make them Sence, for that might have spoil'd the Metre in some measure, without more Pains than Mr. Dryden was willing to take: And the two last Lines in this Page, in my Opinion, are not to be accounted for in any other Manner.

*Thus Change of Seeds for meagre Soils is best;
And Earth manur'd not idle, though at Rest.]*

L. 122. *Long Practice has a sure Improvement found,*
With kindled Fires to burn the barren Ground;
When the light Stubble to the Flames resign'd,
Is driv'n along, and crackles in the Wind.

*Sæpe etiam steriles incendere profuit agros,
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus uret flammis:*

VIRGIL speaks of two different Things, of burning the Soil it self before the Ground is plough'd, and of burning the Stubble after the Corn is taken off from arable Land. Mr. Dryden confounds both together.

N O T E S.

L. 139. — Nor Ceres from on high
Regards his Labours with a grudging Eye ;]

neque illum
Flava Ceres alto nequicquam spectat Olympo,
Et qui, prosciffo qua suscitat aquore terga,
Rursus in obliquum verso perrumpit aratro,
Exercet frequens tellurem, atque imperat arvis;

Rueus, and after him Mr. Dryden, apply this Passage to what goes before ; but *VIRGIL* means it only of what follows, namely, *Cross Ploughing*. What the Poet speaks of here retains the *Roman Name* to this Day, in many Parts of *England*, and is called *Sowing upon the Back*, that is, Sowing stiff Ground after once Ploughing. Now, says *VIRGIL*, He that draws a Harrow, or a Hurdle, over his Ground, before he sows it, *multum juvus arva* ; for this fills up the Chinks, which otherwise wou'd bury all the Corn : But then, says he, *Ceres always looks kindly upon him who ploughs his Ground cross again*, and then *exercises it frequently* ; that is, often repeats the Labour of Ploughing. What made *Rueus* and others mistake this Place, is, that they did not observe that *Et qui, prosciffo*, &c. must be constru'd *qui & perrumpit, & exercet, & imperat*.

I cannot help observing that this Passage is extreamly fine.

— *prosciffo qua suscitat aquore terga*

is the very Thing itself. All the Furrows look like so many Backs rais'd up : And the two following Lines are as expressive as 'tis possible for Words to make them.

L. 150. Hence Myria boasts her Harvests, and the Tops
Of Gargarus admire their happy Crops.]

I shall not observe here that Mr. Dryden mistakes the Sence of the Original ; but I cannot help taking Notice how wide this Versification is from a majestic Style.

— *and the Tops*
Of Gargarus admire their happy Crops.

Is it possible any Thing can be worse rhim'd Prose than these two Lines ?

L. 151. When

N O T E S.

L. 151. When first the Soil receives the fruitful Seed,
Make no Delay but cover it with Speed:]

These two Lines are entirely of Mr. Dryden's own Fashion. I can't imagine how a Writer, so much us'd to Poetry, shou'd be altogether insensible of what makes the great Beauty of this surprizing Work before us. Take from VIRGIL his Figures, and you take the Club from Hercules. The Figure that VIRGIL uses here, he uses in every Book of the Georgics, and 'tis the most necessary of any in Pieces of this Nature, because it flings the Stile out of the Didactic Trot, (if I may use such an Expression) which Mr. Dryden jogs on with to the End of the Stage.

L. 187. Himself invented first the shining Share.]

'Tis strange Mr. Dryden shou'd make so great a Mistake as this, when a few Lines following he says

First Ceres taught the Ground with Grain to sow,
And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked Plough; l. 219.]

What VIRGIL means here he explains more fully afterwards.

————— *primusque per artem*
Movit agros: —————

signifies he made it necessary to stir the Ground because he fill'd it with Weeds, and obliged Men to find out Ways to destroy them. Ceres help'd them to the Plough out of Compassion. The following Line

Himself did Handicrafts and Arts ordain,

is exceeding mean. What a sad Figure the Word *Handicrafts* makes in Sublime Poetry! Nay, in the most Sublime Poetry even of VIRGIL himself, as Mr. Dryden affirms.

L. 207. Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam;]

Mr. Dryden is the First, one would think, that ever made any Body go to Sea in Hollow Trees. VIRGIL says, Men first began to go upon small Streams in such Boats; but Mr. Dryden was led into this Mistake by Mr. May, who falls into the Error for Rhyme Sake. That Mr. Dryden had Mr. May before him, is plain, because this Line

The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car

is entirely from Mr. May.

N O T E S.

L. 211. Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found,]

I cannot see how any Expression can be more absurd than this,

Then Lime for Birds were found.

Bird-lime, connected, is intelligible, but, disjoyn'd, it raises a different Idea.

The Poet's Description is very fine, and very different from Mr. Dryden's.

————— *et fallere visco*
Inventum ; —————

What follows

*Atque alius latum funda jam verberat amnem,
Alta petens : pelagoque alias trahit humida ltna.*

cannot be too much admir'd. *Verberat amnem* is wonderfully descriptive of the Casting-Net; and the Sea-fishing is as finely painted; for in this Business the Lines are so long, by Reason of the Depth of the Water, that the Fisherman's Employment seems to be nothing else but

————— *trahit humida ltna.*

P. 16. And slowly roll'd along the pond'rous Wain]

In this Line the Metre of Virgil is endeavour'd after.

Tardaque Eleusina matris volvuntis plaustra.

This is not the first Line in this Book of this Kind; but I do not pretend to take Notice of them all:

The Reader cannot but observe how slow *Eleusina* makes the Verse move, and how like the Motion of a Waggon.

P. 17. *Stivaque, que cursus a tergo torqueat imos,*]

I do not know whether any Edition justifies the Alteration I have made in this Line, of *Curus* to *Cursus*. The Reason of my doing it is because *Cursus* is intelligible, and explains the Use of the Handle, or Plough-Staff.

Cursus

NOTE S.

cursus torquent imos,

The Handle serves to keep the Plough up, which otherwise would run down too deep in the Ground. Mr. Dryden finding this Passage difficult to explain, has left it quite out of his Translation. All that the Commentators have said concerning *curus*, in this Place, is very perplexed.

L. 280. *Some steep their Seed, and some in Cauldrons boil.]*

Mr. Dryden must have been very little acquainted with the Subject he wrote of, to imagine any Seed could grow after it had been boiled; but Mr. May led him into this Mistake, beyond all Dispute; for he has the same Expression.

L. 302. *Lineseed and fruitful Poppy bury warm*

In a dry Season, and prevent the Storin.]

These two Lines are another strange Example of Mr. Dryden's Poverty of Style in this Book. No Translation can possibly fall lower than this does from the Majesty of the Original. I shall take the Liberty to observe in this Place, that the Learned World is more obliged to Pierius for his great Pains in comparing the several Manuscripts, and giving us their various Readings, than to all the Commentators together.

This Passage, like many others in the common Editions, is perfectly unintelligible; for Virgil had long since done with Ploughing, and therefore *incumbere aratis* leaves the Reader exceedingly in the dark; but Pierius tells us in other Manuscripts, he had read *Rastris*; and this Alteration leaves no Doubt.

L. 304. *Sow Beans and Clover in a rotten Soil;*

And Millet rising from your Annual Toil;]

These two mean Lines are taken almost entirely from Mr. May, only that Mr. Dryden has omitted the principal Word, *Vera*, which Mr. May does not. The Apostrophe, which is so remarkable, I wonder Mr. Dryden should take no Notice of! As to his translating *Medica*, *Clover*, that is, in some measure pardonable. I have endeavoured to express the Latin Name by a Circumlocution, because we have no proper Term for this Plant. 'Tis called *Medica*, the *Scriptores de re Rustica*, tell us, *quia a Media translatas*. 'Tis very observable how artfully the Poet describes the Duration of this Grass, which is said to last 20 or 30 Years. This he does by immediately mentioning *Millet*, with this Description, *annua cura*.

N O T E S.

L. 311. *And the bright Gnosian Diadem downward bend:*]

Mr. Dryden in this Place, and in many others hereafter, discovers his little Knowledge of the lowest Degree of Astronomy. *Ariadne's Crown* does not bend downward at the Time *VIRGIL* mentions, but rises with the Sun; and as the Sun's Great Light soon makes that Star imperceptible, this *VIRGIL* very poetically describes by

Gnoſiaque ardentiſ decedat ſtella Coronæ,

L. 316. *Vile Vetches wou'd you sow, or Lentils lean,*

The Growth of Egypt, or the Kidney-bean!]

I begin to be very much tir'd with taking Notice of such sort of Verse as this is; but less Patience is requir'd in the Reader than the Writer.

P. 23. *For this, his Orb the World's Great Light divides,*

And by twelve Stars his certain Passage guides:]

This Passage not one of the Commentators or Translators has understood. I shall not take up the Reader's Time with their Interpretations, but put down the Words in such a Construction as makes this Passage intelligible.

Idcirco ſol aureus mundi (as in the Beginning of this Book, *clarissima mundi Lumina*) *regit orbem* (ſuum) *dimenſum certis partibus, per duodecima Aſtra.*

Mr. Dryden's Translation of this Place is borrow'd almost entirely from Mr. May.

L. 320. *For this, through twelve bright Signs Apollo guides*

The Year, and Earth in ſeveral Climes divides.]

To understand this Place right, we must consider how it is connected with what goes before. The Poet had mention'd ſeveral Stars and Planets, by which he ſays the Husband-man may know when to plough ſuch and ſuch Lands, and when to ſow ſuch and ſuch Grounds: But why, ſays he, do I mention theſe Stars and Planets only? the Sun himſelf, for this Purpose, *Idcirco*, namely, that the Husband-man may know how to govern his Buſineſſ, divides his Course into Twelve certain Parts, which is of great Uſe to the Husbandman: But to represent the Sun as dividing the Earth into ſeveral Climes, is of no Uſe at all to the Farmer, whose Affairs extend no farther than his own Clime.

N O T E S.

L. 327. Two habitable Seats for Humane Kind :]

The greatest Beauty of this Passage, *agris mortalibus*, Mr. Dryden has totally neglected.

P. 24. [*Arctos Oceani metuentis aquore tingui.*]

I beg leave to suppose that this Line cannot be of VIRGIL's Writing, but that it is slid into the Text from the Marginal Note of some Grammarian or other. There is such a Jingle betwixt *oceani* and *tingui*, and the Sence, if any Sence at all can be affixt to it, is so forc'd, that it seems to me not in any wise to belong to the Author of the Georgics.

P. 24. *There, as they say, Or rests the soft, still Night,
And Shades for ever thick'ning veil the Light :]*

*Illic, at peribent, aut intempesta filet nox :
Semper et obtenta densentur nocte tenebrae :*

These two Lines are designed to express *Dead Silence* and *palpable Darkness*. The Reader cannot but observe how the first Verse dies away in the Metre, and the Second is wove closer with thickning Letters than any other Line in the Latin Language that I can recollect.

P. 25. *And when with Oars to cut the shining Way,
And backwards drive a Length of faithless Sea ;]*

*Et quando infidum remis impellere marmor
Conveniat : ——————*

The Latin is a most beautiful Description of Nature. When a Boat is row'd with great Strength, the Water that is drove backward appears in a long Trail. Mr. Dryden has entirely omitted this Passage.

L. 346. *Or when to fell the Furzes ; when 'tis meet
To spread the flying Canvass for the Fleet.]*

Furzes, I suppose, must needs be a Fault of the Printer ; but when 'tis meet, can only be charg'd to the Account of the Translator. 'Tis surprizing that he shou'd use such exceeding mean Language as this is ! And so in the following Page, the *lab'ring Husband for Husband-man*. And again, the Work is buddled, l. 353. Wou'd any one imagine, that Mr Dryden had said, *That if ever be had imitated VIRGIL's majestick style, it is here ?*

N O T E S.

L. 400. And thrash it out, and winnow it by Day,]

Mr. Dryden thoroughly mistakes this Passage,

*At rubicunda Ceres medio succingitur aſtu,
Et medio ſoftas aſtu terit area fruges.*

The Romans did not thrash or winnow their Corn. In the Heat of the Day, as soon as it was reap'd, they laid it upon a Floor made on Purpose in the Middle of the Field, and then they drove Horses or Mules round about it till they trod all the Grain out. This they still practise in Italy, and the Southern Parts of France. This gives the Meaning of *aſtu ſoftas medio terit area fruges*. Several Copies have *succinditur*, but it is a very improper Expression to say Corn is hew'd down: But Ceres represented by a Sheaf of Corn is very poetically said to be Girt, or Bound.

L. 427. Even when the Farmer now secure of Fear.]

I must confess I cannot comprehend what this Expression *Secure of Fear* means; it is evidently inserted for the Rhyme Sake; for there is nothing leading to it in the Latin.

P. 32. ————— So would a Tempest bear

Or Chaff, or empty Straw, and whirl it thro' the Air.]

————— *Ita turbine nigro, &c.* This Passage, which is plainly a Simile, Mr. Dryden, after Rueu, confounds with what goes before, and destroys the Sence of the Place. VIR GIL says he had seen a violent Storm, when all the Winds engag'd together, pull up the Standing-Corn by the Roots, and drive it away, just as a Whirlwind at another Time wou'd blow away Chaff, or Light Straw.

" Mr. May understands this Passage in the same Manner as I have translated it.

*No otherwise than when black Whirlwinds rise
And toss dry Straw and Stubble to the Skies.*

L. 450. And flying Beasts in Forrests seek Abode:

What a Description is here of Beasts flying to Covert in a Thunder-Storm? — *in Forrests seek abode.* The Latin is as quick and sudden as their Flight. *Fugere fere*, they are all vanish'd in an Instant. But in Mr. Dryden's Translation, one wou'd imagine these Creatures were drove out of some inclos'd Country, and were searching for Entertainment in the next Forrest.

The

N O T E S.

The Majesty of this Line

Aut Atbo, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceramis tele

Mr. Dryden has not endeavour'd to imitate, tho' it is so very evident VIRGIL endeavours by the Choice of his Words to make the Line *thunder* as much as it was possible. Most of the Editions have *plangunt*; but it is to *Pierius* that we are oblig'd for a better Reading *plangit*. This carries on the Image to the End; and if masterly Painting is to be met with in any poetical Work, it is here: *Jupiter* is represented in this Place first stretching his Arm all on Fire out of a dark Cloud, then beating down the Tops of the Mountains with his Bolts; and lastly, holding the Winds and the Rains in his Hands like a Rod, and lashing with it the Woods and the Seas. Beasts flying, and Men prostrate on the Ground, contribute to finish the Horror of this Piece. There are others as pleasing; especially that of the Morning in the 24th Page, *Aut redit a nobis Aurora* — which I have not taken any Notice of, nor of many others, because it wou'd take up more Time than I can afford.

P. 34. *But, above all, the Heav'nly Powers adore;*]

Tis worthy Observation how artfully the Poet has introduced a Sacrifice into every one of his *Georgics*. The first is in this Place, to *Ceres*. The Second is in the next Book, to *Bacchus*. In the Third he mentions the unsuccessful Sacrifice during the Pestilence: And the fourth Book ends with a Sacrifice.

P. 36. *Or a harsh Craft is heard throughout the Wood;*]

Aridus audiri frager;

And

Littera misceri, et nemorum increbrescere murmur.

Can any one imagine that all these R's came into these Lines by Chance?

P. 40. *Nor from less certain Signs the Swain descries
Unshov'ry Suns, and bright expanded Skies;*]

Nec minus eximbris soles et aperta serena.

This is a remarkable Passage, to shew how much Care VIRGIL took to fling his Diction out of the vulgar Style. The common Editions have *ex imbris*, which makes the Passage

N O T E S.

sage neither Sence nor Grammar. *Pierius* tells us, he has read *eximbris soles*; but as this sounds very rough to the Ear, I take the Liberty to write *eximbris*, agreeably to the ancient Way of Writing. *Aparta serena* has been taken Notice of by several Persons already.

L. 563. *Not that I think their Breasts with Heav'ly Souls*

[*Inspir'd, as Man, who Destiny controuls.*]

I cannot suppose there is any Body will undertake to make Sence of this last Line.

—*As Man, who Destiny controuls.*

This Passage in the Original,

—*rerum fate prudentia major*

has given a great deal of Employment to the Commentators. They all join *fate* with *major* in the Construction; but they might as well have ranged the Words otherwise, *Aus major prudentia rerum fate*, i. e. in *fate*, or in *future*, which is the same Thing.

L. 585. *Are void of Tempests, both by Land and Sea,]*

—*pluvia ventisque carebunt.*

This is another of Mr. Dryden's Imitations of *VIRGIL*'s majestic Style in his first *Georgic*; and it is very properly followed by this Couplet.

*Above the rest the Sun, who never lies,
Foretells the Change of Weather in the Skies;*

Who never lies, is very majestic; and so is the Change of Weather. Who could think these Lines were intended for a Transition of

*Sol queque & exoriens, & cum se condet in umbras
Signa dabit. Solem certissima signa sequuntur,*

L. 613. *What desp'rare Madman then would venture o'er,*

The Firth, or haul his Cables from the Shoar?]

How Mr. Dryden has mended Mr. May's Lines in this Place, I shall leave the Reader to determine.

—*venture*

NOTE S.

— venture o'er
The Seas, or loose my Cables from the Shore.

Altum, seems to me to be better translated *Seas* than *Firth*.

L. 628. *He first the Fate of Cæsar did foretel,*
And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell.

The first Line is quite wrong. *VIRGIL* does not say the Sun foretold the Death of *Cæsar*; but that the Sun foretold the Miseries that would fall upon the *Romanus*, for having put him to Death.

And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell.

This is one of Mr. Dryden's smooth Lines, that falls very short of the Majesty of *VIRGIL*'s Sence.

L. 644.—*dumb Sheep and Oxen spoke,*] [
—*pecudeſque locutæ*

Sheep may be properly said to be *dumb*. But why they should be said to have been *dumb*, when they spoke in a miraculous Manner, I cannot apprehend. *VIRGIL* uses no such Epithet.

P. 50. *As when the Carrs, swift pow'ring thro' the Race,*]

Mr. Dryden pleases himself with a Discovery which, he says, he has made of a Compliment to *Augustus* in the three last Lines of this Georgic. He supposes *VIRGIL*, in this Place, 'endeavours to excuse the Crimes committed by his Patron during the Civil War, as if he were constrained against his own Temper to those violent Proceedings, by the Necessity of the Times in general, but more particularly by his two Partners *Anthony*, and *Lepidus*. They were the headstrong Horses, who hurry'd *Ostævius*, the trembling Charioteer, a long, and were deaf to his reclaiming them. I understand this Passage in a manner quite different from Mr. Dryden. I take these three last Lines to be only a Simile illustrating what the Poet had been treating of before. He represents several Countries, Towns and Nations, nay, the whole World, in as great a Confusion thro' the Rage of War, as the Chariots in the Race, when the Horses get the better of the Drivers, and run foul of one another. Now the Universe being in this Disorder, and *VIRGIL* having before prayed to the Gods to suffer this young Man to remain on Earth to restore the ruined World, the Compliment to *Augustus* lies in representing Him as the only Person that could give Peace to all Mankind, that is in other Words, who deserved the universal Monarchy of the Earth.

F I N I S.



VIRGIL's *Husbandry*,
OR AN
ESSAY
ON THE
GEORGICS:
Being the SECOND Book
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To which are added
The Latin Text, and Mr. Dryden's Version.
With NOTES Critical, and Rustick.

*Instruct the lift'ning World how MARO Sings
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1. *W. C. G. S.*

2. *W. C. G. S.*

3. *A. B. C. E.*

4. *A. B. C. E.*

5. *W. C. G. S. A. B. C. E.*

6. *W. C. G. S. A. B. C. E.*

7. *W. C. G. S. A. B. C. E.*

8. *W. C. G. S. A. B. C. E.*

9. *W. C. G. S. A. B. C. E.*

10. *W. C. G. S. A. B. C. E.*

11. *W. C. G. S. A. B. C. E.*

12. *W. C. G. S. A. B. C. E.*

13. *W. C. G. S. A. B. C. E.*

14. *W. C. G. S. A. B. C. E.*

15. *W. C. G. S. A. B. C. E.*

16. *W. C. G. S. A. B. C. E.*



THE P R E F A C E.



HERE are few Ways of spending one's Time more idly than in finding Faults in the Labours of other People; especially of any one that has acquir'd a general Reputation: Neither is there any thing more invidious than such an Undertaking, for Reasons too obvious to be mention'd. If ever this tedious Task is set about with any sort of Satisfaction, it must be when a third Person is concern'd in the Dispute, and where the only Aim is to do Justice to the Injur'd.

That this is the present Case I need not make use of many Words to demonstrate; because the Thing will shew itself.

Whatever Respect may be due to Mr. Dryden's Name as a Poet, certainly as much may be allow'd to V I R G I L.'s. The Latter has been a *common Cause* amongst Writers for many Ages, and in all probability will ever remain so: Therefore to appear in it at any Time does not argue any great Singularity of Temper.

How the celebrated Translator has copied the Originals in the *Bucolics*, and in the *Aeneid*, will not be brought into this Inquiry, which is confin'd entirely to the *Georgics*: And with Relation to this Piece, I believe it may be affirm'd, without the least Aggravation, that no Author ever did greater Injustice to another in every respect possible, than the English Poet has done the *Roman* on this Occasion. Before I come to Particulars on this Subject, I shall take

A

Notice

ii The *P R E F A C E.*

Notice in general, that there were two Things which ought to have prevented Mr. *Dryden* from touching upon this Part of *Virgil*, for any Consideration whatever. One was his perfect Ignorance of the Subject which *Virgil* treats of; And the other, the distinguishing Purity of this Piece, which may be justly stil'd the *chasteſt Poem of the chasteſt Poet*: Now it is but too visible that the Translator's Fancy, or Genius, or Temper of Mind, call it as we will, was so unalterably bent to Wantonnes, that he was utterly incapable of entring in any Manner into the Sense or Ideas of his Author, almost throughout the whole Work. It is very probable Mr. *Dryden* undertook the *Georgic* only *par maniere d'acquit*, as he is pleas'd to say he writ his Notes on *Virgil*: But one would have thought nothing should have induc'd him to have hurt his Master, much leſs his Father, as he is stil'd, in his most tender Part. Mr. *Dryden* Observes in one of his Prefaces, that the *Georgic* was what *Virgil* most valued himself upon; but little did Mr. *Dryden* perceive what it was that gave *Virgil* such an Opinion of it: And indeed there is no Piece amongst all the Remains of Antiquity that is so little understood as this, and therefore it may not be improper to say ſomething of the Original, before any thing more is ſaid of Mr. *Dryden*'s, or of any other Translation.

The *Georgics*, in every Age, have been the Subject of Admiration and Applause amongst the Learned; all the Ornaments of Rhetoric have been often made use of in order to do them Justice; but the highest Compliment that ever was made, or ever could be made to this wonderful Performance, was by V I R G I L himself, who intended to have ſacrificed his Æ N E I D to it; what an Idea muſt this raise in us of the Excellency of that Work which made its Author judge the Æ N E I D not worthy of the Light, after the other had appear'd!

This Circumſtance is ſo ſurprizing that it almost prevents us from continuing our Reflections on ſo extraordinary a Subject. However, difficult as it is, this muſt be done before we can discover what this great Poet judg'd the highest Perfection of Poetry. Such an Inquiry cannot be made but

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but by taking a View of each of these Poems separately. When it appears what the Plan of each is, what it tends to, and the Manner by which it is carry'd on, we shall be able to compare them together, and to judge why their Author prefer'd the one so highly before the other.

The *Georgic* has for its Subject the plainest and most common Things, but at the same Time the most useful to Mankind. The Earth, Trees, Cattle, Plants, Birds, Insects, and all the Varieties of Nature. The Poet, who was thoroughly acquainted with her, was not ignorant that many of those things, as they came out of her Hands, wanted that Life and Spirit which are so necessary to Poetry; and therefore to supply this Defect, he undertakes to give them a new Form, and to raise up, as it were, another Creation to answer his Purpose. To this End he endows even the Earth, as well as Vegetables, with Sense and Passions, and the lowest Degree of animal Being with Reason, and Arts, and Policy. By this Means, whilst he exalts the meanest Part of the visible Creation, he paints the Superior to the Life. Whence it follows, that at the same Time that the Reader is instructed in the most necessary Knowledge for the Subsistence of his Being, his Mind is furnish'd with all the Improvements of Arts and Sciences. These the Poet has wonderfully wove into his main Design, and at the same Time displays every Species of the Excellency of Poetry. The justest Commendations are bestow'd upon true Merit, and the finest Satyr is pointed against Vanity and Extravagance: Oratory and Rhetoric appear in their utmost Splendor: Industry, Sobriety, Desire of Glory, the Love of one's Country, and a religious Frame of Mind, are inculcated with the most prevailing Arguments: To all which I shall add but one thing more, which is, that the Foundation of the whole is TRUTH.

The *Aeneis*, strictly speaking, cannot be look'd upon as any thing else but a meer Fable, set off with the Decorations of a noble Fancy, and intended to compliment *Augustus Cesar* with a Descent from *Eneas*. Besides *Augustus*, this Poem celebrates only the *Roman* People, tho' it must not be conceal'd that several of the most worthy of them, with

iv. The P R E F A C E.

regard to their Country, are pass'd over in Silence. The finest Ornaments of Fiction are employ'd in this Work, and the Machinery of the Deities is introduced to the greatest Advantage.

These rough Sketches, in which the principal Out-Lines of both these Pieces are drawn, may serve to assist us in forming a Judgment where the Diference is due.

If we consider the different Subjects, One has the Advantage of Nature or Truth, over Invention or Fable, which is no inconsiderable Circumstance; for the Mind of Man is so form'd, that where Truth appears in its native Charms, it never fails of pleasing. If we weigh the Extensiveness of these Subjects, and the Utility resulting from them, what Comparison can be made betwixt the most necessary Science to the whole Species of Mankind, and a Compliment to a Prince, or One People at most? Then as to the Arts of Poetry, how much greater Ability is required to produce simple Nature in all her Beauty, than to range the wide Fields of Imagination to furnish out an entertaining Amusement! 'Tis true, that Fiction well laid, and confin'd to the Service of Virtue, is no easy Task; but an Appeal to Truth and Nature throughout all Ages of Mankind, was the most daring Enterprize that could be undertook: 'Tis upon the latter that *Virgil* laid the Foundations of his Immortality; This shews the vast Spirit of the *Man*, and the Spirit of the *Poet* discovers itself by the Regard which he evidenc'd for Poetry in the Sacrifice that he would have made of so fine a Work as the *ÆNEID*, to that kind of Poetry which he judged the most glorious, and which is undoubtedly the most ancient; for in what Service Numbers were originally employ'd, Mr. *Dryden* has admirably shewn.

*Whether the fruitful Nile or Tyrian Shore,
The Seeds of Arts and infant Science bore,
'Tis sure the noble Plant transplanted first
Advanc'd its Head in Græcian Gardens mors'd.
The Græcians added Verse, their tuneful Tongue
Made NATURE first, and NATURE's GOD their SONG;*

'Tis

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•Tis in this Sort of Poetry that *Virgil* justly triumphs, when he celebrates the Glory of having brought the Muses from *Greece*: and as he was of all Men the most grateful, he bestows due Honours upon those who had made use of their Divine Talents in chalking out the Way before him, as *Orpheus*, *Theocritus*, *Hesiod* and *Musaeus*. But as his profound Silence casts the highest Contempt upon *Homer*, it is reasonable to imagine that *Virgil* look'd upon him as having perverted the Science of which he was so great a Master, and debased Poetry by his vain Fictions. The *Georgic* seems to have several Marks of Indignation peculiarly levell'd at that *Grecian* Poet. There it is that *Virgil* labours hard to turn Poetry into its proper Channel, from whence *Homer* had diverted it. And there it is that *Virgil* spirits the irrational, and animates the lifeless Creation, to instruct Mankind in Reason and Virtue, whilst *Homer* brings down the Deities themselves to countenance all manner of Folly and Extravagance. But *Virgil* could not but apprehend that if ever his *Eneid* appear'd, the *Romans* in the first Place, and the generality of Mankind ever after, would overlook his chief Labour, and that his *Georgics* would be eclipsed by the glaring Light of that Poem, whilst he himself at the same Time would seem to rival *Homer* in a Sort of Poetry in which he had no Ambition to excel; for as Mr. *Dryden* has observ'd, *Virgil* censures himself in one of his Letters to *Augustus* for meddling with Heroics, which he stiles the *Invention of a degenerating Age*.

Virgil wrote that Piece meerly to please his Prince, and that he certainly design'd it should not have gone any farther seems evident from one particular Circumstance in the *Eneid* itself, which is, the total Omission of *Macenas*, who is not once mention'd in all the twelve Books; and for this Reason it may be suppos'd, with great probability, that *Macenas* was privy to *Virgil's* Intention of suppreffing the *Eneid*, being fully satisfied with having his Name consign'd to Immortality in every one of the *Georgics*. Neither is *Augustus*'s Fame less taken care of in several Parts of that Work, but especially in the Temple which is erected to his Honour at the beginning of the third *Georgic*. The Praises

Praises bestow'd upon *Augustus* in the *Aeneid*, particularly in the eighth Book, where the Poet is most explicit on this Subject, fall very short of that exquisite Propriety of Thought, and Majesty of Expression, which render the Passage just mention'd the most finish'd Piece of its Nature that can be found in all Antiquity.

I have hitherto spoken of these two Pieces in general, I shall now consider them more particularly.

It has been often said that whatever *Virgil's* Excellencies are, the Palm of Invention is certainly due to *Homer*: Whether this is so or not by a just Comparison between the *Iliad* and *Odyssse*, and the single *Aeneid*, I shall not dispute, because *Virgil* never intended it should have been any Dispute at all. I shall only observe by the Way, that in those particular Passages where *Virgil* takes his matter from *Homer*, he seems to have done it to shew how he could handle it with greater Advantage. But to return to what I was speaking of, let the Question be put upon the *Georgics*, and let the Prize of Invention be contended for with all the Favourites of the Muses.

If the utmost height of poetical Invention consists in joining what is most profitable with what is most pleasant, which I believe will be allow'd on all Sides, what Force of Invention must that Person have had who could unite all Arts and Sciences, and all the Beauties of Poetry with such Subjects as Plowing, Planting, Breeding of Cattle, raising Insects, and the like, and by this Means interest every human Creature, from the univerſal Monarch of the Earth, to the Driver of the Plough, in the same Piece? This call'd for a different Power of Invention than the providing a Hero with a Suit of impenetrable Armor to preserve him from being wounded, or the bringing a Goddess to wrap him up in a Cloud to hide him from mortal Sight. These things may amuse and please for several Readings by the Help of Language, but at last the Understanding becomes weary of them. In the other Case, the Mind is never satiated with Admiration. Still something new arises up, and some useful Truth is discovered. Every Page of the *Georgic* affords Instances of this kind, and therefore it would be endless to enumerate them.

Next

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Next to Invention, the Diction or Verification is what chiefly shews the Poet, and of all the Beauties of Versification, we are justly told by a great Master of Poetry, the most Exquisite is the Art of applying the Sound to the Sense. This is the peculiar Excellency of each of the *Georgics*, but to avoid running too much into Length, I shall confine my self to that which is contain'd in the following Sheets.

How slow does the Metre move on, which is to describe the Husbandman turning over the Furrow with the Plough?

Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro.

How busy is this Line which represents the Workmen in their Nurseries!

Scilicet omnibus est labor impendens & omnes.

What a terrible Figure the Rattle Snake makes in these Lines!

*Nec rapit immensos orbes per humum, neque tanto
Squammeus in gyram tractu se colligit anguis.*

Here the Beginning and the Ending of the first Line are snatch'd up like the Motion of that frightful Creature, and the *immensos orbes* betwixt, makes the dreadful Circle, and then the Verse is stretch'd out again to a prodigious Length into the next Line, by the Disposition of the Words in the Distance betwixt *tanto* and *tractu*, which the Poet would have avoided, had it not been for this particular Reason.

There is not half the Storm in the

*Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis,
as the Wind makes amongst the decay'd Trees upon the
Rocks of Caucasus in this Line.*

Quos animosi Enri affidne franguntque feruntque.

The Storm roars throughout the whole Line, which it does not in the former, in so extraordinary a Manner.

The

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The sounding of Trumpets, and the ratling of Hammers upon Anvils are wonderfully heard in these two Lines.

*Nec dum etiam audierant inflari classica, nec dum
Impositos dorsi crepissare incudibus enses.*

Nor must the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, which rises and falls so beautifully in this Passage, be omitted;

*Unde tremor terris; qua vi maria alta tunc scire
Obicibus rupis, rursumque in se ipsa residant.*

How tow'ring is the Beginning, how low the Conclusion!

I could mention many others, such as the Pounding of Olive Mills,

Teritur Sicyonia bacca traperis.

And the gaping of the parch'd Earth,

Hoc ubi hinc ea —

And the like. But I shall conclude this Subject with what I believe surpasses every thing of this Nature that is to be met with in any poetical Composition whatsoever : I mean these four following Lines, and I wonder the first Verse has not led several Writers to make this Observation before. This Line describes a Filberd grafted upon a Crab-Stock, and the Poet has made the Verse rougher and fuller of Knots than ever any Crab-Stock was in the World.

Inseritur vero ex foetu nucis arbutus horrida.

Inseritur ver' ex foetu nucis arbutus horrid'.

With what Strength of Fancy did this wonderful Man draw this Picture after the Life ! But now observe another most masterly Piece. See what a Contrast is made in the next Line, which describes an Apple ingrafted on a Plane Tree. Nothing in Nature is smoother than each of them, and nothing in Music is softer to the Ear than this Line.

Et beriles platani Malos geffere valentis.

This Line is softned so much with the Liquid (s) that the Poet takes the Liberty to use *valentis* instead of *valenes*,

or

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or else there would have been a Sibilation betwixt the (*ſi*) in *geſſere* and the (*es*) at the Conclusion of the Verse.

What a Majesty is there in this Line which describes the pompous Flowers of the Chesnut Tree ingrafted upon a Beach, or of a Pear Tree upon Hornbeam!

*Caſtaneæ Fagus, Ornuſque incanit albo
Flore Pyri—*

There is not, even in the *Georgics*, a greater Pomp of Metre, or Fullness of Sound, in any one Line.

The Conclusion of the fourth Verse is, if possible, still more surprizing than any of the former. Here the Poet, to instruct his Reader that the Oak may be ingrafted on the Elm, conveys to his Ear the Noise of Swine crunching Acrons under the Tree.

Glandemque Sues fregere ſub Ulmis.

'Tis impossible for the Reader not to observe what an Effect *fregere* makes in this Place.

Description, which is another beautiful Part of Poetry, stands unrival'd in any other Work, taking all the *Georgics* together. Tho' perhaps it may be doubted which of the Books has the Advantage over the other, the *Praises of Italy*, the *Spring*, the *Country Life* in the second Book, may dispute for ever, I believe, with the *Chariot Race*, the *Scythian Winter Piece*, and the *Plague* in the third Book. And the same Emulation may be rais'd betwixt the *first* and *fourth* Books, but I am at a Loss to name any thing else that is fit to stand in Competition with any one of them.

Narration, or the Art of relating a Story, is none of the least Ornaments of Poetry. This *Virgil* has excell'd in, beyond all that can be said of it, in the Story of *Arianeus* at the End of the fourth Book. This is a most finish'd Piece in every respect. Nothing can be more moving than the Subject, or purer than the Moral.

The Talent of setting true Merit in its just Light is not the easiest Task in Writing. I have observ'd something already on *Virgil's* Skill in this Kind. The Beginning and Conclusion of the first Book are delicately turn'd, but what is most remarkable in this Work, is, that the

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whole Piece was what we call *Writing for the Government.*

The *Roman* Affairs at that Time stood thus. *Augustus* had made himself Master of *Italy* by the Help of his Army. To reward his Troops, he bestow'd upon them a great Part of the Lands that fell to him by the Chance of War. The common Soldiery, partly through want of Skill, and partly through a Dislike of any Employment but that of Arms, neglected the Busines of Husbandry; consequently the Estates produc'd little or nothing to their Officers, the Owners of them, and a great Scarcity ensued throughout the whole Country; but what was more troublesome to the Ministry, they were as much pester'd with Solicitations at Court, as if they had bestow'd no Favours at all. In this Situation, *Virgil*, by the Persuasion of *Mecenas*, undertook to write the *Georgics* in order to instruct these unskilful Husbandmen, as he calls them in the Beginning of the first Book, in their new Profession, and at the same Time to shew that the Country Life deserv'd the Attention of Persons of the greatest Consequence. This was a Point of the highest Importance to the State in every respect. *Augustus* wanted nothing so much as to take off the martial Edge of his People, and nothing could do it so effectually as this. *Virgil*, to please this sort of People, represents *Augustus's* Victories in the greatest Splendor: He Compliments them upon their warlike Spirit, but in the Conclusion of that inimitable Piece, at the End of the second Book, he urges upon them, with all the Charms of Rhetoric and Poetry, the Examples of their Ancestors who founded the *Roman* Power, and shews them that they were train'd up in the Country Life; and afterwards strengthens his Argument with the Example of *Saturn*, and the Golden Age. But a more tender Subject than this, was to reconcile the People in general to the Army, in which the Poet uses all his Skill. At the End of the first Book, he paints in the strongest Colours, the Miseries of the Civil War, which they could not but be very sensible of. In the Conclusion of the second, he tells them, *they were too happy, did they but know their Happiness;* which consisted in this, that their Country was

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was now *procul a Discordibus Armis*. Thus in two Words, he justifies *Augustus's* taking the Government upon himself, and shews the People what Obligations they had to the Author of the Peace which they enjoy'd. This was no vain Compliment to *Augustus*, nor was it weak Reasoning to his Subjects. In this Circumstance consisted the chief Merit of that Prince whose Name has made so much Noife in the World. Nothing could be more glorious for *Him* than that he was able to preserve so tumultuous a People in any Sort of Quiet, and nothing could be more happy for *Them*. Their Story shews what Distractions they were continually subject to for many Years before the Reign of *Augustus*. They were incapable of Government of any Kind, as their Constitution then stood, and as they had imprudently divided the Power betwixt the Senate and the People, without any Third State to interpose, when Necessity required it; so that *Augustus's* Power, tho' an armed Power, was a real Blessing to the *Romans*, because it preserv'd them from destroying one another.

There are many Passages in the *Georgic* where *Virgil* manages his Prince's Cause with great Dexterity, and at the same Time shews an equal Regard for the Liberty and Interest of his Country; but certainly nothing can come up to the *fourth Book*, on this Head. What wonderful Knowledge must that Writer have had, who could ransack all Nature to find out a Species of Insects whose Constitution might be supposed to be made up of a Republic governed by a Monarch! This was one of the principal Reasons of *Virgil's* chusing the Bees for his *finishing Piece*; and this makes him say to *Mecenas* in his Introduction to it,

Admiranda Tibi leviora spectacula rerum.

You will soon see to whom the Wonders are applicable which I relate of these little Creatures. How fine a Compliment was it to the Roman People, and their Prince, to shew that the Bees had their Laws (upon which all their Happiness was founded) by Inspiration from *Jupiter*, and their Prince from the same Source!

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*Nunc age, Naturas apibus quas Jupiter ipse
Addidit, expediam. Pro qua mercede canoros
Curetum sonitus, crepitantiaque era secuti,
Diitio REGEM Caeli pavere sub antro.
Sole communes natos, consortia telta
Urbis habent; magnisque agitant sub Legibus evum;
Et Patriam sole, & certos novere Penates.*

The other Passage follows soon after, thus ;

*Preterea REGEM non sic Aegyptus, & ingens
Lydia, nec populi Parthorum, aut Medus Hydaspes
Observant—*

Nothing was ever devised with greater Sence and Spirit than these Passages. When we consider that the *Romans* had a religious Veneration for Bees, and looked upon them as peculiarly consecrated to *Jupiter*, it was not possible to recommend the Obedience due to the Prince, or the Submission due to the Laws, both from Prince and People, in a more delicate manner than by the Example of these Creatures ; neither can one help observing in this, as well as in many other Places, how great a Patron the Poet was of the Liberties of his Country. He scorns to flatter his generous Benefactor, the Master of the whole World, with unbounded arbitrary Power over his Subjects. He asserts the Freedom of the Constitution in the strongest Terms that ever were made use of ;

—Magnis agitant sub Legibus evum.

Magnis sub legibus is a plain Declaration that the Laws were superior to All, and therefore he adds,

Et Patriam certam, & certos novere Penates.

In short, He points out both to the Prince, and the People, what their Duty was to each other, and wherein their real Happiness consisted. And this very Constitution, which *Virgil* plann'd for his own Country, almost two thousand Years since, is the Constitution of the happiest People upon Earth at this Instant. —*Soli*

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—*Soli magnis agitant sub Legibus evum
Et Patriam soli, & certos novere Penates.*

They only live secur'd by mighty Laws,
Their Country, and their Gods, The common Canse.

Praterea REGEM—

Besides nor *Egypt*, nor the boundles Space
Of *Lydia's* Empire, nor the *Parthian* Race,
Nor whom *Hydaspes* cools with *Median* Springs,
Pay such sincere Obedience to their Kings.

I wonder that not one of the Commentators or Translators ever hit upon the true Sence of *sic obseruant*. Mr. Dryden translates this Passage thus :

Besides nor *Egypt*, *India*, *Media* more
With servile Awe, their idol King adore.

It is evident beyond the least Doubt, that *Virgil* says quite the contrary, and that the Worship which he inculcates, ought to be cordial and affectionate, and not slavish. But I am come now to another Difficulty amongst the Learned. It is own'd on all Hands that *Virgil* has set off *Augustus* with great Art in the *Georgics*. But then it is ask'd what Commendation has he bestow'd on his Patron, *Mecenas*. To solve this Difficulty, several Commentators, if I remember aright, have observ'd, that it would not have been good Manners to have inserted the Minister's Praises in the same Piece with his Master's; so that this was omitted *par bienséance*: But if I mistake not, no Patron was ever so finely commended as *Mecenas* is in this Work. Indeed all *Virgil* says to Him, or of Him, is as follows, viz. In the first Book, *Virgil* names Him in the second Line. In the second Book, he begs Him to assist him in his Undertaking, and declares he owes the greatest Part of his Reputation to Him. In the third Book, he mentions the Difficulty of the Task *Mecenas* had put him upon, and again begs His Assistance. In the fourth Book, he desires Him to look favourably upon that Piece, and addresses it more particularly to Him than he had done any of the former. 'Tis true

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there is no great *Eclat* in all this, but the Compliment to *Mecenas* lies here. *Virgil* undertook a very necessary Work for the Service of his Prince, and his Country. He declares it was *Mecenas* put him upon it. He found the Work very difficult, but still *Mecenas* persuades him to persist in it, and by his Patronage, and his Generosity, enabled him to go through with it; so that the Whole, all the Justice that is done to *Augustus's* Character, all the Service that Work could do his Country, was owing to *Mecenas*. This was complimenting Him in the finest Manner. He was speaking of a Minister. The Character he gives Him is that of a Person, who employs His Power and Fortune in countenancing one that could be of Use to His Master, and the Public. Here the Poet makes a graceful Figure, whilst he shews his Gratitude by owning his Obligations, and at the same Time that he makes his Court to his Patron, he makes his Patron's Court to his Prince.

To do Justice to *Mecenas's* Character in the Matter now treated of, we ought to go far back, and consider *Virgil* not as the Author of the *Georgic*, or the *Eneid*, but as a young Man who had writ some fine Pastorals. *Mecenas* finds him out, and puts him upon the *Georgic*. If he had miscarry'd in it, the Ridicule would have turn'd upon *Mecenas*, but as *Virgil* succeeded in so extraordinary a Manner, the Undertaking, of which *Mecenas* was the Author, turn'd as much to his Credit; and to his good Judgment, Affability and Liberality, the *Roman* Emperor, and *Roman* People, ow'd this Work at first, and upon the same Account all Mankind stand indebted to that Minister, to this Hour. This was what *Virgil* took care to let the World know, and it was the most effectual Method he could make use of to do *Mecenas* real Service. But if *Virgil* understood so well in what true Praise consisted, and how to display it, he certainly had as delicate a Turn for Satyr, where it was necessary. There are some of the finest Strokes of this Kind in that Piece so often mention'd, the Conclusion of the second *Georgic*. The Subject is to extol the Country Life above the Court and Town Life. They that are acquainted with the World will perceive how well *Virgil* understood

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stood it; when he opposes secure Tranquillity to Court Favour, and Sincerity to a crowded Levy; and the rest of the Piece is spirited in the same Manner; upon which the Reader may find more Observations in the Notes.

It would be an endless Task to produce Instances to shew that the *Georgics* abound with the brightest Ornaments of Rhetoric and Oratory, and to prove their Author to have been deeply vers'd in Geometry, Astronomy, Physic, History, true and fabulous, the Heathen Mythology and Morality. It may be affirm'd that they are the best fill'd Store-House of all Manner of Knowledge that *Greece* and *Rome* could furnish.

I cannot help observing here, that it is very strange that this Book, of all Books whatever the most fit to be made use of in the Nurseries of polite Literature, is no where as I know of, in *England*, or abroad, in any great Measure regarded, nay in most Places not at all attended to. I am apt to think the Title has been the chief Occasion of its being so much neglected, both by Masters and Scholars. 'Tis look'd upon as a Book of Husbandry only, and this is thought to be a Matter not worthy of Teachers or Learners. How just this Reasoning is I shall not here inquire, but I shall venture to affirm, that there cannot be a greater Mistake than this Opinion. Husbandry is far from being the greater Part of this Work. It is treated of, 'tis true, and fully treated of, but what Variety of Learning is every where interspers'd, has been already mention'd. Besides it is very evident that a beautiful Allegory runs thro' the four *Georgics*, peculiarly applicable to the several Stages of human Life, which merits great Attention.

The first, which chiefly treats of ordering and preparing the Soil, plainly points at Infancy.

The second, in which, if *Seneca* himself was a Judge, the finest Precepts of Education are to be found, relates to Youth.

The third guards against the Passions of Manhood, principally against the strongest of them all.

*Quid Juvenis, magnum cui versat in offibus ignem
Durus Amor?*

The

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The fourth describes, and instructs Mature Age, in the Rules of Frugality, Industry, and Arts of Government, which are so well handled through the greatest Part of it; so that the *Georgics* are by no means to be consider'd as a Book of Husbandry only. But even upon this Account I am afraid there is still another Objection, which has very much heighten'd the Prejudice that has been taken to this Divine Work, and that is, the common Notion that the Husbandry which is there taught, is only calculated for *Italy*: This impertinent Conceit has sprung from the Commentators, who not understanding any thing of any Sort of Husbandry, which their Labours discover too plainly, have spoken of this Matter as blind Men would reason about Colours. The Precepts of Husbandry, as deliver'd in the *Georgics*, are so various, that they are adapted to every Country, in one respect or other; and if it were to be allow'd that this is not a Book of Instruction for any Place but where the whole is proper, it would be of Use but to a small Part even of *Italy* itself. I never yet saw any Country of *Europe* which *Virgil's* Husbandry was not fit for. I am certain the Husbandry of *England* in general is *Virgilian*. This is shewn by the Paring and Burning the Surface, by the Manner of Watering Meadows, by the dry Fences, by Raftering or Crofs-Ploughing, and innumerable other Instances which could be produced. In those Parts of *England* which the *Romans* principally inhabited, all along the *Southern* Coast, *Latin* Words remain to this Hour among Shepherds, and Ploughmen in their rustic Affairs, and what will seem more strange at first Sight to affirm, tho' in Fact it be really true, there is more of *Virgil's* Husbandry put in Practice in *England* at this Instant than in *Italy* itself. There the Scene is so much altered that it may now properly be said of the *Italian* Countrymen,

O infelices nimium, sua si mala norint,
Agricolae!

They have lost, almost every where, the Knowledge of those Improvements, for which the *Romans* ransack'd the whole

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whole Earth to enrich and adorn their Country. The famous *Grass*, brought from *Persia*, to which *Virgil* makes that moving Apostrophe in the first *Georgic*,

—*Tum te quoque, MEDICA, putres
Accipiens fulci*—

is hardly known in the *Campagna di Roma*. Even the *Cyrius*, so celebrated by *Virgil*, and all the *Scriptores de Rustica* in the *Augustian Age*, is not cultivated in any one spot of *Virgil's Country*, neither does any Farmer, or Gentleman, so much as know what it is. Nor could a few Seeds of it be procured any where in *Italy*, a few Years since, but out of a Garden at *Naples*. Some of it is to be found growing wild in the farther *Calabria*, towards the Coast of the *Ionian* Shore, where it is fed by *Buffaloes*; but even there, they do not know the right Use of it, and consequently never cut it for the Cartle, as *Virgil* advises, *Tondemar Cyri*; and without which it can be of no great Service. But I am got into a Subject which would carry me too far in this Place, and therefore I shall quit it, and conclude all I have to say relating to the *Georgic*, and the *Aeneid*, with this Remark; that whether any of the Reasons which weigh with me in preferring the former, are just or not, yet upon the whole, I cannot be in the wrong, if *Virgil* was a Judge of Poetry, even of his own Works.

Virgil, it is plain, had a very different Taste of Poetry from all his Contemporaries; but as he was exceeding modest in his Temper, he did not set himself at the Head of the learned World, any otherwise than by his Works, which he left to speak for him.

Horace, who undertook to fix the Standard of Merit amongst the Poets in that illustrious Age, has sifted their Performances, but he does not seem to have been acquainted with any thing of *Virgil's* besides the *Bucolics*; to which Work alone his Compliment of *Molle argue Facetum* can be justly apply'd: Or if he had seen the *Georgic*, as it was

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a new kind of Poetry, unknown as much to the *Gracians* as the *Romans*, in the manner *Virgil* had handled it, in all probability he did not care to determine in what Class it ought to have been plac'd, and so left it out of his System of Rules *de Arte Poetica*.

But from whatever Cause it proceeded, it is plain that *Horace* copying after *Aristotle*, who form'd his Sentiments upon *Homer*, has been the Occasion of the great Character that has been given to that kind of Poetry, which they extoll'd above all the rest.

The modern Critics, who found something very extraordinary in the *Georgics*, but had no Rules to examine them by, talk'd of this Piece with vast Encomiums, and selected Passages enough to support their Panegyrics upon that Subject ; but their Labours went no farther.

Scaliger can hardly be said to have treated it any otherwise than as a Grammian, tho' he is so angry at the Appellation.

Rapin falls into the same Fault on this Occasion, which he blames in others, and dwells too much upon the Surface, without entring into the Sence of the Author. He bestows the highest Compliments upon the *Georgics*, in several Places, but takes no Pains to shew any where, in what their real Excellence consists.

Mr. *Dryden* is pleas'd to call the *Georgic*, the *best Poem of the best Poet*, but it would have been of great Service to *Virgil* and his Readers, if he had made it out.

It was a glorious Dawn of that great Genius,

Cujus Honos, Nomenque mibi, laudesque manebunt,

whose valuable Works are now in every body's Hands, that his *first* Essay went farther into this Subject, than any had ever done, thro' so many Ages before him.

His

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His *Second*, in this Cause, deserves very highly of his Country, by those eloquent and learned Lectures, in which he has handled this Matter amongst others, with great Accuracy. Throughout that whole Work, and his other critical Performances, he has taken a middle Way, betwixt the supercilious Gravity of the *Dutch* Writers, and the tiresom Loquacity of the *French*. In relation to the latter, he has merited particular Commendation, by opposing himself to that implicit Diference, which has been paid for so long a Time, to their Writers of Criticism. They had in a manner over-run this Country, like a Torrent, for half a Century, and, I believe, this Gentleman was the First that made any Stand against them. He has in many Instances shewn a great Superiority of Understanding, even to their best Criticks; and their Determinations are no longer receiv'd amongst us, as the infallible Dictates of *Parnassus*. But it is Time to take leave of the Criticks, and Commentators upon *Virgil*, and to come to the Translations of his Works, or rather to that alone which is suppos'd to surpass all that have hitherto been made, or ever can be made.

Those learned Writers, who have bestow'd great Encomiums on Mr. *Dryden*'s Translation of *Virgil* in general, I persuade my self, had the Pastorals and the *Aeneid* chiefly, if not solely, in their Thoughts; for I cannot have any doubt that, upon a nearer Revisal of the *Georgics* than perhaps they have made, Persons of their Judgment and Abilities will be ready to acknowledge that Mr. *Dryden*, in this particular, is so far from meriting Praife, that it would be impossible to make any tolerable Defence for him. There was one Inconvenience that attended Mr. *Dryden*, in his Translation of the *Georgics*, which he did not meet with in *Virgil*'s other Works. As all the rest are principally Matters of Fancy, and not tied down to any certain known Truth, if Mr. *Dryden* did not understand his Author, or if he willingly varied from him, he might produce something else out of his own Invention, which might be entertaining, perhaps to most People as entertaining as *Virgil*'s true Sence;

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But in the *Georgic*, this Help fails him, and as he is writing on a Subject which he did not in any manner understand, in his frequent Aberrations from the Author, let the Cause of his wandering be what it will, in many Places, he contradicts, in more, he mistakes the true Sence of the Original; and very frequently makes it no Sence at all. But were all this to be pass'd over, or, at least, the utmost Indulgence us'd, that can be allow'd to one who goes about to translate an Author, whom, he knows, he does not understand, yet there remains behind what is much more difficult for any one to excuse, which are the voluntary and flagrant Offences Mr. *Dryden* has been guilty of against the whole Character of *Virgil*. Mr. *Dryden's* Translation makes a most solid, polite, chaste, religious Writer, trifling, unmannerly, fulsome, and profane: I shall chuse out an Instance or two from a great many which might be produced on every one of these Heads, and shall confine my self almost entirely to this *second* Book.

In the Introduction, where *Virgil* makes an Apostrophe to *Bacchus*, Mr. *Dryden* makes one to his Muse; and where *Virgil* seriously desires *Bacchus* to partake of the Labour of treading the Grapes, which comprehends the whole Subject, as to the Vine, Mr. *Dryden* falls into a most extravagant Rant,

*Come strip with me, my God, come drench all o'er
Thy Limbs in Must of Wine, and drink at every Pore.*

than which Lines nothing was ever writ by Man more wide from the Author's Sence or Character; neither should it pass unobserved in how shocking a Manner the Expression *my God*, is put into the Mouth of a Heathen Poet, addressing himself to a Heathen Deity, which I don't believe was ever done in any Place but this.

In *Virgil's Application to Maecenas*, Mr. *Dryden* makes him call upon his Patron to *explore new Tracks with flying Sails, and all the while keep close to the Shore.*

When

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When *Virgil* speaks of three Sorts of Soil that are fit to bear the Vine, Mr. *Dryden* makes them all into one, not at all surpriz'd with his own Description of a Field, which is a rich Meadow cloath'd with thick Grass, and at the same time, a Plain expos'd to the Sun on the Side of a Hill, and all over-grown with Fern.

When *Virgil* says Pines are for Ships, and Cedar and Cypress for Wainscot, and other Sorts of Timber, that are found in decay'd Trees, for other Uses, Mr. *Dryden* very unluckily brings in *Heaven* to a strange Purpose.

*Let Heaven their various Plants for Use designs,
For Houses Cedar, and for Shipping Pines ;
Cypress provides for Spokes and Wheels of Wains,
And all for Keels of Ships, that scour the watry Plains.*

I am at a Loss to find any kind of Meaning in these Lines :

*Nor pos's'nows Aconite is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.*

Or how to make Grammar of this Line :

But for the Ground itself this only way.

Is this Passage worthy of Mr. *Dryden* ?

And Planes huge Apples bear, that bore but Leaves,
or this ?

*In this soft Season, let me dare to sing
The World was hatch'd by Heaven's imperial King,
In Prime of all the Year, and Holidays of Spring.*

Would

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Would the Language of this Couplet have been fit for one of the most polite Men of *Augustus's* Court; or is it any Translation of *Hic stupet aetonus rostris*?

*Some Patriot Fools to popular Praife aspire
Of publick Speeches, which worse Fools admire.*

With the same Sort of Language Mr. Dryden makes *Virgil* fall foul upon Physicians and Lawyers; which was exceeding improper, because, to the great Honour of those Professions, *Virgil* had apply'd himself to both of them; and his first step into the World was owing to his Skill in Phy-sick. Yet Mr. Dryden, in *Virgil's* Person, calls the best of the Faculty *learned Leaches*, and the Gentlemen of the Law he stigmatizes with *Brawling* and *Corruption*.

But when *Virgil* was for nothing so remarkable as his Modesty, how cou'd Mr. Dryden translate

*Tum Pater Omnipotens fecundis imbris imbris et
Conjugis in gremium late descendit —*

For then Almighty Jove descends, and pours
Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Showers?

And again,

Illa TIBI latet intexet Vitibus Ulmos
Is good for Olives and aspiring Vines,
Embracing Husband Elms with amorous Twins.

In several Passages where *Virgil* describes Sacrifices to *Bacchus*, Mr. Dryden turns all into a Debauch; and in one Place this Line is the Superfætation of his own Fancy,

A Madness so devout the Vineyard fills.

And

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And with the same Elegance and good Manners as he treats Lawyers and Physicians, which has been before observ'd, in the *third Book*, he stiles a Priest sacrificing at the Altar, the *Holy Butcher*.

But after all the just Causes of Blame that are here laid together, and of many more that might be charg'd on Mr. Dryden's Version of the *Georgic*, there is still another Fault which is much greater, as to what might be expected from Mr. Dryden's Character, than any yet mention'd, which is, the exceeding Badness of the Versification. This is so copious a Subject I hardly know where to begin. If I was to produce an Instance of what we call *bald Verse*, can the *English* Language produce any thing that is more so than these two Lines?

*Others no Root require, the Planter cures
Young Slips, and in the Soil securely parr.*

What debases Verse more than affectionate Terms? *Sweet Italy, Sweet Homes, Dear Land.* This sinks the Language to the lowest Degree of Meanness; and another Instance of the like nature, is, the frequent Use of the Particle *Our*, which *Virgil* so carefully avoids; *Our Land, Our Towns, Our Seas, Our Lakes*, and the like; but nothing is equal to Mr. Dryden's *Weelings* in his Description of *Grafting and Inoculating*,

*Just in that Space a narrow Slit We make,
Then other Buds from bearing Trees We take;
Inserted thus the wounded Rind We close,*

and so on, tho' there is not one *Nos* or *Noſter* in the Original.

Virgil is excellent in the Significance and Propriety of his Epithets; but what can one make of these Epithets in the Translation,

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A hilly Heap of Stones,
The sleepy Height,
The warry Grounds, and low,
and innumerable others of the same kind ?

I can't imagine in what Species of Metre to place this Line,

And odorous Frankincense on the Sabæan Bough.

In every one of Mr. Dryden's *Georgics* there are several as bad Lines, as rough, and un-musical, as any in Mr. Ogilby, or any Writer whatever. No Elision can be ruder to the Ear than such as this :

— *Nature seems t' ordain*
The rocky Cliff for the wild Afbes Reign.

But for two whole Lines together, these excel in their Kind, if I mistake not, all that can possibly be produc'd. They are in the Description of a fine Horse, in the Beginning of the third Book :

Daun'tless at empty Noises, lofty neck'd,
Sharp headed, barrel belly'd, broadly back'd.

Whether *Noises* is *English* I shall not dispute, but certainly *neck'd* and *back'd* is very unhappy Rhyme; and *Sharp-headed*, and *Barrel-belly'd*, and all together, make such a kind of Harmony as the Ear doth not desire to meet with frequently.

It would not be trifling with Mr. Dryden, to animadvert upon his furnishing the *Romans* with *Shronds* at their Funerals, with *Drums* in their Armies, and making their Trumpets *ring the Pearls of Death*, but I am afraid I should tire the Reader, as well as my self, to go on any farther with this disagreeable Subject.

That

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That I may not be thought to have selected every particular Passage that made to my purpose, I have subjoin'd the whole Translation of Mr. Dryden's second *Georgic*, and the Latin Text, in every Page; that the Reader may judge, with the least Trouble possible, of the entire Performance.

The Reasons why I chuse this Book, rather than any other, to give a Specimen of Mr. Dryden's Translation of the whole, are these :

First, This is the Book which Mr. Dryden might have understood with the least Trouble; the Subject not being fill'd with so many Particulars relating to Husbandry, as the former.

In the next Place, it is, as has been very justly observ'd, the most Poetical of all the Four, and therefore ought to have shone most in Mr. Dryden's Hands. As to his Translation of the third Book, I shou'd have been very sorry to have produced it upon any Account, because it is not fit to be seen by any Person of Sence, or Modesty.

The fourth Book is writ upon one particular Subject, and consequently, would not have been so agreeable to the generality of Readers.

I hope, the Expression I have made use of, in relation to Mr. Dryden's third *Georgic*, will not be thought too hard. It is by no means full enough to expres my Sence on that Subject. I own, I think that Translation the most profigate Piece, (those vile Writings only excepted which relate to one particular Book,) that ever was offer'd to the Public. He that writes a senceless, fulsome thing, from his own Fund, disgraces no Body besides himself; but he that fathers shameless Performances, upon Men of the most amiable Characters, is doubly to be blam'd. Herein lies the difference betwixt the Author, and the Translator, of the third *Georgic*. The Author being desired, by the first Minister to the Lord of the whole Earth, to write a Book upon Husbandry in

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general, could not avoid bringing the Nature and the Management of Cattle into his Discourse; and consequently, having Occasion to take notice of that Passion which is the most violent amongst Them, he took care however to treat this Subject with such Delicacy, that he may be said to have sav'd the Blushes of Brutes. The Translator, in his Performance, defames the finest Part of the rational Creation, to spirit his Descriptions of the Lust of Beasts.

Tho' I do not care to meddle at all with the Piece in Question, yet I believe, it may be necessary to produce one Instance in Support of this Charge, and to set this Matter in a clearer Light than perhaps it might be without it. The Passage I shall chuse is about the Beginning of the third Book.

*Ipsa autem macie tenuane armata volentes;
Atque ubi concubitus primos jam nota voluptas
Sollicitat: Frondesque negant & fontibus arcent;
Sepe etiam corsu quaerunt & sole fatigant;
Cum graviter tunxis gemit area frugibus, & cum
Surgentem ad Zephyrum palea jactantur inanes.*

Here *Virgil* makes a very curious Description of Nature. He describes the Force of her Instinct in the strongest Terms imaginable, and indirectly gives Rules to the Husbandman. The plain Sence of the Passage is this: " When they are seiz'd with the vehement Passion that every one knows they are subject to, they will take the first Opportunity to gratify their Desire, which if they should do amongst the common Herd, the Breed would be spoil'd. Therefore the Husbandman must observe when this Passion is first coming upon them; and this is learnt by taking Notice when they begin to leave off their common Food, and are continually drinking, and keeping alone by themselves. Then they are to be taken home, and exercised with the hardest Labor; and here the Poet mentions the Labor of treading out the Corn, usual in the " Sonbera

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" Southern Countries ; and, at the same time, shews what
" they should be kept with, to wit, Straw and Chaff, and
" likewise describes the Vigor of the Mare in a very extra-
" ordinary manner ; making the Earth groan under the Vio-
" lence of her Motion, and the Straw driven against the
" Wind with her Heels ; and this, while she is kept so low,
Mr. Dryden's Translation of this Passage is as follows :

*As for the Females, with industrious Care,
Take down their Mettle, keep 'em lean and bare :
When conscious of their past Delight, and keen
To take the Leap, and prove the Sport agen,
With scanty Measure then supply their Food,
And, when ahoist, restrain 'em from the Flood ;
Their Bodies harass, sink 'em when they run,
And fry their melting Marrow in the Sun ;
Starve 'em when Barns beneath their Burden groan,
And winnow'd Chaff by Western Winds is blown.*

Mr. Dryden very unlearnedly applies *nota voluptas* to the Mare, not considering that Virgil speaks here in the Person of a Groom, or Farmer, very well acquainted with the Passion those Creatures are most subject to ; and therefore *nota voluptas* relates to the Farmer's Knowledge, beyond all Manner of doubt ; and 'tis worth Observation, through all the *Georgic*, that tho' the Piece is what the Grammarians call *Didactic*, yet the Stile is generally *Epic*.

As for the whole Passage, whether it is more unnatural and absurd, or ridiculous and fulsom, I am not able to determine. Virgil's real Sence is this :

*As for the Herd, they strive to keep them bare,
And pinch, and draw them down, with scanty Fare ;
And, when the well known Passion of their Race
Sollicits instantly the first Embrace,*

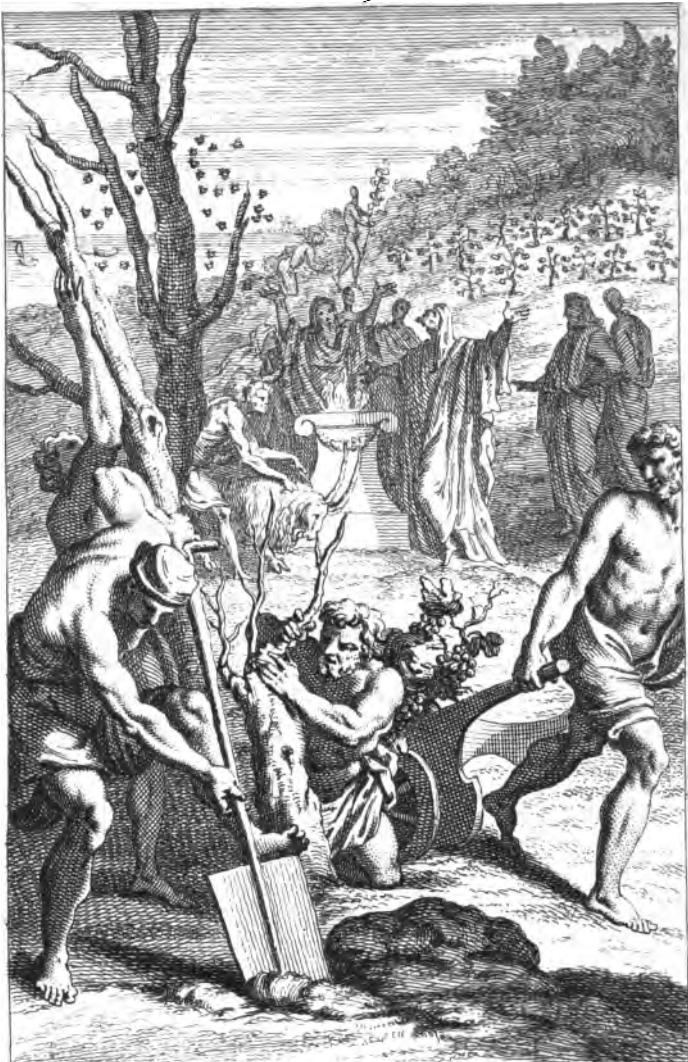
Then

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*Then they forbid them wandering in the Woods,
Cropping the Browze, and haunting lonely Floods:
Oft in the scorching Sun they waste their Force,
And urge them panting in the furious Course:
Then groans the Floor, to pounded Sheaves resign'd,
And empty Straws are spurn'd against the Wind.*

As for this new Essay on the *Georgic*, all that is meant by it, is this; Mr. Dryden's great Name is certainly the Lyon in the way, which has deter'd those who could have done greater Justice to this invaluable Performance, from meddling at all with it. The Design here is to shew the Injustice of complimenting Mr. Dryden, even at the Expence of *Virgil* himself; and to let every Body see, that whatever Abilities Mr. Dryden might have, in other respects, he was by no Means a proper Person to engage in this Undertaking. Were this as generally allow'd, as it is certainly true, it could not be long before some able Hand or other, out of Concern for the Reputation of this polite Age, would wipe off the Dirt, which the worst Translation that ever was made, all things consider'd, has cast upon the best Poem of the best Poet that ever writ.





L. Cheron Inv.

G. F. Gruet - Scul



VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

BOOK II.

THUS far of Plains manur'd, and Heav'nly Signs;
Now, Mighty *Bacchus*, will I sing thy *Vines*;
But with thy *Vines* each Shrub of *Sylvan* Race,
And *Olives* rising with a slow Increase.

VIRGILII GEORGICON. *Liber Secundus.*

HACTENUS arborum cultus & fidera caeli:
Nunc te, Bacche, canam, necnon sylvestria tecum
Virgulta, & prolem tardè crescentis Olive.

Mr. DRYDEN's VERSION.

“ Thus far of Tillage and of Heav'nly Signs;
“ Now sing, my Muse, the Growth of gen'rous Vines;
The shady Groves, the Woodland Progeny,
And the slow Product of *Minerva*'s Tree.”

Hither, Great Parent, Here thy Gifts abound,
Here *Autumn* stands, to Thee, with Clusters crown'd ;
To Thee, with Purple Juice the Vessels foam,
Hither, Great Parent of the Vintage, come :
Strip off thy Buskins, and their Pomp despise ;
Stain in new Must with me thy naked Thighs.

First, in creating Trees, her various Ways
Luxuriant Nature curiously displays.
Some, of themselves, not waiting Human Toil,
Sprout boldly forth, and arrogate the Soil :
Wherever winding Streams thro' Meadows glide,
These crowd the Banks, and shoot their Branches wide :
Thus *Oifer*, *Broom*, and *Poplar*, Marshes crown,
And *Witby* whit'ning in its Azure Down.

*Huc, Pater O Lenæ : tuis hic omnia plena
Muneribus, tibi pampineo gravidus autumnus
Floret ager, spumat plenis undemia labris.*
*Huc, Pater O Lenæ, veni : nudataque musto
Tinge uovo mecum direptis crura cothurnis.*
*Principio, arboribus varia est natura creandis.
Namque aliae, nullis hominum cogentibus, ipse
Sponte sua veniunt, camposque & flumina latè
Curva tenent, ut molle Siler, lentaque Genista,
Populus & glauca canentia fronde Salicæ.*

Great Father *Bacchus* ! to my Song repair ;
For clust'ring Grapes are thy peculiar Care :
For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine,
And the last Blessings of the Year are thine.
To thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'erflows.
30
Come strip with me, my God, come drench all o'er
Thy Limbs in Must of Wine, and drink at ev'ry Pore.
Some Trees their Birth to bounteous Nature owe:
35
For some without the pains of Planting grow,
With *Oifers* thus the Banks of Brooks abound,
Sprung from the wat'ry Genius of the Ground :
From the same Principles grey Willows come,
Herdelean Poplar, and the tender *Broom*.

But

But some from Seeds, lodg'd in the pregnant Womb
Of genial Earth, with greater Vigour come :
Hence *Chestnuts* : Hence the *Beech* high o'er the Grove
Majestick stands, and spreads his Arms to *Jove* :
And Hence the *Oak*, whose Rites the *Gracians* love.

Others from populous *Trunks* their Offspring shoot,
A crowded Copse springs up from ev'ry Root.
The *Cherry* Thus, and *Thus* himself displays
The *Elm* : and *Thus*, *Parnassus*, Thy own *Bays*
In tender Infancy conceals its Head,
And seeks Protection from the Mother-Shade.

These different ways are Nature's fixt Decrees ;
The *Groves* by them, and *Shrubs*, and *sacred Trees*
Diffuse their Shade, and yield their vast Increase.

Pars autem posito surgunt de semine : ut altae
Castanea, nemorumque Jovi qua maxima frondet
Aesculus, atque habita Graii oracula querens.
Pullulat ab radice aliis densissima sylva :
Ut cerasi, ulmosque : etiam Parnassia laurus
Parva sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbrâ.
Hos natura modos primum dedit : bis genus omne
Sylvarum fruticumque viret, nemorumque sacrorum.

But some from Seeds inclos'd in Earth arise :
For thus the mastful Chestnut *mastes* the Skies.
Hence rise the branching Beech and vocal Oke,
Where *Jove* of Old Oraculously spoke.
Some from the Root a rising Wood disclose ;
Thus Elms, and thus the salvage Cherry grows.
Thus the green Bays, that binds the Poet's Brows,
Shoots and is shelter'd by the Mother's Boughs.
These ways of Planting, Nature did ordain,
For Trees and Shrubs, and all the Sylvan Reign.

But curious Search has other Methods taught,
 By long Experience to Perfection brought :
 Some, torn-off Slips commit to furrow'd Ground ;
 And Some, large Boughs with rising Mold surround :
 Thus, firmly fixt, the Setter strikes his Root,
 Whether you split or sharpen out the Foot :

But other Trees expect their Race should rise
 In green Arcades beneath the Parents Eyes,
 Whilst their own Soil the quick'ning Juice supplies.
 Others no Root require : the smallest Branch
 The Planter boldly ventures in the Trench.

*Sunt alit, quos ipse viâ fibi repperit usus.
 Hic plantas tenero absindens de corpore matrum
 Depositus fulcis : hic stirpes obruit arvo,
 Quadrifidasque fides : Et acuto robore vallos :
 Sylvarumque aliae pressos propaginis arcus
 Expectant, Et viva suâ plantaria terrâ.
 Nil radicis egent aliae : summumque pector
 Hand dubitat terra referens mandare cacumen.*

- “ Others there are, by late Experience found :
- “ Some cut the Shoots, and plant the furrow'd Ground : 30
- “ Some cover rooted Stalks in deeper Mold :
- “ Some cloven Stakes, and (wondrous to behold,) Their sharpen'd ends in Earth their footing place,
And the dry Poles produce a living Race.
- “ Some bowe their Vines, which buried in the Plain,
 Their Tops in distant Arches rise again. 35
- “ Others no Root require, the Lab'ry cuss
- “ Young Slips, and in the Soil securely puts.

VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

§

Even from cleft Stocks, a most surprising thing !
Through hard dry Wood the Roots of *Olives* spring.
And often with Impunity we see,
That one Tree's Boughs another's Boughs shall be :
Thus, on the *Pear-Tree's* Stem, the *Apple* comes,
And stony *Cornels* blush with blooming *Plums*.

Then learn, ye Swains, attentive to my Song,
What various Culture does to *Plants* belong :
Learn hence to tame the *Forest's* savage Growth ;
And let no Land resign itself to Sloth.
How fair is *Ismarus* ! with Vineyards blest,
And great *Taburnus* ! all in Olives drest.

Quin & caudicibus sectis, mirabile dictu !
Truditur e sicco radix oleagina ligno.
Et saepe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque infita mala
Ferre pyram, & prunis lapidosa rubescere corma.
Quare agite o proprios generatim discite cultus,
Agricolae, fructuque feros mollite colendo.
Neu segnes jaceant terrae : juvat Ismara Baccho
Conserere, atque olea magnum vestire Taburnum.

Ev'n Stumps of Olives, bar'd of Leaves, and dead
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd Head ;
Tis usual now, an Inmate Graff to see
With Insolence invade a Foreign Tree :
Thus Pears and Quinces from the Crabtree come :
And thus the ruddy Cornel bears the Plum.

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Then let the Learned Gard'ner mark with Care
The Kinds of Stocks, and what those Kinds will bear :
Explore the Nature of each sev'ral Tree ;
And known, improve with artful Industry :
And let no Spot of idle Earth be found,
But cultivate the Genius of the Ground,
For open *Ismarus* will *Bacchus* please ;
Taburnus loves the Shade of Olive Trees.

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And

6 VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

And now assist me with thy friendly Care,
Just entred on the Work, my Labours share,
O ! thou my Glory ! thou my real Fame !
For 'tis to thee I chiefly owe my Name :
Do thou, *Mæcenas*, spread the flying Sail,
And to this Voyage give a prosp'rous Gale ;
Not that my Lines could all the Theme embrace
Had I a hundred Mouths, and Tongues, and Voice of Brass :
Assist me then : First, coast along the Shore,
In Sight of Land, and ev'ry Shelve explore ——
But here my Verses shall not thee detain,
With long Preambles of Poetick Strain.

*Tuque ades, incepimusque una decurre laborem,
O decus, ô fame merito pars maxima nostræ,
Mæcenas, pelagoque volans da vela patentî.
Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto :
Non, mibi si lingue centum sint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox, ades, & primâ lege littoris oram,
In manibus terra — non hic te carmine fitto,
Atque per ambages & longa exorsa tenebo.*

The Virtues of the sever'l Soils I sing,
Mæcenas, now thy needful Succour bring ! 55
O thou ! the better part of my Renown,
Inspire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown :
Embarque with me, while I *new Tracks explore*,
With flying Sails and Breezes from the Shore :
Not that my Song, in such a scanty Space,
So large a Subject fully can embrace : 60
“ Not tho' I were supply'd with Iron Lungs,
“ A hundred Mouths, fill'd with as many Tongues :
But steer my Vessel with a steady Hand,
And coast along the Shore in sight of Land.
Nor will I tire thy Patience with a Train
Of Preface, or what antient Poets feign.

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The

VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

7

The Trees, that of themselves attempt the Skies,
Barren indeed, but gay and vigorous rise,
For deep within the Soil their Nature lies :
Yet these *ingraft*, or else a Trench prepare
Of well-tam'd Mould, and cultivate them *there* ;
The savage Mind they'll quit : and soon incline
To civil Arts, and answer each Design :
So will the Sucker's fruitless Breed, that shoots
Around the lappy Trunk from swelling Roots,
Should you *transplant* them to some open Place,
And yield to ev'ry Stem an easy Space :
Now mighty Boughs, and all the Mother-shade,
With scorching Drops the sickly Fruit invade.

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Sponte suâ qua se tollunt in luminis auras,
Infuscunda quidem, sed leta & fortia surgunt.
Quippe solo natura subeft. Tamen hac quoque si quis
Inferat, aut scrobibus mandet mutata subactis;
Exuerint sylvestrem animum: cultuque frequenti,
In quascunque voces artes, hanc tarda sequentur.
Necnon & steriliis que stirpibus exit ab imis,
Hoc faciet: vacuos si sit digesta per agros:
Nunc alte frondes & rami matris opacant,
Crescentique adimunt fætus, uruntque ferentem.

“ The Trees, which of themselves advance in Air,
“ Are barren Kinds, but strongly built and fair :
Because the Vigour of the Native Earth
Maintains the Plant, and makes a manly Birth.
Yet these, receiving Graffs of other Kind,
Or thence transplanted, change their salvage Mind;
Their Wildness lose, and quitting Nature's Part,
Obey the Rules and Discipline of Art.
The same do Trees, that, sprung from barren Roots
In open Fields, transplanted bear their Fruits,
For where they grow, the Native Energy
Turns all into the Substance of the Tree,
Starves and destroys the Fruit, is only made
For brawny Bulk, and for a barren Shade.

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Trees,

VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

Trees, that are forc'd themselves *from Seed to rear,*
 In their dull Progress slow and tedious are,
 And for your Childrens Children Shade prepare.
 Degenerate *Apples thus* forget their Taste,
 And cluster'd *Seedlings* are the Birds Repast :
 Yet *these* require an everlasting Toil,
 Incessant Trenching, endless Cost of Soil ;

But *Olives* best from Stocks, from Layers grows
 The fairest *Vine*, and *Myrtle* from huge Boughs :
 From Scions, *Hazle*, and the *Ash* are born,
 And thou that dost *Herculean Shrines* adorn !
 Hence *Jove's Chaonian Oaks* their Branches spread,
 Hence the huge *Palm* exalts its tow'ring Head :
 And Hence the *Pine* is born : what Woes to bear
 From Rocks, and Storms, and all the Wat'ry War !

Jam, quæ seminibus jactis se sustulit arbos,
Tarda venit, seris factura nepotibus umbram :
Pomaque degenerant succos oblita priores :
Et turpes avibus prædam fert uva racemos.
Scilicet omnibus est labor impendens, & omnes
Cogenda in sulcum, ac multa mercede domande :
Sed truncis Oleæ melius, propagine Vites
Respondent, solidò Paphiaæ de robore Myrtus.
Plantis edure Coryli nascuntur, & ingens
Fraxinus, Herculeæque arbos umbrosa corone,
Chaoniique patris glandes : etiam ardua Palma
Nascitur, & casus Abies visura marinos.

The Plant that shoots from Seed, a fullen Tree
 At leisure grows, for late Posterity ;
 The gen'rous Flavour lost, the Fruits decay,
 And salvage Grapes are made the Birds ignoble Prey.
 Much Labour is requir'd, in Trees to tame
 Their wild Disorder, and in Ranks reclaim.
 Well must the Ground be digg'd, and better dress'd,
 New Soil to make, and meliorate the rest.
 Old Stakes of Olive Trees in Plants revive ;
 By the same Methods *Paphian Myrtles* live :
 But nobler Vines by Propagation thrive.
 From Roots hard Hazles, and from Cyons rise
 Tall Ash, and taller Oak that mases the Skies :
 Palm, Poplar, Firr, descending from the Steep
 Of Hills, to try the Dangers of the Deep.

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But

But *Filberds* graft on th' horrid *Crab-tree's* Brows ;
 On barren *Planes* the fairest *Apple* glows ;
 Thus *Chestnut* Plumes on *Beech* surprise the Sight,
 And *Hornbeam* blows with *Pear-tree* Flowers all white :
 And often Swine, whilst routing in the Wood,
 Beneath the *Elm*, have crunch'd their *Acorn* Food.

To *Graft* and to *En-eye* are different Cares :
 For where the *Burdgeon* thro' the Rind appears,
 Full on the *Knot* a slender Passeige made,
 There let the *Bud* from some known Tree convey'd,
 Within the humid Folds be safely laid.

Or force with cleaving Steel an op'ning way
 On a smooth Trunk ; and there your Plants display :
 Instant, on high the happy Branches rise,
 And a vast Tree stands tow'ring in the Skies :
 The Parent-Stem, surpris'd with Bougħs unknown,
 Gazes new Leaves, and Apples not her own.

*Inseritur vero ex fructu nucis arbutus horrida,
 Et steriles platani malos effere valentis :
 Caſtanea fagii, ornataque incanuit albo
 Flore pyri: glandemque fusc fregebat sub almis.
 Nec modus inserere atque oculis imponere simplex.
 Nam quā se medio trudant de cortice gemma,
 Et tenuis rumpunt tunicas, angustas in ipso
 Fit nodo ſimis: hoc alieni ex arbore germin.
 Incidentur, adeoque docent inofſcere libro.
 Aut rufiſam enodes trunci reſectantur, & alte
 Finditac in ſolidam canuis via: deinde feraces
 Planta immittantur. Nec longum tempus, & ingens
 Exit ad celsos ramis felicibus arbos,
 Miraturque novas frondes, & non ſua poma.*

The thin-leav'd *Arbutus* Hazle-grafts receives,
 And *Planes* huge Apples bear, that bore but Leaves.
 Thus Maſtful *Beech* the brifly *Chestnut* bears,
 And the wild *Ash* is white with blooming *Pears*,
 And greedy Swine from grafted *Elms* are fed
 With falling *Acorns* that on *Oaks* are bred.

But various are the ways to change the State
 Of Plants, to Bud, to Graff, & Inoculate.
 For where the tender Kinds of Trees disclose
 Their ſhooting Gems, a ſwelling Knot there grows ;
 Just in that Space a narrow Slit we make,
 Then other Buds from bearing Trees we take :
 Inserted thus, the wounded Rind we close,
 In whose moſt Womb th' admitted Infant grows.
 But when the ſmoother Bole from Knots is free,
 We make a deep Inciſion in the Tree ;
 And in the folid Wood the Slip incloſe :
 The bat'ning *Baſtard* ſhoots again and grows ;
 And in th'or Space the laden Bougħs arife,
 With happy Fruit advancing to the Skies.
 The Mother Plant admires the Leaves unknown
 Of alien Trees, and Apples not her own.

10 VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

Farther, nor Elms, nor Willows to one Kind,
 Nor Lotes, nor Ida's Cypress is confin'd :
 Nor always Olives one Resemblance show,
 Some round, some long, some flat and spreading grow :
 Nor are the num'rous Apples that adorn
 Thy Groves, Alcinous, with like Features born :
 The same Variety the Orchard bears
 In Warden, Bergamot, and Pounder Pears :
 Not such a Grape the home-bred Vineyard grants,
 As Lesbians pull from Methymnean Plants :
 White are the Thasian Vines, th' Egyptian white ;
 These able in deep Grounds, and those in light :
 The Phasian Must from Raisins dry'd is best,
 The Grislin Grape, tho' gentle to the Taste,
 Will tempt your baffled Legs, and tye your Tongue at last. }

*Præterea genus hanc unum, nec fortibus ulmis,
 Nec salici, lotoque, nec Idæis cyparissis :
 Nec pingues unam in faciem nascuntur oliveæ,
 Orchades & radii, & amara paxia baccæ :
 Pomaque, & Alcinoi sylvæ : nec surculus idem
 Crustumiis, Syriisque pyris, gravibusque Volemis.
 Non eadem arboribus pendet vindemia nostris,
 Quam Methymnæo carpit de palmite Lesbos.
 Sunt Thasianæ vites, sunt & Mareotides albae :
 Pinguibus ha terris habiles, levioribus illæ.
 Et passo Pythia utilior, tenuisque lageos
 Tentatura pedes olim, vincturaque linguam ;*

- Of vegetable Woods are various Kinds,
 And the same Species are of sev'ral Minds ; 120
 Lotes, Willows, Elms have diff'rent Forms allow'd,
 So Fur'lal Cypress rising like a Shroud.
 Fat Olive-Trees of sundry Sorts appear,
 Of sundry Shapes their unctuous Berries bear.
 Radii long Olives, Orchites round produce,
 And bitter Paxia, pounded for the Juice. 125
 Alcinous Orchard various Apples bears .
 Unlike are Bergamotes and Pounder Pears.
 Nor our Italian Vines produce the Shape,
 Or Taste, or Flavour of the Lesbian Grape.
 The Thasian Vines in richer Soils abound, 130
 The Mareotique grow in barren Ground.
 The Pythian Grape we dry : Lagenn Juice
 Will stamm'ring Tongues, and stagg'ring Feet produce.

Ye

Ye Purple, Rath-ripe, and Rheebean Vines,
How shall I tell of you in equal Lines?
Yet think not hence to match Falernian Wines.
Lo! Ammenean Clusters, potent Juice!
Tmolian nor fam'd Phœnæan such produce.
Her Prize, unrival'd, the less Argit bears,
Her's is the Purple Flood, and Her's the Length of Years,
Nor shall Te want the Tribute of the Muse,
Whom no proud Board, nor Gods themselves refuse,
The Rhodian Thou, and Thou the mighty Grape,
A swelling, trailing Udder is thy Shape!
But of their Kinds and Names there is no Tale,
Nor would their Number ought my Song avail;
Who this would know, the same would count the Sands,
Tempestuous Zephyrs toss on Libyan Strands;
Or when with fiercer Rage hoarse Eurus roars,
The sounding Waves that lash Ionian Shores,

*Purpurea, precieque : & quo te carmine dicam
Rhætica? nec cellis ideo contendere Falernis.
Sunt etiam Ammineæ vites, firmissima vina :
Tmolus & affigit quibus, & res ipse Phœnæus,
Argitisque minor, cui non certaverit illa
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos.
Non ego te, mensis & Diis accepta fecundis,
Transferim, Rhodia, & tamidis, Bumafæ, racemis.
Sed neque quam multæ species, nec nomina quæ sint,
Et numeros : neque enim numero comprehendere refert,
Quæna quæ faire velit, Lybici veli egnoris idem
Difcere ; quam multæ Zephyro turbulentæ arena :
Aut, ubi navigiis violentior inedit Eurus,
Nofæ, quo Ionii veniant ad littora fluitus.*

Rath-ripe are some, and some of later Kind,
Of Golden some, and some of Purple Rind,
How shall I praise the Rathean Grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian Wine !

135

Th' Aminean many a Consulship survives,
And longer than the Lydian Vintage lives,
Or high Phœnæus King of Chian Growth :
But for large Quantities, and lasting both,
The less Argitis bears the Prize away.
The Rhodian, sacred to the solemn Day,
In second Services is pour'd to Jove ;
And best accepted by the Gods above.
Nor must Bumafæ his old Honours lose,
In Length and Large ness like the Dogs of Cows,
I pass the rest, whose ev'ry Race and Name,
And Kinds, are less material to my Theme.
Which who would learn, as soon may tell the Sands,
Driv'n by the Western Wind on Libyan Lands ;
Or number, when the blustering Eurus roars,
The Billows beating on Ionian Shores.

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Not ev'ry Tree will ev'ry Soil adorn,
Willows in Brooks, in *Fens* are *Alders* born.
 On stony Cliffs the *Ash* his tow'ring Height
 Erects, and *Myrtles* in cool Shores delight.
Bacchus to Sunny Hills is most inclin'd,
 The hardy *Yew* to Cold and Northern Wind.
 Survey the Earth thro' all her distant Coasts,
 The *Arab's* Eastern Site, the painted *Scythian's* Frosts,
 Where-e'er the Globe subdu'd by *Hinds* we see,
 Each Land's bestow'd on some deserving Tree.
India alone bears *Jet* in scorching Fields,
 Alone *Sabæa* sacred *Incense* yields.
 Shall I of *Egypt* tell, where *Balm* is seen
 Sweating thro' fragrant Wood? where ever-green
Acanthus rises with his Gummy Stem?
 Or of those Groves that whiten into Wool,
 And how the Fleece from Boughs the *Seres* pull?

Nec vero terræ ferre omnes omnia possunt.
Fluminibus Salices, crassisque paludibus Alni
Nascuntur, steriles saxosis montibus Orni,
Littora Myrtetis latissima: denique apertos
Bacchus amat colles, aquilonemq; frigora Taxi,
Aspice q; extremis domitum cultoribus orbem,
Locaque domos Arabum, pictoque Gelonos.
Divise arboribus patriæ. Sola India nigrum
Fert Ebenum, solis est Thurea virga Sabæis.
Quid tibi odorato referam sudantia ligno
Balsamaque, & baccas semper frondentis Acanthi!
Quid nemora Æthiopum molli canentia lana?
Velleraque ut soliis depectant tenuia Seres?

Not ev'ry Plant on ev'ry Soil will grow;
 The *Sallow* loves the wat'ry Ground, and low.
 The Marshes, Alders; Nature seems to ordain
 The rocky Cliff for the wild Ashe's Reign;
 The baleful Yew to Northern Blasts affligns;
 To Shores the Myrtles, and to Mounts the Vines.

Regard th'extremest cultivated Coast,
 From hot *Arabia* to the *Scythian* Frost:
 All sorts of Trees their sev'ral Countries know;
 Black Ebon only will in *India* grow:
 And od'rous Frankincense on the *Sabæan* Bough.
 Balm slowly trickles thro' the bleeding Veins
 Of happy Shrubs, in *Idumean* Plains.
 The green *Egyptian* Thorn, for Med'cine good;
 With *Ethiops* hoary Trees and woolly Wood,
 Let others tell; and how the *Seres* spin
 Their fleecy Forests in a slender Twine.

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170

Or

Or else of Forests, where the Sea surrounds
India's last Shore, and Earth has fix'd her Mounds :
 Whose tow'ring Woods surmount the Arrow's Flight,
 Urg'd by the skilful Archer's utmost Might.
 To *Media's* Clime those happy Fruits belong,
 Bitter of Taste, and clammy to the Tongue,
 Whose friendly Juice supplies immediate Aid,
 When cruel Step-dames harmless Lives invade ;
 This from the Veins the fatal Draught expels,
 Mix'd up with baneful Herbs and noxious Spells :
 Vast is the Trunk, and like a Lawrel grows :
 And did it not a different Scent disclose,
 A *Lawrel* were : No Storm can rend its Leaves,
 Or waste the Flow'r, so close and firm it cleaves.
 With this the *Mede* corrects offensive Breath,
 And saves the panting, gasping Soul from Death.

Aut quos Oceano propior gerit India lucos,
Extremi sinus orbis ? ubi aera vincere summum
Arboris baud ille jactu potuere sagittae :
Et gens illa quidem sumptis non tarda pharetris,
Media fert tristes succos tardumque saporem
Felcis mali : quo non praesentius ullum
(Pocula si quando sava infecere neverce,
Miscueruntque herbas, & non innoxia verba)
Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra venena.
Ipsa ingens arbos, faciemque simillima Lauro :
Et, si non alium late jactaret odorem,
Laurus erat : folio baud ullis labentia ventis :
Flos apprima tenax : animas & olenia Medi
Ora fovent illo, & senibus medicantur anbelis.

With mighty Trunks of Trees on Indian Shores
 Whose Height above the feather'd Arrow soars,
 Shot from the toughest Bow ; and by the Brawn
 Of expert Archers, with vast Vigour drawn,
 Sharp tasted Citrons Median Climes produce :

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Bitter the Rind, but gen'rous is the Juice :

A cordial Fruit, a present Antidote

Against the direful Step-dames deadly Draught :
 Who mixing wicked Weeds with Words impure,
 The Fate of envied Orphans would procure.

180

Large is the Plant, and like a Lawrel grows,
 And did it not a diff'rent Scent disclose,
 A Lawrel were: The fragrant Flow'r's contemn
 The stormy Winds, tenacious of their Stem.

“ With this the *Medes*, to lab'ring Age bequeath
 New Lungs, and cure the Sow'ress of the Breath.

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Buc

But neither *Media's* Groves, nor fertile Lands,
Nor all the Beauties of the *Graanick* Strands,
Nor *Hermus'* Tide choak'd up with Golden Sands ;
Not all united can such Glories boast,
Such and so many as the *Latian* Coast :
No nor yet *Bactria* or Both Indies Shores,
Or all *Panchaia's* Plains manur'd with spicy Stores.

This Soil by *Bulls* that roar with fiery Breath
Was never till'd; nor sown with *Dragons* Teeth :
No horrid Crop of Helmets, Spears, and Shields,
And sprouting Darts, did e'er amaze these Fields :
But all with *Corn* abounds, and gen'rous *Wine*,
With Streams of *Oil*, and gladsome *Herds* of *Kine*.
Hence comes the *Courser* rushing thro' the War ;
Hence Snowy Flocks : Hence the huge *Victim-Steer* :
These oft, *Clitumnus*, Hallow'd in thy Floods,
Have led triumphant *Rome* to thank the Gods.

Sed neque Medorum sylvae, ditissima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
Laudibus Italiam certent : non Bactra, neque Indi,
Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.
Hec loca non tauri spirantes naribus ignem
Invertere ; satis immanis dentibus hydri :
Nec galeis densisque virium seges horruit bastis :
Sed gravida fruges, & Bacchi Massicus humor
Implevere ; tenet oleaque, armentaque lata.
Hinc bellator equus campo sepe arduus infert :
Hinc albi, Clitumnus, greges, & maxima taurus
Victima saepe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
Romanos ad tempora Deum duxere triumphos.

But neither *Median* Woods, (a plenteous Land)

Fair *Ganges*, *Hermus* rolling Golden Sand,

Nor *Bactria*, nor the richer *Indian* Fields,

Nor all the gummy Stores *Arabia* yields ;

Nor any foreign Earth of greater Name,

Can with sweet *Italy* contend in Fame.

No *Bulls*, whose Nostrils breath a living Flame,

Have turn'd our Turf, no Teeth of Serpents here

Were sown, an armed Host and Iron Crop to bear.

But *fruitful* Vines, and the fat *Olives* freight,

And Harvests heavy with their *fruitful* Weight,

Adorn our Fields; and on the cheerful Green,

The grazing Flocks and lowing Herds are seen.

The Warrior-Horse here bred is taught to train :

There flows *Clitumnus* thro' the flow'ry Plain ;

Whose Waves, for Triumphs after prosp'rous War,

The Victim Ox, and snowy Sheep prepare.

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200

Here

Here everlasting Spring adorns the Field,
And *foreign Harvests* constant *Summer* yield :
Twice ev'ry Year the *Kine* are great with young,
Twice the luxuriant Trees with *Apples* hung :
But furious *Tygers*, and the *Lion's Seed*
Are absent Here : Nor Here the *pois'nous Weed*
Of Aconite, with dubious Leaves prevails ;
Nor *Serpents*, rattling with their fiery Scales,
Drive such prodigious Otbs along the Land,
Or wreath'd on such vast Spires collected stand.

Add all the *Cities*, that conspicuous rise,
In Works of endless Labour to the Skies :
Add *Towns* unnumber'd, that the Land adorn
By toiling Hands from rocky Quarries torn :
And all the mighty *Streams* that close below
The lasting Walls in winding Channels flow.

*Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis messibus festas.
Bis gravidae pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbos.
At rapida tigres absunt, & seva leonum
Semina : nec miseros fallunt aconita legentes :
Nec rapit immensos orbes per humum, neque tanto
Squameus inspiram tractu se colligit anguis.
Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem :
Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis :
Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.*

" Perpetual Spring our happy Climate fees ;
" Twice breed the Cattle, and twice bear the Trees ;
And Summer Suns recede by slow Degrees.

Our Land is from the Rage of Tygers freed,
Nor nourishes the Lion's angry Seed ;
Nor *pois'nous Aconite* is here produc'd,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd. 210
Nor in so vast a Length our Serpents glide,
Or rais'd on such a spiry Volume ride.

Next add our Cities of illustrious Name,
Their costly Labour and stupendous Frame :
Our Forts on *steepy Hills*, that far below
See *wanton Streams*, in winding Valleys flow.

} 205

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215

What

What of the upper and the nether Sea ?
 Both yielding to the Land's Fertility ? }
 What of the wond'rous Lakes ? great *Laris*, first of Thee ? }
 And what of Thee, *Benacus*, shall I tell ? }
 Whose Waves like *Neptune*'s roar, like *Neptune*'s swell.
 Shall I declare the Ports, and *Lucrine* Mounds ? }
 How the disdainful Sea enrag'd rebounds,
 And thro' the *Julian* Bay the dreadful Shock resounds : }
 Or how *Tyrrhenum*'s Waves, and stormy Tide
 To calm *Avernus* are compell'd to glide.
 This Land Herself, in shining Veins below,
 Does Streams of *Brazen* Ore, and *Silver* show : }
 And molten *Gold* has here been us'd to flow : }

An mare, quod supra, memorem ; quodque alluit infra ?
Anne lacus tantos ? te, Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus & fremitu affurgens, Benace, marino ?
An memorem portus, Lucrinoque addita clausura,
Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus aquor :
Julia qua ponto longe sonat unda refuso,
Tyrthenusque fretis immittitur astus Avernus ?
Hec eadem argenti rivos, arisque metalla
Ostendit venis, atque auro plurima fluxit.

Our twofold Seas, that washing either Side ;
 A rich Recruit of foreign Stores provide.
 Our spacious Lakes ; thec, *Larius*, first, and next
Benacus, with tempest'ous Billows vex'd.
 " " Or shall I praise thy Ports, or mention make
 " " Of the vast Mound that binds the *Lucrine* Lake.
 Or the disdainful Sea, that, shut from thence,
 Roars round the Structure, and invades the Fence.
 There, where secure the *Julian* Waters glide,
 Or where *Avernus* Jaws admit the *Tyrrhene* Tide.
 Our Quarries deep in Earth, were fam'd of old,
 For Veins of Silver, and for Ore of Gold.

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225

This

This Land has Stocks of hardy Chiefs brought forth,
 Those of the *Marsian* and *Sabellian* Birth :
Ligurians, ready in all Toils to join,
Volscians, whose brandish'd Spears in Battle shine,
 The *Decian*, *Marian*, and *Camillian* Line,
 And both the Captains of the *Scipian* Name,
 And Thee, Thee, *Cæsar*, above all in Fame ;
 Who now victorious in the farthest East,
 Do'st awe the utmost *Asia* into Rest :
 And the soft *Indian* fright'ning to his Home,
 Do'st far avert his Luxury from *Rome*.

Hail, mighty Parent ! Hail, *Saturnian* Soil !
 Mighty in Fruits and Men ! for Thee this Soil
 I gladly urge : advent'ring to unfold
 Labours and Arts in high Esteem of old :
 For thee I open all the sacred Spring,
 And in *Ascrean* Verse thro' *Roman* Countries sing.

Hæc genus acre virum, Marsos, pubemque Sabellam,
Affuetumque malo Ligurem, Volscosque veritos
Exulit : hæc Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos
Scipiadas duros bello : & te, maxime Cæsar,
Qui nunc extremis Asiae jam vitor in oris
Inbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.
Salve magna Parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum ! tibi res antiquæ landis & artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes :
Ascreumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.

Tb' Inhabitants themselves their Country grace ;
 Hence rose the *Marsian* and *Sabellian* Race, 230
 Strong-limb'd and stout, and to the Wars inclin'd,
 And hard *Ligurians*, a laborious Kind ;
 And *Volscians* arm'd with Iron-headed Darts,
 Besides, an Offspring of undaunted Hearts.
 The *Decii*, *Marii*, great *Camillus* came
 From hence, and greater *Scipio*'s double Name : 235
 And mighty *Cæsar*, whos: victorious Arms
 To farthest *Asie* carry fierce Alarms :
 Avert unwarlike *Indians* from his *Rome* ;
 Triumph abroad, secure our Peace at Home.
 Hail, sweet *Saturnian* Soil ! of fruitful Grain
 Great Parent, greater of illustrious Men.
 For thee my tuneful Accents will I raise,
 And treat of Arts disclos'd in antient Days :
 Once more unlock for thee the sacred Spring, 245
 And old *Ascrean* Verse in *Roman* Cities sing.

Now learn the various *Tempers* of the Fields,
 Their *Strength*, Their *Looks*, and what each kindly yields ;
 First, stubborn Land, or a malignant Hill,
 Whose Soil loose *Clay* and *Stones* and *Bushes* fill,
 Palladian Plants by native Instinct love,
 And yield to distant Years a fruitful Grove.
 This Soil is known, where *Olive* Shoots abound,
 And savage Berries strew the loaded Ground.
 But where the Lands are fat, and glad with Juice,
 Or where Rich Meads the fertile *Dag* produce :
 Such as We often, from the shagged Brow
 Of some high Rock, perceive in *Vales* below,
 Where Streams full fraught with Happy Slime o'erflow,
 Or matted *Fern* where Southern *Hillocks* bear,
 A clinging Weed detested by the *Spear* ;

Nunc locus arorum ingenii : que robora cuique ;
Quis color, & que sit rebus natura ferendis.
Difficiles primum terra, colleisque maligni,
Tenuis ubi argilla, & dumosus calcinus arvis,
Palladia gaudens sylva vivacis olive.
Indicio est, tractu surgens oleaster eadem
Plurimus, & fructu baccis sylvestribus agri.
At que pinguis humus, dulcique uligine lata,
Quique frequens herbis & fertilis ubere campus,
Qualem saepe cava montis corvalla solemus
Despicere : hic fumatis liquantur rapibus annis,
Felicemque trahunt limam : Quique edens Austro,
Ete filicem curvis invisa pacit aratris :

- The Nature of their sever'al Soils now see,
 Their Strength, their Colour, their Fertility :
 And first for Heath, and barren hilly Ground,
 Where meager Clay and flinty Stones abound ; 250
 Where the poor Soil all Succour seems to want,
 Yet this suffices the Palladian Plant.
 Undoubted Signs of such a Soil are found,
 For here wild Olive-Shoots o'erspread the Ground,
 And Heaps of Berries strew the Fields around. } 255
 But where the Soil, with fat'ning Moisture fill'd,
 Is cloath'd with Grafs and fruitful to be till'd :
 Such as in cheerful Vales we view from high ;
 Which dripping Rocks with rolling Streams supply.
 And feed with Ooze ; where rising Hillocks run
 In Length, and open to the Southern Sun : 260
 Where Fern succeeds, ungrateful to the Plough,
 That gentle Ground to generous Grapes allow.

This

This will hereafter yield the stontest *Vine*,
 And flow in Purple Streams of gen'rous Wine ;
This fills with *Grapes* the Dish ; *This* Gold adorns
 With *Mus*, when *Tuscans* blow their Iv'y Horns,
 And massy Chargers, bending with their Loads,
 Bear reeking Entrails offer'd to the Gods.

But is the Breed of *Herds* your chosen Toil ?
 Or Store of *Sheep* ? or *Goats* that burn the Soil ?
 Then seek *Tarentum's Woods*, and wat'ry Coast,
 Or Fields like Those unhappy *Mantua* lost.
 Where Silver *Swans* on gentle Streams are fed,
 With Herbage rising from the fruitful Bed.
 No Want of living *Springs*, or tender *Grafs*,
 Betrays the *Flock*, or starves the *hopeful Race* :
 And all that *Herds* in longest Days devour,
 In shortest Nights the cooling *Dews* restore.

Hic tibi prævalidas olim multoque fluentes
Sufficiet Baccho vites : hic fertilis uva,
Hic laticis ; qualem pateris libamus & auro,
Inflavit cum pinguis ebur Tyrrhenus ad auras,
Lancibus & pandis fumania reddimus exta.

Sin armenta magis studium vitulosque tueri,
Aut foetus ovium, aut urentes culta capellas :
Saltus & saturi petito longinqua Tarenti,
Et qualem infelix amisit Mantua campum,
Pascentem niveos berboſo flumine cycnos ;
Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina defunt,
Et quantum longis carpent armenta diebus,
Exigua tantum gelidus ros nocte reponet.

Strong Stocks of Vines it will in time produce,
 And overflow the Vats with friendly Juice,
 Such as our Priests in golden Goblets pour
 To Gods, the Givers of the cheerful Hour.

Then when the bloated *Thuscan* blows his Horn,
 And reeking Entrails are in Chargers born.

If Herds or fleecy Flocks be more thy Care,
 Or Goats that graze the Field, and burn it bare :
 Then seek *Tarentum's Lawns* and farthest Coast,
 Or such a Field as hapless *Mantua* lost :
 Where Silver-Swans sail down the watry Road
 And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood.
 There Crystal Streams perpetual Tenour keep,
 Nor Food nor Springs are wanting to thy Sheep.
 For what the Day devours, the mighty Dew
 Shall to the Morn in Pearly Drops renew.

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*Lands, to the Eye that Dark and Fat appear,
Below the Traces of the piercing Share,
Whose happy Soil is naturally Loose ;
(For this of Ploughing is the genuine Use)
These Fields the mighty Store of Wheat produce :
From no till'd Plains such loaded Waggon come,
From none so num'rous with slow Oxen Home :*

*Or where the angry Hind has bar'd the Earth,
With vexing Ploughs, of all its bushy Birth ;
And grubb'd dry Groves, that Length of Years had stood
In useless Sloth : down with the sounding Wood
The Birds old Mansions fell, and hidden Brood :
They from their Nests flew upwards to the Head,
Long hover'd round, and piteous Outcry made.*

*Nigra fere, & presso pinguis sub vomere terra,
Et cui putre solum, (namque hoc imitamus arando)
Optima frumentis, non ullo ex aequore cernes
Plura domum tardis decedere plaustra juvencis :
Aut unde iratus sylvam deverxit arator,
Et nemora everuit multos ignava per annos,
Antiquaque domos avium cum stirpibus imis
Eruit : illæ altum nidis petiere relictis ;*

Fat crumbling Earth is fitter for the Plough,
Putrid and loose above, and black below :

*For Ploughing is an imitative Toil,
Resembling Nature in an easy Soil.
No Land for Seed like this, no Fields afford
So large an Income to the Village-Lord :
No toiling Teams from Harvest-Labour come
So late at Night, so heavy-laden Home.
The like of Forest-Land is understood,
From whence the surly Ploughman grubs the Wood,
Which had for Length of Ages idle stood.*

*Then Birds forsake the Ruines of their Seat,
And flying from their Nests their Callow Young forget.*

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But

But where the Plough is urg'd on *Rubble Ground*,
 Nothing, but *Whitening Furrows*, will be found :
 For hungry *Gravel*, that on *Hillocks lies*,
 Scarce *Marjoram* and *Thyme* for Bees supplies :
 Nor *Stone-breaſt* more, nor more the hollow *Chalk*,
 Where the black *Snake* scoops out his winding *Walk* :
 No Soil, 'tis said, affords him nicer Food,
 Or safer Caverns for his slimy Brood.

The *Land*, whence Mists in subtle Clouds arise,
 Which drinks in Moisture, and at Will supplies :
 Which cloaths itself in Ever-lasting Green,
 And where no Rust is on the Coulter seen :
This roand the tallest *Elm* will twist the *Vine*,
This the fat *Olive* swell, *This* cheer the *Kine*,
 And nothing loth to useful *Ploughs* incline.

At rudis exituit impulso vomere campus :
Nam jejuna quidem clivosa glarea ruris
Vix humiles apibus casias roremque ministrat :
Et topbus scaber ; & nigris exesa chelydris
Creta : negant alios æque serpentibus agros
Dulcem ferre cibum, & carvas præbere latebras.
Quæ tenuem exhalat nebulam, fumosque volucris,
Et bibit humorem, & cum vult ex se ipsa remittit,
Quæque suo viridi semper se gramine vestit,
Nec scabie & salsa ledit rubigine ferrum ;
Illa tibi letis intexet vitibus ulmos :
Illa ferax olea est : Illam experiere colendo
Et facilem pecori, & patientem vomeris unci.

The coarse lean Gravel, on the Mountain Sides,
Scarce dewy Bev'rage for the Bees provides :
Nor Chalk nor crumbling Stones, the Food of Snakes,
That work in hollow Earth their winding Tracks.
The Soil exhaling Clouds of subtle Dews,
Imbibing Moisture, which with Ease she spews ;
Which rusts not Iron, and whose Mold is clean,
And cloath'd with cheerful Grafs, and Ever-green,
Is good for Olives, and aspiring Vines,
Embracing Husband-Elms in am'rous Twines ;
Is fit for feeding Cattle, fit to sowe,
And equal to the Pasture and the Plough.

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Such

Such is the Soil that wealthy *Capua* boasts,
Such That which borders on *Vesuvian Coasts* ;
Or where th' impetuous Tide of *Clanius* reigns,
And shews no Pity to *Acerra's* Plains.

But now from *Sigus*, not doubtful, shall be shown,
How *Heavier Soils* are from the *Lighter* known :
The one for *Corn*, the other fit for *Vines*,
To *CERES* close, to *BACCHUS* loose inclines.

First dig a *Pit*, again the Mould interr,
And tread it hard ; if *Want of Earth* appear,
That Soil is *Lights*, and will be to the *Vine*
A Loaded Udder, and to *Bleating Kine* :
But should the Mould *swell up* with tow'ring Height,
Spread round the Trench, and proudly *scorn the Pit* ;
Close is this Soil, and for the Ploughman fit.
Stiff Clods will *This*, and clinging Furrows yield,
Provide the stoutest Steers to rend the Field.

*Talem dives Arat Capua, & vicina Vesuvio
Ora jugo, & vacuis Clanius non aquus Acerris.*
Nunc, quo quamque modo possis cognoscere, dicam.
Rara sit, an supra morem si denso, requiras :
Altera fragmentis quoniam faver, altera Baccho :
Densa, magis Cereri : rarissima queque, Lyxo ;
Aut locum capies ocalis : atque jubebis
In solido pateum demitti, omnemque repones
Rursus humum, & pedibus summas equabis arenas.
Si deerunt ; rancum, pecoriique & vitibus almis
Aptius uber erit. Sia in sua posse negabunt
Ire loca, & scrobibus superabit terra repletis,
Spissus ager ; glebas cunctantes crassaque terga
Exspecta, & validis terram proscinde juvencis.

Such is the Soil of fat *Campanian* Fields,
Such large Increase the Land that joins *Phasian* yields.
And such a Country cou'd *Acerra* boast,
Till *Clanis* over-flow'd th' unhappy Coast.

I teach thee next the differing Soils to know ;
The light for Vines, the heavier for the Plough.

Chuse first a Place for such a Purple fit.

Then dig the solid Earth, and sink a Pit :

Next fill the Hole with its own Earth agen,

And trample with thy Feet, and tread it in :

Then if it rise not to the former Height

*Of Superfice, conclude that Soil is *Lights* ;*

A proper Ground for Pasturage and Vines ;

But if the fullen Earth, so preside repines

Within its native Mansion to retire,

And stays without, a Heap of heavy Mire,

"Tis good for Arable, a Glebe that asks

Tough Teams of Oxen, and laborious Tasks.

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But

But all your Time and Labour will be waste,
On Earth that's *Salt* and *Bitter* to the *Taste* :
Unhappy Soil ! no Share its Nature tames,
Here neither Grapes their Kinds, nor Apples keep their Names.

Thus learn its Bent : a *close-wove Basket* choose,
There place the *Strainer* of thy Vineyard's Juice :
Then tread that *evil Earth* below the Brim,
And pour in Water from the purest Stream :
All the soft Wave will struggle thro' the Ground,
And gushing Drops the Osier Orb surround.
But most its Nature by the *Taste* appears,
For this a certain Indication bears,
When the *wry Mouth* the *bitter Juice* declares.
Thus also we discern the *Richest Land*,
It never crumbles in the squeezing Hand :
But spreads, grows soft, and to the Fingers cleaves ;
Not Pitch when warm a clammy Matter leaves.

Salsa autem tellus, & que perbibetur amara,
Frugibus infelix : ea nec mansuetum arando ;
Nec Baccho genus, aut Pomis sua nomina servat :
Tale dabit Specimen : tu spissu vinsine quales,
Colaque prelorum famosis deripe rotis.
Huc ager ille malus, dulcesque à fontibus unda
Ad plenum calcenatur : aqua eluctabitur omnis
Scilicet, & grandes ibunt per vimum guttae.
At sapor indicium faciet manifestus, & ora
Tristia tentantum sensu torquebit amaror.
Pinguis itera qua sit tellus, hoc domique pacto
Discimus : baud unquam manibus jactata satiscit,
Sed picis in morem ad digitos lentescit habendo.

Salt Earth and bitter are not fit to sow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the Pleugh.
Sweet Grapes degen'rate there ; and Fruites, declin'd
From their first flav'rous Taste, renounce their Kind.
This Truth by sure Experiment is try'd ;
For first an Osier Colendar provide
Of Twigs thick wrought, (such toiling Peasants twine.)
When thro' freight Passages they freia their Wine ;)
In this close Vessel place that Earth accur'd,
But fill'd Brim-full with wholesome Water first,
Then run it thro', the Drops will rope around,
And by the bitter Taste disclose the Grouad.
The fatter Earth by handling we may find,
With Ease distinguisht from the meager Kind.
Poor Soil will crumble into Dust, the Rich
Will to the Fingers cleave like clammy Pitch.

325

330

335

Bark

*Rank Herbs disclose the Moisture of their Grounds,
Unequal Cheerfulness in these abounds :
Oh ! may not mine so vainly proud appear,
Nor shew their Vigour in the tender Ear !
The Light, and Heavy in the Balance try,
The Black and other Colours strike the Eye :
But difficult it is, to know the Cold,
Yet Tbis by Firr and Yew and Ivy's told,
These shew the Foot-steps of the wicked Mould.*

*Mark well these Rules ; and then your Soil prepare,
Expose it long to Rains, and Northern Air,
And Drain, and Trench it well, and Smooth its Face,
Long e're You plant the Vineyard's joyful Race :
Lands, fit for Vineyards, ever must be Loose,
Tbis Winds, and Frosts, and lab'ring Spades produce.*

*Humida majores herbas alit, ipsaque iusto
Latior ; ab nimium ne sit mibi fertilis illa,
Nea se prævalidam primis ostendat aristis !
Quæ gravis est, ipso tacitam se pondere prodit ;
Quæque levis. Promptum est oculis prædiscere nigram,
Et quisquis color. At sceleratum exquirere frigus
Difficile est ; piceæ tantum, taxique nocentes.
Interdum, aut bederæ pandunt vestigia nigrae.
His animadversis, terram multo ante memento
Excoquere, & magnos scrobibus concidere montes :
Ante supinatas Aquiloni ostendere glebas,
Quam letum infodias vitis genus : optima putri
Arva solo : id venti curant, gelideque præmæ,
Et labefacta movens robustus jugera foffer.*

- Moist Earth produces Corn and Grafs, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their Growth.
Let not my Land so large a Promise boast,
Left the lank Ears in length of Stem be lost.
The heavier Earth is by her Weight betray'd,
The lighter in the poising Hand is weigh'd :
'Tis easy to distinguish by the Sight
- The Colour of the Soil, and Black from White.
But the cold Ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the Plants that prosper there will show ;
Black Ivy, Pitch-Trees, and the baleful Yew,
- These Rules consider'd well, with early Care
The Vineyard destin'd for thy Vines prepare :
But, long before the Planting, dig the Ground,
With Farrow deep that cast a rising Mound :
The Clods, expos'd to Winter Winds, will bate :
For putrid Earth will best in Vineyards take,
And hoary Frosts, after the painful Toil
- Of driving Hinds, will rot the mellow Soil.*

340

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But

But those few *Swains*, who no Precaution spare,
 Of the *same Soil* one chosen Plot prepare,
 First to bring out the *Bud*, and then the *Plant* to rear :
 Lest Infant-Saplings miss the Mother-Earth,
 And Foster-Mould should check the hopeful Birth :
 Besides : on ev'ry single Plant they mark
 The native Aspect in the tender Bark :
 Which Part its Back turn'd to the *Pole*, which bore
 The *Southern Heats*, and each to each restore.
 Such Power has Custom ! such Effects can Use
 In Tender, Infant, Pliant Things produce !
 Now *Hill* or *Valley* choose to bear the *Vine* :
 Should you to *Plains* of Richer Mould incline,
 Set thick your Plants, nor will the God refuse
 To swell their crowded Dugs with Purple Juice ;

At si quos haud ulla viros vigilantia fugit ;
Ante locum similem exquirunt, ubi prima paretur,
Arboribus seges, & quo mox digesta feratur,
Mutatam ignorant subito ne semina matrem.
Quin etiam cœli regionem in cortice signant :
Ut, quo quæque modo steterit, qua parte calores
Austrinos tulerit, qua terga obverterit axi,
Restituant. Adeo in teneris consuecere multum est.
Collibus, an Plano melius sit posere vitem,
Quære prius. Si pinguis agros metabere campi,
Densa sere : in denso non segnior ubere Bacchus.

Some Peasants, not t' omit the nicest Care,
 Of the same Soil their Nursery prepare,
 "With that of their Plantation, left the Tree
 "Translated, should not with the Soil agree.
 Beside, to plant it, as it was, they mark
 The Heav'n's four Quarters on the tender Bark ;
 And to the North or South restore the Side,
 Which at their Birth did Heat or Cold abide.
 So strong is Custom ; such Effects can Use
 In tender Souls of pliant Plants produce.
 Choose next a Province for thy Vineyards Reign
 In Hills above, or in the lowly Plain :
 If fertile Fields or Valleys be thy Choice,
 Plant thick, for bounteous *Bacchus* will rejoice
 In close Plantations there ; but if the Vine
 On rising Ground be plac'd, or Hills supine,

360

365

370

But if to gentle *Rise* or sloping *Bank*,
 Your Judgment leads : Then widen ev'ry Rank.
 And see you make it your peculiar Care
 To range each Walk exactly by the Square.

As when two mighty Armies all in Sight,
 Stretch'd on some open Plain, expect the Fight ;
 Legions and Cohorts in their Stations plac'd,
 And the whole War with wondrous Order grac'd ;
 From Host to Host the Glare of Armour streams,
 And all the Field waves far with glitt'ring Beams ;
 Nor yet in horrid Fray the Battle joins,
 Nor wild Confusion breaks the curious Lines :
 But Mars surveys and passes ev'ry Line,
 And doubts to whom the Combat will incline.
 So let your Walks in measur'd Spaces lie ;
 Nor is this only to delight the Eye :

Sin, tumulis acclive solum; collisque supinos,
Indulge ordinibus : nec secius omnis in unguem
Arboribus positis secto via limite quadret.
Ut scpe ingenti bello cum longa cohortis
Explicit legio, & campo stetit agmen aperto,
Directaque acies, ac late fluctuat omnis
Aere renidenti tellus, nec dum horrida miscent
Prælia, sed dubius mediis Mars errat in armis.
Omnia sint paribus numeris dimensa viarum :
Non animum modò uti pascat prospectus inanem :

Extend thy loose Battalions largly wide,
 Opening thy Ranks and Files on either Side :
 But marshall'd all in Order as they stand,
 And let no Soldier straggle from his Band.

375

As Legions in the Field their Front display,
 To try the Fortune of some doubtful Day,
 And move to meet their Foes with sober Pace,
 Strict to their Figure tho' in wider Space ;
 Before the Battle joins, while from afar
 The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War,
 And equal Mars, like an impartial Lord,
 Leaves all to Fortune, and the Dint of Sword,
 So let thy Vines in Intervals be set,
 But not their Rural Discipline forget :
 Indulge their Width, and add a roomy Space,
 That their extremest Lines may scarce embrace :
 Nor this alone t' indulge a vain Delight,
 And make a pleasing Prospect for the Sight :

380

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390

But that no other Way the Earth bestows
Vigour and equal Strength on all the Rows,
Or have they room to shoot at large their Boughs.

Perchance you'll ask, how deep to plant the *Vine* ;
In shallow Furrows I dare venture mine.
For solid *Trees* a diff'rent Trench prepare,
Dig Low in Earth, and plunge them deeply There ;
The *Beech* stands first of those that claim this Care.
As far as with His Head to Heaven He tends,
So far He with His Root to Hell descends ;
Hence 'tis, that neither Winds, nor Storms, nor Rains
Bear down his Height : Unmov'd He all sustains :
And whilst his Orb of Time rolls slowly on,
Man's Years, Ages of Man are swiftly flown :
Lo ! what vast Boughs ! what beamy Arms are spread !
Himself, full in the midst, lifts up the mighty Shade.

Sed quia non aliter vires dabit omnibus aquas
Terra; neque in vacuum poterunt se extendere rami.
Forfitan & scrobibus quæ sint fastigia queras;
Ausim vel tenui vitæ committere sulco;
Altior ac penitus terræ desfigitur arbos,
Æsculus in primis : quæ quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.
Ergo non biemes illam, non fabra, neque imbris
Convellunt, immota manet, multosque per annos
Multa virûm volvens durando sœcula vincit.
Tum fortis late ramos & brachia tendens
Huc illuc, media ipsa ingentem susinet umbram.

But for the Ground it self, this only Way
Can equal Vigour to the Plants convey ;
Which crowded want the Room their Branches to display.

How deep they must be planted, wouldst thou know ?

In shallow Furrows Wines securely grow.
Not so the rest of Plants ; for *Jove's own Tree*,
That holds the Woods in awful Sov'reignty,
Requires a Depth of Lodging in the Ground ;
And next the lower Skies, a Bed profound :
High as his topmost Boughs to Heav'n ascend,
So low his Roots to Hell's Dominion tend.

Therefore, nor Winds, nor Winter's Rage o'erthrows
His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows.
For Length of Ages lasts his happy Reign,
And Lives of Mortal Man contend in vain.

Full in the Midst of his own Strength he stands,
Stretching his brawny Arms, and leafy Hands ;
His Shade protects the Plains, his Head the Hills commands.

Plant not thy *Vineyard* where the Sun declines ;
Nor let the *Hazle* mix with curling *Vines* ;
Nor *Pull the Shoot* that near the *Summit* grows ;
Nor rashly *sliver off* luxuriant *Boughs* ;
Nor *burt* (such Love Thou for thy *Vines* should'st feel)
Nor *burt* their tender Limbs with blunted Steel ;
Nor graft *Wild Olives* near thy *Vintage-Land* ;
For oft a *Spark*, dropp'd by some careless Hand,
First in the *unctuous Rind* itself conceals,
And round the *Stem* in silent Windings steals ;
Then thro' the *Leaves* with rapid Fury flies,
And sends up horrid Crackling to the *Skies* ;
Pursuing now, where Hopes of Conquest lead,
Subdues the *Boughs*, and triumphs o'er the *Head* :
In Flames at length involving all the Woods,
Drives dark'ning up to Heav'n a Night of pitchy Clouds.

Neve tibi ad solem vergant vineta cadentem :
Neve inter vites corulum sere : neve flagella
Summa pete, aut summa destringe ex arbore plantas :
(Tantus amor terræ) neu ferro læde retraso
Semina, neve oleæ silvestris infere truncos.
Nam sæpe incanxi pastoribus excidit ignis,
Qui furtim pingui primum sub cortice sectus
Robora comprehendit, frondesque elapsus in altas
Ingentem cœlo sonitum dedit ; Inde secutus
Per ramos vîtor, perque alta cacumina regnat,
Et totum involvit flammis nemus, & ruit atram
Ad cœlum picea crassus caligine nubem :

The hurtful Hazle in thy Vineyard shun
Nor plant it to receive the setting Sun :
Nor break the topmost Branches from the Tree ;
Nor prune, with blunted Knife, the Progeny.
Root up wild Olives from thy labour'd Lands :
For sparkling Fire, from Hinds unwary Hands,
Is often scatter'd o'er their unctuous Rinds,
And after spread abroad by raging Winds.
For first the smouldring Flame the Trunk receives,
Ascending thence, it crackles in the Leaves :
At length victorious to the Top aspires,
Involving all the Wood in smoky Fires,

410

415

420

But

But should a *Storm* descend with roaring Sound,
 Ball up the Burnings, and o'erspread the Ground ;
 No more the *Stocks* with verdant Shoots revive,
 No more such *Plants* within that Soil will thrive ;
 The dismal savage *Olive* spreads the Plain,
 And with his *Bitter Leaves* secures his hateful Reign.

Let no one teach you, be he e'er so Wise,
 To stir the *Ground*, when *Northern Tempests* rise ;
 Then *Winter-Frosts* congeal the clotted Mould,
 And shriv'ling Roots can take no steady Hold.
 Plant best the *Vine*, when in the *Spring*'s fresh Bloom,
 The Milk-white Bird, the Dread of Snakes, is come ;
 Or in the gentle Cool of *Autumn*'s Birth,
 When sultry Months no longer scorch the Earth ;
 Nor yet the *Fiery Steeds*, with rapid Pace,
 Have reach'd the Confines of their Wint'ry Race.

*Præsertim si tempestas a vertice sylvis
 Incubuit, glomeratque ferens incendia ventus.
 Hoc ubi ; non a stirpe valent, cæsæque reverti
 Possunt, atque ima similes revirescere terra :
 Infelix superat foliis oleaster amaris.
 Nec tibi tam prudens quisquam persuadeat anchor,
 Tellurem Borea rigidam spirante moveri.
 Rura gelu tum claudit biems : nec semine jacto
 Concretam patitur radicem adfigere terræ.
 Optima vinetis satio, cum vere rubenti
 Candida venit avis longis invisa colubris :
 Prima vel autumni sub frigora, cum rapidus Sol
 Nondum biensem contingit equis. Jam præterit ætas.*

But most, when driv'n by Winds, the flaming Storm
 Of the long Files destroys the beauteous Form.

In Ashes then th' unhappy Vineyard lies,
 Nor will the blasted Plants from Ruine rise ;
 Nor will the wither'd Stock be green again,
 But the wild Olive shoots, and shades th' ungrateful Plair,
 Be not sedu'd with Wisdom's empty Shews,

“ To stir the Peaceful Ground when *Boreas* blows
 When Winter Frosts constrain the Field with Cold,
 The fainty Root can take no steady Hold.

“ But when the Golden Spring reveals the Year,
 “ And the white Bird returns, whom Serpents fear :
 “ That Season deem the best to plant thy Vines,

“ Next that, is when Autumnal Warmth declines ;
 E're Heat is quite decay'd, or Cold begun,
 Or *Capricorn* admits the Winter Sun,

425

430

435

The

The Spring to Forests yields a kindly Aid,
 To Woods the Spring restores the useful Shade :
 In the kind Spring the Lands are big with Juice,
 And ask for Seeds that give a vast Produce.
 Then the all-powerful Air, prolixick Show'r's
 On the soft Lap of his glad Consort pours :
 From her vast Womb the mighty Store proceeds,
 And all, the mighty He commix'd, with Plenty feeds.
 Then Birds their Songs repeat to ev'ry Grove ;
 And Herds perceive the Season of their Love :
 Then teem the Fields, and make their Bosoms bare
 To the warm Breezes of the Western Air :
 Then kindly Moisture lavishly abounds,
 And Plants brave Infant Suns in dewy Grounds.
 Nor fears the Vine lest Southern Storms should rise,
 Or the rough North pour Rivers from the Skies,

Ver adeo frondi nemorum, ver utile sylvis :
Vere tument terre, & genitalia semina poscunt.
Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbris imber
Conjugis in gremium latæ descendit, & omnes
Magnus alit, magno commixtus corpore, fœtus.
Ava tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris,
Et Venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus :
Parturit almus ager, Zephyrique tepentibus auris
Laxant arva sinus. Superat tener omnibus humor ;
Inque novos sole audent se granna ruto
Credere : nec metuit surgentis pampinus austros,
Aut actum celo magnis aquilonibus imbre :

- “ The Spring adorns the Wood, renews the Leaves ;
- “ The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives.
- “ For then Almighty *Zæte* descends, and pours
 Into his buxom Bride(his fruitful Show'r's);
- “ And mixing His large Limbs with Hers, he feeds
 Her Births with kindly Juice, and fosters teeming Seeds.
- “ Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
 And Beasts, by Nature stung, renew their Love :
- “ Then Fields the Blades of buried Corn disclose
 And while the balmy Western Spirit blows,
 Earth to the Breath her Bosom dares expose :
- “ With kindly Moisture then the Plants abound,
 The Grafs securely springs above the Ground ;
- “ The tender Twig shoots upward to the Skies,
 And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.
- “ The swerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
 Unhurt by Southern Show'r's, or Northern Hail.

440

445

450

Bux

But boldly shoots Her *Buds* from ev'ry Bough,
And all her *Leaves* displays with pompous Show.
So dawn'd the Days, such was, methinks, their Course
In the weak Childhood of the Universe :
Then Spring was all, for then the mighty Ring
Roll'd free from Winter's Storms in constant *Spring*.
When new-born *Herds* first suck'd in Heav'ly Light,
And gaz'd with Wonder at the daz'ling Sight :
When first *Mankind*, a stubborn, hardy Breed,
Shot thro' the Clotted Earth His daring Head :
And *Beasts* to Woods, and *Stars* to Heaven fled.
Nor could such tender Things have born the Jars,
Of *Heat* and *Cold*, and their perpetual Wars :
Had not kind Heaven dispos'd them all to *Peace*,
And plac'd the *Infant-World* in perfect Ease.

*Sed trudit gemmas, & frondes explicat omnis.
Non alios prima crescentis origine mundi
Inluxisse dies, aliumve habuisse tenorem
Crediderim, Ver illud erat. Ver magnus agebat
Orbis, & bibernis parcebant fluctibus Euri :
Cum prime lucem pecudes banusere, virumque
Ferrea progenies duris caput extulit arvis,
Immissaque feræ sylvis, & fidera cœlo.
Nec res bunc teneræ possint perferre laborem,
Si non tanta quies iret frigusque caloremque
Inter, & exciperet cœli indulgentia terras.*

They spread their Gems the genial Warmth to share:
And boldly trust their Buds in open Air.

455

In this soft Season (let me dare to sing)
The World was hatch'd by Heav'n's Imperial King :

{
5

In prime of all the Year, and Holy-days of Spring.

Then did the new Creation first appear ;

460

Nor other was the Tenour of the Year :

When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,

And Eastern Winds their Wint'ry Breath suspend :

When Sheep first saw the Sun in open Fields :

And salvage Beasts were sent to stock the Wilds ;

465

And Golden Stars flew up to light the Skies,

And Man's relentless Race from stony Quarries rise.

" Nor could the tender) new Creation, bear

Th' excessive Heats or Coldness of the Year :

470

But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,

The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd.

When Warmth and Moisture did at once abound,

And Heav'n's Indulgence brooded on the Ground.

Now.

Now, when you bend the *Leyen* to the Ground,
 Strew rotten Dung, and heap the Earth around.
 Or porous *Slasses*, or *Cockles* place below ;
 Hence thro' the Chinks will *Moisture* gently flow,
 Hence a soft *Breeze* will slide beneath the Root,
 And hence the vig'rous Plant will boldly shoot.
 Some *Stones* and *Potsherds* pile with careful Hands ;
 This against driving *Storms* a *Bulwark* stands
 This when the *Scorching Dog* cleaves all the gaping Lands.

High as your *Plants* oft' raise the neigbh'ring Soil
 And tear it with the *Prong* or *Coulter's* Toil :
 Even in the *Vineyard* must you urge the *Plough*,
 And wind the restif' *Steers* around each Row :
 Then place, where-e'er the Branch depending spreads,
 Peel'd Bougħs, or Ashen Poles, or Stakes with Forky Heads ;
 Supported *Thus*, they brave the Tempeſt's Rage,
 And climb the lofty *Elm* from Stage to Stage.

Quod superest, quacunque premes virgulta per agros
Sparge sano pingui, & multa menar occula terra :
Aus lapidem bilbium, aut squalentes infode conchas.
Inter enim labentes aquas, tamquam subibis
Hedibus : atque animas tollent fata. Jamque reperti,
Qui sano super, atque ingenti pondere testa
Urgent : hoc effusus manum ad imbras :
Hoc, ubi hincus fita fundit canis astifer arva.
Seminibus positis, superest deducere terram
Sepins ad capitā, & duros jactare bidentis :
Aus presso exercere solent sed vovere, & ipsa
Flectere luctantis inter vinea juventos.
Tunc levis calamas & rasa hastilia virga,
Fraxineaque optare fides, farcione bicornes :
Viribus ensi querunt, & contemnere ventos
Adfuerant, immixtique sequi tabulata per almas.

For what remains, in Depth of Earth secure

Thy cover'd Plants, and dung with hot Manure ;

And Shells and Gravel in the Ground enclose ;

For thro' their hollow Chinks the Water flows :

Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty Dew,

And steaming up, the rising Plant renewes.

Some Husbandmen of late have found the Way

A hilly Heap of Stones above to lay,

And prefs the Plants with Sherd's of Potters Clay.

This Fence, against immediate Rain they found :

Or when the Dog-Star cleaves the thirsty Ground,

Be mindful when thou haſt intomb'd the Shoot,

With Store of Earth around to feed the Root ;

With Iron Teeth of Rakes and Prongs, to move

The crusted Earth, and loosen it above.

Then exercise thy sturdy Steers to plow

Betwixt thy Vines, and teach thy feeble Row

To mount on Reeds, and Wands, and upwards led,

On Ashen Poles to raise their fork'y Head.

On these new Crutches let them learn to walk,

Till swerving upwards, with a stronger Stalk

They brave the Winds, and, clinging to their Guide,

On tops of Elms at length triumphant ride.

479

480

485

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495

But

But whilst the *Infant-Saplin* only bears
 The new-born Leaf, indulge his tender Years ;
 And when the *Boughs* in sprightly Pride appear,
 Let loose the Reins, and wanton in the Air ;
 Nor yet thy Pruner try ; but gently pull
 The roving Shoots, and hurtful Branches cull :
 But when anon *They* tour with manly Grace,
 And clasp the friendly *Elm* in close Embrace ;
 Then strip Their Arms, Then clip the straggling Lock,
 'Till now *They* shrunk and trembled at the Hook,
 Now must You rule, and make them feel the Stroke.

Next weave a stubborn *Woody Fence* around ;
 And keep pernicious Cattle from the Ground,
 Chiefly when *tender Shoots* at first appear,
 Hardships and Toil as yet unfit to bear :

At, dum prima novis adolescit frondibus etas,
Parcendum teneris : & dum se letus ad auras
Palmes agit, laxis per purum immisus habenis,
Ipsa acies nondum falcis tentanda, sed uncis
Carpende manibus frondes, interque legende.
Inde ubi jam validis amplexae stirpibus ulmos
Exierint, tum stringe comas, tum brachia tonde,
Ante reformatum ferrum : tum denique dura
Exerce imperia, & ramos compesce fluctis.
Texende sepes etiam, & pecus omne tenendum :
Principue dum frons tenera imprudensque laborum :

But in their tender *Nomage*, while they spread
 Their springing Leafs, and lift their Infant Head,
 And upward while they shoot in open Air,
 Indulge their Childhood, and the Nurseling spare,
 Nor exercise thy Rage on new-born Life,
 But let thy Hand supply thy pruning Knife ;
 And crop luxuriant Stragglers, nor be loth
 To strip the Branches of their leafy Growth :
 But when the rooted Vines, with steady Hold,
 Can clasp their Elms, then Husbandman be bold
 To top the disobedient Boughs, that stray'd
 Beyond their Ranks : let crooked Steel invade
 The lawless Troops, which Discipline disclaim,
 And their superfluous Growth with Rigour tame,
 Next, fenc'd with Hedges and deep Ditches round,
 Exclude th' incroaching Cattle from thy Ground,
 While yet the tender Gems but just appear,
 Unable to sustain th' uncertain Year;

34 *VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.*

In parching Summer, and in Winter-Snows,
Wild Beasts and wanton *Goats* insult the Bougs,
 And *Sheep* and hungry *Heifers* feed the luscious Browze. }
 Not hoary *Frosts*, not all the Dint of Cold
 That hardens into Stone the yielding Mould,
 Not raging *Heats*, that pierce thro' thirsty Rocks,
 Make such destructive Havock as those *Flocks*, }
 With such invenom'd Teeth they scar the sappy Stocks. }
 'Tis for this Crime the *Goat* a Victim lies,
 Wherever sacred *Flames* to *Bacchus* rise ; }
 And Hence Old Sports began, a *Goat* the Prize.
 For This th' *Athenian* Race produc'd their Plays,
 In crowded Villages and crossing Ways ; }
 And some the puff-up Skin besmear'd with Oil,
 And in their merry Cups leap'd o'er the greasy Spoil. }

Cui, super indignas biemes, soleisque potentem,
Silvestres ura affidue capreaque sequaces
Inlidunt : pacuntur oves avideaque juvencæ.
Frigora nec tantum cana concreta pruina,
Aut gravis incumbens scopulis arentibus astas,
Quantum illi nocuere greges, durique venenum
Dentis, & admirso signata in stirpe cicatrix.
Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris
Ceditur, & veteres ineunt proscenia ludi :
Premiaque ingentis pagos & compita circum
Theseidæ posuere, atque inter pocula læti
Mollibus in pratis undos saluere per utres.

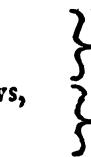
Whose Leaves are not alone foul Winter's Prey, 515
 But oft by Summer Suns are scorch'd away ; }
 And worse than both, become th'unworthy Browze }
 Of Buffalo's, Salt Goats, and hungry Cows,
 For not December's Frost that burns the Bougs, }
 Nor Dog-days parching Heat, that splits the Rocks, }
 Are half so harmful as the greedy Flocks ; }
 Their venom'd Bite, and Scars indented on the Stocks. }
 For this the Malefactor Goat was laid
 On *Bacchus'* Altar, and his Forfeit paid.
 At *Athens* thus old Comedy began, 525
 When round the Streets the reciting Actors ran ;
 In Country Villages, and crossing Ways,
 Contending for the Prizes of their Plays :
 And glad, with *Bacchus*, on the grassy Soil,
 Leap'd o'er the Skins of Goats besmear'd with Oil. 530
 Thus

Thus the Remains of *Troy*, *Ausonian Swains*,
 Perform their noisy *Rites* in uncouth Strains ;
 Each frightful Face is cut from hollow Rind,
 With Songs to *Bacchus* in full Concert join'd,
 They ride on *Swings* suspended in the Wind.
 Hence blest with mighty Stores each *Vineyard* grows,
 And ev'ry *Vale*, or *Hill*, with *Clusters* flows,
 Where'er the *God* his gracious Looks bestows.

Then We of *Bacchus* will resound the Praise,
 In antient, solemn, tributary Lays :
 Let *Cakes* in Chargers, and a *Hallow'd Goat*,
 Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his *Altars* brought :
 Before the *Hearth*, where fragrant Clouds ascend,
 With chosen Entrails *Hazel Spits* shall bend.

*Nec non Ausonii, Troja gens missa, coloni
 Versibus incomitis ludunt, risuque soluto ;
 Oraque corticibus sumunt horrenda cavatis :
 Et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina lata, tibique
 Oscilla ex alta suspendunt mollia pinu.
 Hinc omnis largo pubescit vinea factu :
 Complextur valleque cavae saltusque profundi,
 Et quocumque Deus circum caput egit honestum.
 Ergo rite suum Baccho dicemus honorem
 Carminibus patriis, lanceisque & liba feremus ;
 Et ductus cornu stabit sacer bircus ad aram,
 Pinguaque in verubus torrebimus exta colurnis.*

.. Thus *Roman Youth*, deriv'd from ruin'd *Troy*,
 .. In rude *Saturnian Rhymes* express their Joy :
 With Taunts, and Laughter loud, their Audience please,
 Deform'd with Vizards, cut from Barks of Trees :
 In jolly Hymns they praise the *God of Wine*,
 Whose Earthen Images adorn the Pine ;
 And there are hung on high, in Honour of the Vine ;
 A Madness so devout the *Vineyard* fills.
 In hollow Valleys and on rising Hills ;
 On whate'er Side he turns his honest Face,
 And dances in the Wind, those Fields are in his Grace.
 To *Bacchus* therefore let us tune our Lays,
 And in our *Mother Tongue* resound his Praise,
 Thin Cakes in Chargers, and a guilty Goat,
 Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his Altars brought ;
 Whose offer'd Entrails shall his Crime reproach,
 And drip their Fatness from the Hazel-Broach.



335

540

545

36 VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

Another Labour must be now begun,
For Something to the *Vine* must still be done ;
And thrice and four times, an eternal Toil !
With Ploughs and Harrows yearly tear the Soil,
And ease the *Vineyard* of its leafy Spoil.
The Peasant's Labour round a Circle leads,
And with the Tear on his own Steps he treads.

When now the *Vine* her Leaves resigns at last ;
When Northern Winds descend with furious Blast,
Roar thro' the Groves, and all their Honours waste ;
Ev'n then the painful Hind extends his Care,
With prudent Foresight to the coming Year :
He seeks the *Vine* which he had just forsook,
And cuts, and prunes, and shapes it with his Hook.

Est etiam ille labor curandis vitibus alter :
Cui numquam exhausti satis est. Namque omne quotannis
Terque quaterque solum scindendum, glebaque veris
Aeternum strangenda bidentibus : omne levandum
Fronde nemus. Redit agricolis labor actus in orbem,
Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus.
Et iam olim seras posuit cum vinea frondis,
Frigidus & sylvis aquilo decussit honorem,
Jam tum acer curas venientem extendit in annum
Rusticus, & curvo Saturni dente relicta
Persequitur vitem attundens, fingitque putando.

To dress thy Vines new Labour is requir'd,
Nor must the painful Husbandman be tir'd :
For thrice, at least, in Compas of the Year,
Thy *Vineyard* must employ the sturdy Steer
To turn the Glebe; besides thy daily Pain
To break the Clods, and make the Surface plain :
T' unload the Branches, or the Leaves to thin,
That suck the vital Moisture of the Vine,
Thus in a Circle runs the Peasant's Pain,
And the Year rolls within itself again.
Ev'n in the lowest Months, when Storms have shed
From Vines the hairy Honours of their Head ;
Not then the drudging Hind his Labour ends ;
But to the coming Year his Care extends ;
Ev'n then the naked Vine be persecutes ;
His pruning Knife at once reforms and cuts.

550

555

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Be

Be First to trench the Ground, be First to burn
 The Refuse Off-cuts : First the Poles return
 Beneath thy Roof : These Toils require your Haste ;
 But still to reap your Vintage be the Last.
 Twice with pernicious Shade the Vines abound,
 Twice Weeds and Bushes cover all the Ground ;
 Both these by Turns incessant Toil create ;
 Command a large, but Till a small Estate.

Nor must you not the binding Farze prepare ;
 Nor must not Reeds and Sallows be your Care ;
 For That to Woods, for These to Streams repair,
 Now the Vine bound, and now the Hook laid down,
 Now joyful Songs the finish'd Labours crown :
 Yet must the Peasant move the Earth again,
 And drudge and swelter in the dusty Plain.
 At last the Dread succeeds to all this Toil :
 Left Storms or Rains the mellow Vintage spoil.

*Primus humum fodito, primus devecta cremato
 Sarmenta, et vallos primus sub tecta reserto :
 Postremus metito. Bis vitibus ingrauit umbra :
 Bis segetem densis obducunt sentibus herbae,
 Durus uterque labor. Laudato ingentia rura :
 Exiguam colito. Necnon etiam aspera rusci
 Vimina per sylvam, & ripis fluvialis arundo
 Cæditar, inquitque exerceat cura salicti.
 Jam vincit vites : jam falcam arbusta reponunt :
 Jam canit extremos effætus vinitor antus.
 Sollicitanda tamen tellus, pulvrisque movendus,
 Et jam maturis metuendus Jupiter uvis.*

Be first to dig the Ground, be first to burn
 The Branches lopt, and first the Propri return
 Into thy House, that bore the burthen'd Vines,
 But last to reap the Vintage of thy Wines.
 Twice in the Year luxuriant Leaves o'er shade
 Th' incumber'd Vine, though Brambles twice invade :
 Hard Labour both ! command the large Excels
 Of spacious Vineyards ; cultivate the less.

565

Besides, in Woods the Shrubs of prickly Thorn,
 Sallows and Reeds, on Banks of Rivers born,
 Remain to cut ; for Vineyards useful found,
 To stay thy Vines, and fence thy fruitful Ground.
 Now when thy tender Trees at length are bound,
 When peaceful Vines from Pruning-Hooks are free,
 When Husbands have survey'd the last Degree,
 And utmost Files of Plants, and order'd every Tree,
 Now when they sing at Ease, in full Content,
 Insulting o'er the Tails they underwent ;
 Yet still they find a future Task remain ;
 To turn the Soil, and break the Clods again ;
 And after all, their Joys are un sincere,
 While falling Rains on rip'ning Grapes they fear.

570

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585
Others

Olives quite otherwise no Care demand,
Nor seek the Harrow, or the pruning Hand ;
When *now* their Roots have seiz'd upon the Mold,
And firm against the Storm they keep their Hold :
The Earth Herself the Plants supplies with Juice,
If crooked Teeth once make her Surface loose :
But Floods of *Oil* from swelling Berries flow,
If Ploughs unlock her richer Soil below ;
Nourish with *These* the *Olive's* kind Increase,
Fattest of Fruits, and Harbinger of *Peace*.

Thus too, on vigorous *Trunks* when *Apples* grow,
And feel the *foreign Strength* in ev'ry Bough ;
With their *own Strength* they strive to reach the Skies ;
And little do they want of our Supplies.

*Contra ; non nulla est Oleis cultura ; neque illæ
Procurvam expectant falcam rastroisque tenaces,
Cum semel bæserunt arvis, aurasque tulerunt.
Ipse satis tellus, cum dente recluditur unco,
Sufficit bumorem, & gravidas cum vomere fruges ;
Hoc pinguem & placitam Paci nutritior olivam.
Poma quoque, ut primum truncos sensere valentis,
Et vires babuere suas, ad sidera raptim
Vi propria nituntur, opisque band indiga nostræ.*

Quite opposite to these are Olives found,
No Dressing they require, and dread no Wound ;
No Rakes nor Harrows need, but fix'd below,
Rejoice in open Air, and unconcern'dly grow.

The Soil itself due Nourishment supplies :
Plough but the Furrows, and the Fruits arise :
Content with small Endeavours, 'till they spring.
Soft Peace they figure, and sweet Plenty bring :
Then Olives plant, and Hymns to *Pallas* sing.

Thus Apple-Trees, whose Trunks are strong to bear
Their spreading Boughs, exert themselves in Air ;
Want no Supply, but stand secure alone,
Not trusting Foreign Forces, but their own :
'Till with the ruddy Freight the bending Branches groan.

590

595

Nor

Nor rises all the num'rous *Forest-Race*,
Cloath'd with less Plenty, or inferior Grace :
There ev'ry *Sbrub* bends down his loaded Head,
And unprun'd *Avi'rys* shine in Dazzling Red.

The *Cytysus*, with constant Verdure crown'd,
Oft feels the Hook, and shoots at ev'ry Wound.

The *Pine* gives Torches from his lofty Head,
And Winter-Hearths, with unceasous Fuel fed,
Pour out their Blaze, and sparkling Glitter spread.

And does the Swain still doubt, and still forbear,
To *Plant*, and *Set*, and *Cultivate* with Care ?
But can such mighty Things such Urging want ?
The *Willow* and the *Furze*, an humble Plant !
To Husbandmen afford no trivial Aid ;
That to the *Sheep* gives *Food*, to Shepherds *Shade* :
This covers with strong Lines the wealthy Fields,
And early *Foster* to the *Bee-fold* yields.

{}

Nec minus interea fœtu nemus omne gravescit,
Sanguineisque inculta rubent aviaria baccis.
Tondentur Cytisi, rædas silva alta ministrat,
Pascunturque ignes nocturni, & lumina fundunt.
Et dubitant homines ferere, atque impendere curam ?
Quid majora sequar ? salices humilesque genistæ,
Aut illæ pecori frondem, aut pastoribus umbras
Sufficient : sepemque satis, & pabula melli.

“ Thus Trees of Nature, and each common Bush,
“ Uncultivated thrive, and with red Berries blush.

600

*Vile Shrubs are storn for Browze : The tow'ring Height
Of unctuous Trees are Torches for the Night.*

And shall we doubt, (indulging easy Sloth,)
To sow, to set, and to reform their Growth ?

605

To leave the lofty Plants ; the lowly Kind
Are for the Shepherd, or the Sheep design'd.

Ev'n humble Broom and Osiers have their Use,
And Shade for Sheep, and Food for Flocks produce ;

“ Hedges for Corn, and Honey for the Bees ;
Besides the pleasing Prospect of the Trees.

610

How pleasing to the Sight *Cytorus* looks !
 Flowing in gentle Waves of livid Box.
 How soft ! how solemn is *Naricio's Shade* !
 Where *Pitchy Groves* the gloomy Skies invade.
 What lovely Scenes in desert *Lawns* appear !
 New, to the *Harrow's Toil*, or *Peasant's Care*.
 Even *naked Forests* on *Caucasian Rocks*,
 Worn with the raging *East's* eternal Shocks,
 Here shiver'd Limbs lie scatter'd all around,
 And there huge Trunks extended on the Ground ;
 Yet *Thebe*, even *Thebe*, convenient Stores produce,
 A various Timber for a various Use :
 Tall Pines for *Vessels* : For the stately Room
Cypress, and *Cedar*, with its strong Perfume :
 From *Hence* the Traveller his *Chariot ciels*,
 From *Hence* the thrifty Peasant *orbs his Wheels*,
 And *Hence* the Sailor seeks his bending *Keels*.

Et juvat undantem baso spectare Cytorum,
Naryciæque picis lucos : juvat arva videre,
Non rastris, hominum non ulli obnoxia cura.
Ipse Caucafio steriles in vertice sylvae,
Quas animosi Euri assidue franguntque, feruntque,
Dant alios alia facta : dant utile lignum
Navigiiis pinos, domibus cedrumque cupressosque.
Hinc radios trivere rotis, hinc tympana plaustris
Agricole, & pandas ratibus posuere carinas.

How goodly looks *Cytorus* ever green
 With Boxen Groves ; with what Delight are seen
 Narycian Woods of Pitch, whose gloomy Shade
 Seems for Retreat of Heav'ny Muses made !
 But much more pleasing are those Fields to see,
 That need not Ploughs, nor human Industry.
 Ev'n cold Caucasean Rocks and Trees are spread ;
 And wear green Forests on their hilly Head.
 Tho' bending from the Blast of Eastern Storms,
 Tho' shent their Leaves, and scatter'd are their Arms ;
 Yet Heav'n their various Plants for Use designs :
 For Houses Cedars, and for Shipping Pines.
 Cypress provides for Spokes, and Wheels of Wains :
 And all for Keels of Ships, that scour the wat'ry Plains.

615

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625

The

The biading *Qsar* shuns a num'rous Brood :
 And *Elms* for Castle yield a Leafy Food :
 For War the *Myrtle*, and the *Cornel* grows,
 And *Parthians* bend the Yew-tree into Bows.
 Nor will the smooth-grain'd *Lime*, or *Beech* disdain
 The Rounding *Chiffel*, or the Hollowing *Plane* :
 Or feeble *Alders* dread th' impetuous Tide,
 But lightly skim the *Fo*, and on his Surges ride :
 Nor will not *Beech* repair to mould'ring *Oaks* ;
There raise their Cells, and hide their Darling-Sabres,
 Gives *Bacchus* ought so worthy of *Applause*?
 His *Gifts*, of fatalills the frequent Cause,
 Turn'd into Wars the solemn *Marriage-Feasts*,
 And arm'd with mighty *Bowls* the Kindred Guests.

Viminibus solices facunda, frondibus ahri :
At myrtus validis bastibus, & bona bello
Cornus ; Ityracos tauri torqueatur in arcu.
Nec tiliae levies, aut tempe rafilo buxum,
Non formaque occipiunt, ferroque cavanant aequo.
Nec non & torsionibus undam leuis invata at alveo,
Missa Pado : necnon & apes exanimis condunt
Corticibusque cavis vitiisque ilicis alveo.
Quid memorandum eque Bacchus dona tulerunt?
Bacchus & ad culpam causas didit. Ilii syrenis
Centauros letba-donauit, Rhæumque, Pholusque,
Et magno Hylæum Lapithis cratere minantem.

Willows in Twigs are fruitful, Elms in Leaves,
 The War from stubborn Myrtle Shafts receives :
 From Cornels Jav'lins ; and the tougher Yew
 Receives the bending Figure of a Bow.
 Nor Box, nor Limes, without their Use are made,
 Smooth-grain'd, and proper for the Turner's Trade : } 634
 Which curious Hands may carve, and Steel with Ease invade.
 Light Alder stems the Fo's impetuous Tide,
 And Bees in hollow Oaks their Honey hide.
 Now ballance with these Gifts: the funny Toys
 Of Wine, attended with eternal Noise. } 635
 Wine urg'd to lawless Lust the Centaur's Train,
 Thro' Wine they quarrel'd, and thro' Wine were slain.

O ! happy Swains ! did they their Bliss but know !
 To whom the Earth, releas'd from all the Woe
 Of Civil Broils, gives with a lib'ral Hand
An easy Plenty, at their just Demand.

What if no lofty Pile, with haughty Tow'rs,
 A waving Throng, thro' ev'ry Passage pours,
 Of humble Waiters in the *Morning-Hours* ? }
 What if no Tortoise-Scales incrusting Wood,
 Nor Corinb's Brads amaze the gaping Crowd ? }
 If no Brocaded Hangings dress the Room ? }
 Nor Tyrian Purple stain the Milk-white Loom ? }
 Nor *Cassia* taint pure Oil with strong Perfume ? }

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nōrint,
Agricolas ! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victimum iustissima tellus.
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit edibus undam ;
Nec varios inbiant pulchra testudine postes,
Inlusasque auro veste, Ephyreiasque æra ;
Alba neque Apyrio fucatur lana veneno,
Nec cassia liquidi corrumpitur usus Olivi :

O happy, if he knew his happy State !
 The Swain, who, free from *Business and Debate*, 640
 Receives his easy Food from Nature's Hand,
 And just Returns from cultivated Land !
 No Palace, with a lofty Gate, he wants,
 To admit the Tides of early Visitants,
 Wh^t eager Eyes devouring, as they pass, 645
 The breathing Figures of *Corinian Brads*.
 No Statues threaten, from high Pedestals ;
 No Persian Arras hides his homely Walls,
 With Antick Vests ; which thro' their steady Fold,
 Betray the Streaks of ill-dissimbed Gold.
 He boasts no Wool, whose native White is dy'd 650
 With Purple Poison of *Affyrian Pride*,
 No costly Drugs of *Araby* defile,
 With foreign Scents, the Sweetness of his Oil.

Yet

Yet fraudless Innocence, and peaceful Rest,
Unbounded Plains, with endless Riches blest,
Yet Caves, and living Springs, and airy Glades,
And the soft Lowe of Kine, and sleepy Shades
Are never wanting : There Wild Herds abound,
And Youth inur'd to Toil and Thrift are found,
And Aged Sires rever'd, and Altars crown'd :
There Justice left, when She forsook Mankind,
The last Impressions of Her Steps behind.

But the bright Muses are my only Care ;
Smit with the Love of Verse their Wreaths I bear ;
May they to me the Starry Tracks make known ;
The Sun's Distress, and Labours of the Moon :
Whence the Earth shakes : By what Impulse the Main
Swells tow'ring up : and on Her self sinks back again :

*At secura quies, & neficia fallere vita,
Dives opam variarum, at latis otia frigidis,
Speluncas, vivique lacus, at frigida Tempe,
Magistrisque boam, mollesque sub arbore somni
Non absunt. Illic salutis ac lastra ferarum,
Et patiens operum, parvogne affusa juventus,
Sacra Detum, fonsaque patres : extrema per illos
Inspita excedens terris vestigia fecit.
Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musa,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti perennis amore,
Accipiant ; calique vias, & sidera monstrant :
Defectus solis variis, lunaque labores :
Unde tremor terris : qua vi maria alta tumescant
Obicibus raptis, rusq[ue]nque in scispa resident :*

But easy Quiet, a secure Retreat,
A harmless Life, that knows not how to cheat ;
With home-bred Plenty the rich Owner blest,
And rural Pleasures crown his Happiness.
Unvx'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,
The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys : 655
Cool Grotts, and living Lakes, the Flow'ry Pride
Of Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide ;
And shady Groves that easy Sleep invite,
And after toilsome Days, a soft Repose at Night.
Wild Beasts of Nature in his Woods abound ;
And Youth, of Labour patient, plough the Ground,
Inur'd to Hardship, and to homely Fare.
Nor venerable Age is wanting there,

In great Examples to the youthful Train :
Nor are the Gods ador'd with Rights prophane. 660
From hence *Aftra* took her Flight, and here
The Prints of her departing Steps appear.

Ye Sacred Muses, with whose Beauty fir'd,
My Soul is ravish'd, and my Brain inspir'd :
“ Whose Priest I am, whose holy Fillets wear ;
Wou'd you your Poet's first Petition hear ;
Give me the Ways of wand'ring Stars to know :
The Depths of Heaven above, and Earth below.
Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,
And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun.
“ Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,
“ And in what dark Recesses they shrink again.

655

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They

44 VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

Why Winter Suns haste down with raptd Flight,
And what Delay retards the lingring Night.

But if my heavy *Genius* strives in vain
To search out *Nature*, and her *Heights* attain :
In *Fields* and wat'ry *Valleys* let me rove !
Rivers and *Woods* inglorious may I love !
O ! where, *Taygeta*, are thy sacred *Shades*,
Resounding with the Songs of *Spartan Maids* ?
O *Sperchius* ! O ye fair *Isthessian Plains* !
Ye *Vales*, ye *Cooling Groves*, where *Hemus* reigns !
O by what Hand, to those *bless'd Seats* convey'd,
Shall I protected stand with all their *Shade* ?

Happy the Man ! who vers'd in *Nature's Laws*
Of her *Effects* can trace the wondrous *Cause* ;
Who without Fear his certain *Fate* can meet,
And trample *Death* itself beneath his Feet.

Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles
Hiberni, vel que tardis mora noctibus obfet.
Si, has ne possum naturae excedere partes,
Frigidus obfiterit circum praecordia sanguis ;
Rura mibi & riguis placeant in vallis annas ;
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorias. O, ubi campi,
Sperchiisque, & virginibus bacchata Lacenis
Taygeta: o qui me gelidis in vallis annas
Sifat, & ingeni ramorum proteget umbra !
Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas :
Atque metus omnes & inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis ovari !

What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays
The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter-Days,

But if my heavy Blood restrain the Flight
Of my free Soul, aspiring to the Height
Of *Nature*, and unclouded *Fields* of Light :
My next Desire is, void of Care and Strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious Life.

A Country Cottage near a Crystal Flood,
A winding Valley and a lofty Wood.

Some God conduct me to the sacred *Shades*,
Where Bacchanals are fung by *Spartan Maids*.
Or lift me high to *Hemus* hilly Crown ;
Or in the Plains of *Tempe* lay me down :
Or lead me to some solitary Place,

And cover my Retreat from human Race.

Happy the Man, who, studying *Nature's Laws*,
Thro' known Effects can trace the secret Cause.
His Mind possessing, in a quiet State,
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.

689

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695

100 And.

And happy He, who haunts the *Rural Gods*,
Pan, and *Sylvans*, and the *Nymphs Abodes* ;
No *Noise*, or *Pomp* disturb his calm *Retreat* ;
The *Traits* of Princes, or the *Rods* of State,
And Brothers tearing Brothers to be *Great* :
Nor *Treasons*, nor *Invasions* from afar,
The *Dacian* from the *Danube* threat'ning War,
Nor *Rome's Affairs*, nor any *Kingdom's Doom*
Distractions his Mind : Around his peaceful Home
Nor Pity, nor ev'n Envy can be found,
There none for *Want* repine, and none *aboard*.
What *Fruit* the Trees, what *Grain* the Fields produce
Spontaneously, he gathers for his Use ;
Nor knows the *Arts*, or *Hardships* of the Law ;
Nor e'er the noisy *Bar's* Confusion saw.

Fortunatus & ille, Deos qui novit agrestes,
Panaque, Sylvanumque senem, Nymphasque sorores !
Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regam
Flexit, & infidus agitans discordia fratres ;
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro :
Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna : neque illa
Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habentis.
Quos rami fractas, quos ipsa volentia rura
Sponte intere sua, carpit : nec ferrea iura,
Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.

And happy too is he, who decks the Bow'r
Of *Sylvans*, and adores the *Rural Pow'r's* :
Whose Mind, unmov'd, the *Bribes* of Courts can see ;
Their glitt'ring Baits, and Purple Slavery.
Nor hopes the People's Praise, nor fears their Frown,
Nor, when contending Kindred tear the Crown,
Will set up one, or pull another down.

Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of *Tumults*, and *Descents*, and distant War :
Nor with a *Superstitions Fear* is aw'd,
For what *befals* at *Home*, or what *Abroad*.
Nor envies he the Rich their heavy Store,
Nor his own *Peace* disturbs, with *Pity* for the Poor.
He feeds on *Fruits*, which, of their own Accord,
The willing *Ground*, and laden *Trees* afford.

From his lov'd Home no Lucre can him draw;
The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw ;
Nor heard at bawling Bars corrupted Law,

Some

705

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715

46 VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

Some the deaf Waves in feeble Vessels court ;
Some fearless of the Sword to Camps resort :
Others themselves by artful, hidden Ways,
 Thrust into Courts, and there enslave their Days :
He merely for the Plunder sacks a Town,
 And ev'ry helpless Household God melts down,
 To drink in some prodigious Gem, and lie
 On downy Quilts, twice slain'd with Tyrian Die :
He in the Earth intombs his Golden Ore,
 And then sits brooding on his hidden Store :
He in the Rostrum lifts to Heaven his Eyes,
 Amaz'd, confounded, speechless with Surprize.
He plies the Stage for Fame, and trembling stands,
 'Till the whole House resound with clapping Hands :
They in their Kindred Blood their Daggers stain,
 Renounce their Country for their impious Gain,
 And seek in distant Climes for Rest, in vain,

Sollicitant alii remis freta caca, ruuntque
In ferrum ; penetrant aulas & limina regum :
Hic petit excidiis urbem, miserosque Penates,
Ut gemma bibat, & Sarrano dormiat ostro,
Condit opes alias, desoffoque incubat auro,
Hic stupet attonitus rostris : hunc plausus biantem
Per cuneos (geminatur enim) plebisque patrumque
Corripuit : gaudent perfusi sanguine fratrum,
Exfilioque domos & dulcia limina mutant ;
Atque alio patriam querunt sub sole jacentem.

Some to the Seas, and some to Camps resort,
 And some with Impudence invade the Court,
 In foreign Countries others seek Renown ;
 With Wars and Taxes others waste their own,
 And Houses burn, and Household-Gods deface,
 To drink in Bowls, which glitt'ring Gems encase :
 To loll on Couches, rich with Cytron Steds,
 And lay their guilty Limbs in Tyrian Beds.
 This Wretch in Earth intombs his Golden Ore,
 Hovering and brooding on his buried Store.
 Some Patriot Fools to popular Praise aspire,
 Of Publick Speeches, which worse Fools admire.
 While from both Benches, with redoubled Sounds,
 Th' Applause of Lords and Commoners abounds.
 Some thro' Ambition, or thro' Thirst of Gold,
 Have slain their Brothers, or their Country sold ;
 And leaving their sweet Homes, in Exile run
 To Lands that lie beneath another Sun.

729

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The

The Swain with his bent Plough turns o'er the Soil ;
Hence of the Circling Year the constant Toil :
Hence to His Country, to His Children *Hence*,
To Flocks and Herds He does their Food dispense,
And to His faithful Steers a bounteous Maintenance :
Nor rests the Year : But still with Fruit abounds,
Or vast Increase of Herds ; or loads the Grounds
With Piles unnumber'd of promiscuous Grain,
Subdues the Barns, and *Triumphs* on the Plain.
A Storm descends : *Sicyonian* Berries feel
The nimble Poundings of the clattering Steel :
The falling Acorns rustle in the Wood,
And Swine run Homewards cheerful with their Food :

Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro.
Hinc anni labor : binc patriam parvosque nepotes
Sustinet, binc armenta boum, meritosque juvencos.
Nec requies, quin aut pomis exuberet annus,
Aut fæti pecorum, aut Cerealis mergite culmi :
Provenerique oneret sulcos, atque horrea vincat.
Venit byems ; teritur Sicyonia bacca trapetis,
Glande sues lati redeunt, dant arbuta sylva :

The Peasant, innocent of all these Ills,
With crooked Ploughs the fertile Fallows tills ;
And the round Year with daily Labour fills.
And hence the Country Markets are supplied,
Enough remains for Household Charge beside ;
His Wife, and tender Children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving Train.
Nor cease his Labours, 'till the yellow Field
A full Return of bearded Harvest yield :
A Crop so plenteous, as the Land to load,
Overcome the crowded Barns, and lodge on Reeks abroad
Thus ev'ry sever'al Season is employ'd :
Some spent in Toil, and some in Ease enjoy'd.
The yearning Ewes prevent the springing Year ;
The laden Boughs their Fruits in Autumn bear :
'Tis then the Vine her liquid Harvest yields,
Bak'd in the Sun-shine of ascending Fields.

The *Copse* her *Wildings* gives from shelter'd Bow'rs ;
 And teeming *Autumn* lays down all her Stores :
 Whilst high on Sunny Rocks the *Claft-red Vine*
 Boils into Juice, and Reddens into Wine.
 Thus hang the ruddy Boys around the Spouse ;
 The vig'rous Offspring of the virtuous House :
 With fresh-sprung *Verdure* ev'ry Mead is crown'd,
 The milky *Udder* trails upon the Ground,
 And well-fed *Kids* in wanton Combats bound.
 The *Swain* Himself the *Solemn Feast* prepares,
 And with His *Fellow-Swains* forgets his Cares.
 Lolling at Ease on matted *Gras* He lies,
 Amid the Guests the sacred *Flames* arise,
 And ev'ry Hand a *Flow'ry Crown* supplies.

*Et variis ponit festus Autumnum; & alio
 Missis in apricis coquitur viademus faxis.
 Interea dulces pendunt circum oscula nati:
 Casta pudicitiam servat domus: ubera vacca
 Laetæq[ue] deministrant; pinguisque in gramine lata
 Inter se adversis luctuantur cornibus bœdi.
 Ipse dies agitat festas; fususque per horham,
 Ignis ubi in medio, & socii cratera coronant;*

The Winter comes, and then the falling Mæst
 For greedy Swine provides a full Repast. 759
 The Olives, ground in Mills, their Farnes boast,
 And Winter-Fruits are mellow'd by the Frost.
 His Cares are eas'd with Intervals of Blis ;
 His little Children climbing for a Kist,
 Welcome their Father's late Return at Night ; 760
 His faithful Bed is crown'd with elate Delight.
 His Kine with swelling Udders ready stand,
 And, lowing for the Pail, invite the Milker's Hand.
 His wanton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd,
 Fight harmless Battles in his homely Yard : 765
 Himself in Rustick Pomp on Holy-days,
 To Rural Pow'r's a just Oblation pays ;
 And on the Green his careles Limbs displays.
 The Hearth is in the Midst, the Herdsman round
 The cheerful Fire, provoke his Health in Goblets crown'd.

On Thee, *Lynæus*, Parent of the *Vine*,
 He calls aloud, and pours out sparkling Wine ;
 He bids the *Hinds* bring forth the *Flying Dart*,
 And marks a Tree, where each may shew his Art :
 Or strip his brawny Sides for rougher Sport,
 And try his Strength in the rude *Tennis-Court*.

Such was the Life the antient *Sabines* led,
 Such *Rhemus* and His Brother : *Thus* the Head
 Of fain'd *Etruria* rose : and *Thus* did *Rome*
 The dazzling Glory of the World become.

Te libans, Lenæ, vocat, pecorisque magistris
Velocis jaculi certamine ponit in ulmo ;
Corporaque agresti nudat predura palestra.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluerunt Sabini ;
Hanc Rhemus, & frater : sic foris Etruria crevit :
Spilicet & rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
 [*Septenuque una sibi muro circumdedit arcus.*]

He calls on *Bacchus*, and propounds the Prize :
 The Groom his Fellow-Groom at Buts defies ;
 And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes.
 Or stript, for Wrestling, smears his Limbs with Oil,
 And watches with a Trip his Foe to foil.
 Such was the Life the frugal *Sabines* led , }
 So *Remus* and his Brother God were bred : }
 From whom th' *aureo* Etrurian *Virtus* rose,
And this rude Life our homely Fathers chose.
 Old *Rome* from such a Race deriv'd her Birth,
 (The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth ;)
 Which now on sev'n high Hills triumphant reigns,
And in that Compass all the World contains.

775

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50 VIRGIL's HUSBANDRY.

E're the *Dictæan* King a Scepter sway'd,
 E're impious Man on Flesh of Heifers prey'd,
 This was the Life that *Saturn* chose on Earth,
 And Hence the *Golden Years* receiv'd their Birth :
 Nor yet shrill *Trumpets* hollow Clangor made,
 Nor *Anvils* rattled with the hard'ning Bladè.

But We, with discontinu'd Course, have past,
 A boundless Space, immeasurably vast,
 The foaming Steeds are hid in dusky Smoke,
 And now 'tis time to ease them of the Yoke.

*Ante etiam sceptrum Dictæi regis, & ante
 Impia quam cæsi gens est epulata juvencis,
 Aureus banc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.
 Necdum etiam audierant inflari classica, necdum
 Impositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.
 Sed nos immensum spatiis consecimus æquor :
 Et jam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.*

E're *Saturn*'s Rebel Son usurp'd the Skies,
 When Beasts were only slain for Sacrifice :
 While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her antient Lord,
 E're sounding Hammers forg'd th' inhuman Sword:
 E're hollow Drums were beat, before the Breath
 Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peals of Death ;
 The good old God his Hunger did affunge
 With Roots and Herbs, and gave the Golden Age,
 "But over-labour'd with so long a Course,
 ..'Tis Time to set at Ease the smoaking Horse.

785

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NOTES.

The Reader will observe, that P. *Page* refers to the new Translation, L. *Line*, to Mr. *Dryden's*.

P. I. *But with thy Vines, &c.]*

This Introduction the Commentators have not sufficiently taken into their Consideration, and for want of thoroughly explaining it, 'tis not easy, for every Reader, to reconcile the Conclusion of this Book with the Beginning of it.

Virgil begins with these Words, *Nunc te Bacche canam*; but about the latter end of the Book, he prefers Olives, and Fruit, and Timber Trees, and even Shrubs, to the Vine itself, p. 41.

Quid memorandum eque Bacchis dona tularent?

This is not easily understood, without observing in how particular a manner the Poet, immediately after *Nunc te Bacche canam*, adds,

Nec non Silvestris secum Virgula, &c.

The Reason of which I conceive to be this.

Virgil, in order to raise the Dignity of the Verse, in this Place, above that of the Proposition, in the first Georgic, as he there makes use of a Figure, by employing *Sydere* instead of *Tempore*, so here, he chuses a nobler Figure, by the Apostrophe he makes to *Bacchus*; and in the third Book, he uses the same Figure, for the same Purpose, three times in the two first Lines.

But this Expression, *Nunc te Bacche canam*, having the Air of a *Bacchique* Piece, which was not by any Means the Poet's Intention, he immediately gives it another Turn, by declaring he will celebrate equally with *Bacchus*, that is, the Vine, every Twig of the Forest. This seems to be *Virgil's* Meaning, and this made the Subject worthy of *Virgil*. He undertakes to disclose all the Bounties of Nature in her Productions of Trees, and Plants, and Shrubs; and this he does from the *Vine* to the *Furze*. I have been the more explicite in this Note, because no one has treated this Passage in this manner before, and because it will serve for a Key to the whole Book.

And Olives rising, &c.]

I must desire the Reader to observe once for all, that *Virgil* uses the *Fruit* for the *Tree*, and the *Tree* for the *Fruit* promiscuously.

H through

N O T E S.

throughout the whole Georgic : And this may serve to justify the Translator in doing so.

P. 2. *And With' yubit' ging in its azure Down.]*

This is one of *Virgil's* inimitable Lines, which paint the Charas of Nature so exactly to the Life. The upper Sides of the Leaves of the Tree, which, he describes, are of a light Green, the under Sides of a blewifh Ground, powder'd with a kind of white Down, so that as they are tossed about in the Wind, they re-femble a variegated Silk; sometimes the white prevails, sometimes the blewifh Azure, as the Leaves are more or less raifed up.

P. 3. *Hence Chesnuts, hence the Beech.]*

'Tis much disputed what Tree this is which *Virgil* calls *Aesculus*. I can't find but that all he says of it, here, or elsewhere, is very applicable to the Beech, and therefore I shall take the Liberty to call it by that Name, that I may be understood by an English Reader.

And hence the Oak, whose Rites the Græcians love.]

"Tis very well known how fond the *Romans* were of their Gods and religious Ceremonies, and what a Contempt they had for those of other Nations. "Tis in this manner *Virgil* uses *habita Graij: oracula quercus.*

He smiles at the *Greeks*, as he calls them, for their Superstition: but Mr. *Dryden* unhappily applies this Passage seriously, in these Words,

Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.

L. 27. *These Ways of Planting Nature did ordain.]*

Mr. *Dryden* had said a little before, l. 12. that *some Trees owed their Birth to Nature, because they grew without Planting*; and here he says, *Nature ordained these Ways of Planting*. I could not but wonder how Mr. *Dryden* should fall into so odd a Mistake; but looking into Mr. *May's* Translation of the Georgic, I find he took this Line from him. This being the first Occasion I have to mention this Gentleman, it may not be improper to inform the generality of Readers, that this Writer liv'd many Years since, and was a Rival to Sir *William Davenant* for the Bays, but unsuccessful in his Pretension. He writ several Plays, and translated *Lucan*, and *Virgil's* Georgics.

This last, which is but a very moderate Performance, Mr. *Dryden* had always before his Eyes, and, through Haste, I suppose, very frequently took two, or three Lines, even sometimes, five, or six, almost together, out of this obscure Author. There are in this Georgic,

NOTE S.

Georgic, I believe, almost a hundred of Mr. May's Lines, very little altered, and in all the four Georgics, I believe there may be found more than as many hundred, if any Body has Leisure enough to make such a Search.

P. 4. *Whether you split, or sharpen out the Foot.]*

Quadrifidaque fudes: & acuto robore vallo.

This Line has very much puzzled the Commentators, but there is no great Difficulty in it, to any one that is the least vers'd in Husbandry, and consequently knows that there are two Ways of planting Setters. The *Quadrifidaque fudes* is when the Bottom is slit a-cross both Ways; the *acuto robore* is when it is cut into 4-Point; which is called the *Cot's Foot*.

But other Trees expect their Race should rise, &c.]

There is a wonderful Beauty in this Passage. Here *Virgil*, to distinguish the Vine, gives it Life, and the most tender Passions.—The Fact is, that the best Way of raising Vines is by laying Branches from the Tree into the Ground. This the Poet describes as a tender Fondness for their Off-spring, and represents them as pleased with having them under their Eyes, and willingly parting with their own Substance for their Nourishment.

P. 6. *And now assist me, &c.]*

There are few Passages in the Georgics, upon which the Commentators have employed more Labour than this. The Difficulty that perplexed 'em, arose from *Pelago da vela patenti*, and *Primi legit litteris oram*, which plainly contradict each other; but by altering one Letter, *Primo* adverbially, instead of *Primi* which *Virgil* has often used, the Difficulty is removed, and so light an Alteration may be very readily allowed of by those who are acquainted with the Uncertainty of Copies of all Authors so ancient as *Virgil*.

But here my Verses, &c.]

Ruens and Mr. *Dryden* understand *non hic te carmine fitio* relatively to the whole Work in general; but it is plain, *Virgil* confines it to his Invocation, *non hic, nor in this Place*. The Conclusion seems to carry with it some kind of Reflection upon the common tedious Forms of Invocation, which, it is probable, *Maecenas* had been often tired with.

P. 8. *Tet these require, &c.]*

Scilicet omnibus est labor impendundus.

N O T E S.

Scilicet is translated here *yes (attamen)* which seems to be the only Way of connecting this Passage with what goes before, and what follows. That *Virgil* uses this Adverb in such a Sence, appears from this Line in the third Georgic,

Scilicet ante annos fuit et insignis equum.

Where all the Commentators take *Scilicet* in the Sence that 'tis used in here.

L. 91. But nobler Vines by Propagation thrive.]

All Trees thrive by Propagation, but the manner of their Propagation is different. If the Reader would know how Mr. *Dryden* came by this loose Expression, he may find in Mr. *May* this Line.

And Vines the best by Propagation thrive.

And in the same Place, the former Line,

By the same Methods Paphian Myrtles live.

L. 94. Palm, Poplar, Firr descending from the Steep Of Hills, to try the Danger of the Deep.]

Nothing can be finer than this Passage is in the Original; nothing less like the Original than this Translation.

P. 9. But Filberts graft, &c.]

In the six following Lines, the Metre of the Latin is endeavoured after. Perhaps the first and the last are a tolerable Imitation of the Latin in our Language.

L. 130. The Thasian Vines in richer Soils abound, The Mareotic grow in barren Ground.]

*Sunt Thasia vites, sunt & Mareotides alba,
Pinguis ha terris habiles, levioribus ille.*

I shall have Occasion to observe, oftner than once, that the Commentators have fallen into many Mistakes, only for want of attending to the Grammatical Construction of their Author. That *He* relates always to the Last Antecedent, and *Ille* to the Prior, no Body will dispute; but *Pontanus* having made this Mistake, *Rueus* follows him; and Mr. *Dryden*, *Rueus*; and in this Passage he shews an implicate Submission to the Reverend Father;

for

N O T E S.

for these two Lines are Mr. May's, only he has altered them to Ruens's Interpretation, as the Reader will perceive by Mr. May's Verses.

The *Thafian* Vines in barren Soils abound,
The *Mareotic* thrive in richer Ground.

L. 162. *All sorts of Trees their several Countries know,*
Black Ebon only will in India grow.]

These two Lines have nothing of the Spirit of *Virgil* in them, but Mr. May perhaps is to be blamed on this Account.

All Trees their proper Countries know,
In India only will black Ebon grow.

P. 14. *Or all Panchaia's Plains manur'd with spicy Stores.]*
There is a surprizing Majesty in these Lines which begin the Praises of *Italy*, from

Sed neque Medorum Sylvæ,
to
Hac loca.

The Interpretation of the last of these Lines differs from the Commentators, but I think it is *Virgil's* Sense. He always rises in his Descriptions. After he has mentioned Groves of Citrons, and Golden Sands, *Perisia* and *India*, what can be greater than to mention a Country dung'd with Spices, and what more proper to bring the Digression home to his Subject, and to connect it with what follows? But this Passage deserves to be examined more nearly. It is plain, the Sense of it turns upon this Word *Pinguis*. Now there are too many Places in the Georgics to be enumerated, where *Pinguis terra*, *Pinguis humus*, or *Pingue solum*, signifies Lands well manured; but where it once implies *Dives* by its Produce, as *Ruens* and his Followers understand it, I have not been able to discover.

P. 15. *Here everlasting Spring adorns the Field,*
And foreign Harvets constant Summer yield.]

Hic ver affiduum atque alienis mensibus eas.

Thus this Line stands in the Original, and I do not wonder if none of the Interpreters have been able to make Sense of it: But if we alter *mensibus* to *messibus*, it seems very intelligible.

NOTE S.

Virgil had already enumerated in the Praises of his Country, their Corn, their Wine, their Olives, and their Cattle, and what could be more properly mentioned after them, than their *foreign Grasses*? He very poetically calls their Verdure, *perpetual Spring*, and their frequent Harvests, *continued Summer*.

The *Medica*, which he takes such particular Notice of in the first Georgic, is cut seven or eight Times a Year in Italy.

There is a Passage in *Claudian* which may give some Light to this in *Virgil*.

Quod gelidi rubeant alieno gramine menses.

What *Claudian* calls *alieno gramine*, *Virgil* expresses by *alieno mense*. What the former describes by *menses qui rubeant*, the latter paints in a finer manner by *Aetas*. That this Passage relates to the *foreign Grasses*, can hardly be disputed, for another Reason, because otherwise *Virgil* would have left them out of his Praises of *Italy*, which would have been no inconsiderable Omission. Mr. *Dryden* translates this Place thus,

*Perpetual Spring our happy Climate sees,
Twice breed the Cattle and twice bear the Trees.*

Here he seems to have altered Mr. *May's* Verses to no great Advantage.

*Besides this Land a Spring perpetual sees,
Twice breeding Cattle and twice bearing Trees.*

Though I must observe, with relation to both these Passages, that *Virgil* never makes the Land or the Climate *see*, whatever these Gentlemen are pleased to do.

L. 215. *Our Forts on sleepy Hills, that far below,
See wanton Streams in winding Valleys flow.]*

Here Mr. *Dryden* makes Stone Walls see, and 'tis very unaccountable that he shouold pass by so many beautiful Metaphors, by which *Virgil* gives Life, Sence, Hope, Fear, Love, Hatred, Oblivion, Ambition, Avarice, and, in short, all sorts of Passions, to Trees and Plants, and to the very Soil; I say, 'tis strange Mr. *Dryden* should pass by all these Delicacies of the Poet, and, in their Place, ascribe Sight to Stones and Trees, and the like.

N O T E S.

P. 16. *This Land her self, &c.*]

It seems, at first Sight, to be an indifferent Compliment which *Virgil* makes here to *Italy*. He says, they formerly used to dig Gold and Silver out of her Mines. But if we consider what immediately follows, which we must often do, to find out the Poet's Sense, for the *Sense* frequently makes the Connection without connecting Particles; I say, if we consider what immediately follows, the Poet's Compliment seems to be this. *Italy* abounds with Mines of Gold and Silver; (for I take *Oferantur* to be used in the present Tense) and formerly the Inhabitants employed themselves in working of those Mines. But now, says he, and for many Ages since, the People are become warlike, and seek other Employments, and contemn Riches for Empire and Glory; which is a very delicate Compliment in the Poet, to the *Romans*. Besides, he wipes off the Reproach which had been often objected to them, *viz.* that they overran other Countries only for the Sake of their Treasure.

P. 17. *Do'st far avert their Luxury from Rome.*]

Imbellem aversis Romanis arcibus Indum.

Imbellem causes the whole Difficulty of this Passage. The learned *Ruens*, and *Catrum*, run into a great deal of Historical Conjecture about this Passage; but as to that which is the main Point, they never at all touch upon it.

Their Interpretation, with which Mr. *Dryden*'s agrees, makes this Passage a Banter upon *Augustus*; for what is it else, to say, that he, at the Head of a vast Army, kept an effeminate Enemy from the *Roman Country*? *Virgil*'s meaning, I suppose, may be this.

Augustus was not a fiery Soldier, that chose Fighting for Fighting's Sake. Though he was brave upon Occasion, yet he never car'd to hazard himself but where it was absolutely necessary. The Character he affected most, was that of Love and Concern for his Country. This is the *Pater Aenaeas*, and the *Pater Romanus*, so often mention'd in the *Aeneid*; and this is what *Virgil* paints at: He represents *Augustus* under Apprehensions, lest the Spoils of the *Indians* should render his Army effeminate, like the *Indians* themselves; and therefore he describes Him leaving the Delicacies of the *Roman Court*, and exposing Himself to the Rigours of a Campaign, in the furthestpost Parts of *Asia*, to command Peace by his Presence. Thus he averted the effeminate *Indian* from *Rome*. Which Sense of this Passage appears still plainer, when we observe, that by a Figure very common to *Virgil*, effeminate *Indian* is the same Thing as *Indian Effeminacy*.

NOTE S.

L. 247. *The Nature of their sever'al Soils now, see,
Their Strength, their Colour, their Fertility.]*
Nunc locus arorum ingens.

Mr. Dryden cannot be said to have translated *arorum ingens* tolerably, by the *Nature of their Soils*; but indeed these two Lines are Mr. May's.

Now all Soils several Natures let us see,
Their Strength, their Colour, and Fertility.

Mr. Dryden's two next Lines are almost *verbatim* from Mr. May.

P. 18. *First stubborn Land, or a malignant Hill.]*

Difficiles primum terra, collesque maligni.

It is impossible not to perceive the exquisite Delicacy of the Prosepects in this Place, and that they relate to something else besides the Soil. Rough untractable Grounds must be humoured in their own Way, or else they will be good for nothing. But those of a better Temper will answer nobler Purposes.

L. 256. *But where the Soil, with fat'ning Moisture fill'd,
Is cloath'd with Grafs, and fruitful to be till'd.]*

Mr. Dryden translates *ferilis ubere, fruitful to be till'd*, which is very wide from the Author's Meaning, but Mr. May is Principal in this Mistake.

But Ground more fertile with rich Moisture fill'd,
Well cloath'd with Grafs, and fruitful to be till'd.

L. 272. *Then seek Tarentum's Lawns and farthest Coast,*

Or such a Field as hapless Mantua lost.]

The first Line is not a proper Translation of

Saltus & saturi petio longinqua Tarenti.

But these Verses likewise Mr. Dryden has taken almost *verbatim* from Mr. May, and, one would think, without so much as looking upon the Latin.

*Then seek Tarentum's Lawns, and farthest Coast,
Such Fields as hapless Mantua has lost.*

This

NOTE S.

This last Line of Mr. May's has something very fine in it. I wish the Author intended it. The Metre is extremely grave and solemn, as it is remarkably so in the Original. There the Verse complains, and every Word seems to sigh.

Aus qualem infelix amisi Mantua campum.

P. 20. *Lands to the Eye, &c.*]

This is another of those Passages which all the Commentators have misunderstood, more or less, for want of some Knowledge of Country Affairs. *Ruens*, according to his usual Custom, only abstracts *Pontanus*. Virgil speaks here of three sorts of Soil, two of which are fit for Corn, the other not. The first he describes thus; a loose Soil which looks dark, and fat, when turned up with the Plough. *Nigra fere, &c.* The second is Forest, or Coppice Ground. *Aus undo iratus Sylvam, &c.* The third he describes in a very poetical manner, by the different Effect the Plough has upon it. *At ruditis exituit, &c.*

The loose rich Ground, first mentioned, looks dark, and fat, even below the piercing of the Share, but the hard rubbly Field, quite contrary, is all white and shining, *impulso vomere*, because the Plough must be drove into it; such Ground not being to be plough'd but by putting Weight upon the Head of the Beam.

L. 283. *The like of Forest Land is understood.*]

This Line puts me in Mind of M. Boileau's Expression relating to a French Verse, which he says, was colder than all the Ice of Norway. The two following Lines, which Mr. Dryden has joined with it, are almost entirely from Mr. May.

L. 291. *Tben Birds forsake the Ruins of their Seat, And, flying from their Nests, their callow Young forget.*]

*Antiquaque domos avium cum stirpibus imis
Erunt: ille altum midis petiere relicit.*

I understand this Place in a manner different from *Ruens*, and others, who interpret *stirpibus imis*, the Roots of the Trees. These Words are connected to *domos avium*, and consequently, according to Virgil's clear Way of Writing, must relate to the Birds; besides, if they related to the Roots of the Trees, it would be an useless Tautology; for, that the Roots were grubbed up, is said before, *nemora everit.* And again, *cum stirpibus imis* is the best Expression possible to describe where the Birds young ones were lodged; for it is well known, that by getting down into the Bottom of decayed Trees, several sorts of Birds preserve their Brood.

NOTE S.

I translate *Album*, the Top of the Tree, and not the *Air*, because in Fact, when hollow old Trees are felled, in which Birds have young ones, they always keep hovering about the Top, and making a lamentable Noise for several Days together.

P. 21. But where the Plough is urg'd, &c.]

I have already accounted for this Translation, but I may observe farther, that *rudis campus* signifies rubble Ground, beyond all Dispute, because Virgil immediately mentions every sort of rubble Ground that we know of, to wit, *carse Gravel, Stone Brash, or stony Ground, and hollow Chalk.*

P. 22. That Soil is Light, and will be to the Vine A loaded Udder, and to bleasing Kine.]

*Si deerrunt; raram, Pecoriq[ue] & vitibus almis
Aptius Uber erit.*

A Bunch of Grapes, and a Cow's Udder, are two of the finest Emblems of Fertility. Virgil often compares them together. The Gracians named one sort of Grapes from the Udder, as we find in the beginning of this Book. ————— *Turridis Bumaste racemis*, p. 11.

Bumaste is derived from two Greek Words, *B[ea]tū* *μαστός*, which signify a Cow's Udder.

Virgil says, p. 18. *Fertiliis Ubere campus.* Here he uses a bolder Figure, where he says, *Aptius Uber erit.* And p. 25. he employs the same Figure as before.

In denso non sognar Ubere Bacchus.

But should the Mould swell up, &c.]

This Passage cannot be too much admired. The Subject is only about filling a Pit with the Earth that came out of it: If the Ground is rich and heavy, it will over fill it; but with what a Loftiness of Expression is this describ'd!

The Earth shews all the Haughtiness that ever accompanied immense Wealth.

————— *In sua posse negabunt
Ire loca, & scrobibus superabit terra repletis.*

There is an Emphasis in every Word; and what follows maintains the Character to the greatest Height imaginable.

————— *Gletas*

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— *Globas cunctantes, crassaque terga
Exspecta, & validis terram proscinde juvencis.*

L. 343. *The heavier Earth is by her Weight betray'd.]*
I must confess, I can hardly think this Line intelligible, but Mr. Dryden took it from Mr. May, as he did the next but one.

The Colour of the Soil, and *Black from White.*

And the two next.

Yet this the Plants that prosper there will shew,
Black Ivy, Pitch Trees, and the baleful Yew.

And again, these two at the Bottom of the same Page,

And hoary Frosts, after the painful Toil
Of delving Hinds, will rot the mellow Soil.

But to follow Mr. Dryden, after this manner, through Mr. May's Translation, would be a very tedious Employment, and therefore I shall beg leave to refer the Reader to the Book itself.

P. 25. *To swell their crowded Dugs, &c.]*

I have explained this Passage in the Notes upon p. 12.

P. 26. *As when two mighty Armies, &c.]*

This is the only Simile in all this Georgic, the Reason of which seems to be, that Metaphors and short Descriptions, which are so frequent in every Part of this Georgic, are of the same Nature and Use in Poetry, as Similes. As for this Simile itself, nothing could be more sublime, than to compare a Vineyard to two Armies drawn up in order of Battle against each other. Mr. Dryden palls the Comparison, by running into a Metaphor of the same Nature, before he comes at it. In the Conclusion, he quite mistakes Virgil's Sence, by translating, *Dubius mediis Mars errat in armis,*

And equal Mars, like an impartial Lord,
Leaves all to Fortune and the dint of Sword.

Whereas, Virgil says, the Armies are drawn up with such great Exactness, and appear, both of them, so well appointed, that *Mars* himself cannot judge which is like to have the Advantage of the Day.

P. 27. *The Beech stands first, &c.]*

This is a very fine Description of the Beech. Towards the Conclusion of it, Virgil points out a very delicate Moral on the Insig-
nificance and Shortness of Man's Life.

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P. 28. *Plant not thy Vineyard, &c.]*

It is worth observing, that the Poet has brought together more Precepts here, than in any one part of all the Georgics; but it is likewise remarkable, that he has placed them very artfully, betwixt that fine Passage just mentioned, and another equally beautiful.

For oft a Spark, &c.]

Here we have a single Spark of Fire followed, till it ends in a general Confagation; and throughout all the Verses, the Fire of the Poet's Fancy, and the Strength of his Lines, increase in Proportion as the natural Fire which he represents, would do.

P. 31. *So dawn'd the Days, &c.]*

This seems to be the Sence of *illuvia dies*, which being joined with *babnisse tenorem*, makes this Passage very intelligible. Every Day of the whole Year was like a Day in the Spring. This Virgil farther explains by *Ver illud erat*, & *Ver magnus agebas orbis*.

P. 34. *In parching Summer, &c.]*

Cui super indignas hyemes, soleisque potenter, &c.

I understand *super* in this Place, as it is said, *super cenam*, or else it seems to me that there would be a disagreeable Repetition of the same Things in the following Lines.

Frigora nec tantum, &c.

P. 35. *They ride on Swings, &c.]*

The different Opinions of the Commentators are innumerable on this Place. The Sence in which it is taken here, seems to be supported by the general Notion, which the Frequenters of the Bacchanalian Ceremonies always had, namely, that they were purged by being thus tossed in the Wind, of which the Fan was an Emblem. *Mysica Vampus Jacchi*. There is a very ancient Medal extant, which, I think, *Montfaucon* has taken Notice of, that represents this Ceremony of swinging betwixt two Trees at a Bacchanalian Festival,

*Let Cakes in Chargers, and a hallowed Goat,
Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his Altars brought.]*

I am obliged to Mr. Dryden for these two Lines, except that I differ from him in the Epithet of *Gauley*, which he has given to the Goat. And I likewise own my self indebted to him for near as much in the Description of the Lemon-Tree, p. 13.

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P. 37. *Nor must you not the binding Furze prepare.]*

—*Necnon etiam aspera rufci
Vimina.*—

The Latin may admit of another Sense, and then the Line should be thus,

Nor must you not the Bramble's Twine prepare.

The Reader will judge which is best.

Now joyful Songs the finisht'd Labours crown.]

I must confess, I do not understand, after much Inquiry, what *Virgil* means by *extremos antes*. I believe he alludes to some Song, of which no Notice is come down to us. I have translated it generally, without hinting at more Knowledge than I am Master of.

P. 38. *Olives quite otherwise, &c.]*

We are now come to a new Scene. Hitherto *Virgil* has expatiated on the Vine; but now he enters on a very different Subject. He has shewn what endless Labour the Vine requires, and the Uncertainty of the Product at last. Now, says he, quite contrary to the Vine, the Olive requires no Labour at all, after it is once well settled in the Ground. All you need do, is to plow the Soil about them, and you may be sure of a Crop of Olives.

After Olives, he goes on to Fruit Trees; and all the Trouble that belongs to them is nothing but Ingrafting. Then he proceeds to the wild Forest Fruits, which require no manner of Labour; afterwards to the *Cytisus*, Willows, Furze, Box, and other Plants; and lastly, he declares the Usefulness of old decayed Trees.

Thus he makes this Work of universal Concern. All Lands will not bear Vines, or Corn, or Olives; but every Land will bear something or other, and by pointing out the Produce of the several Kinds of Soil, he applies himself to all sorts of Country People.

Nourish with these the Olive's kind increase.]

This is one of the most remarkable Passages in the *Georgic*, where the Commentators have miscarried, merely for want of attending to the Grammatical Construction.

Hoc pingue & placidam Paci nutritior Olivum.

There

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There is no School Boy, if he was to construe this Verse, but would look back to the last Word but one, and find *Veneris* to join with *Hoc*. But it happens in this Case, as in many others, that if once a Person of great Name makes a Mistake, others follow him, and so the Error becomes at last universal.

P. 39. *This covers with strong Lines, &c.c.]*

I have taken the Liberty to paraphrase a little upon *Genitio septemque satis & pabula Melli sufficient*, because I have seen so much of the Use of that Plant in both these Respects.

P. 40. *New to the Harrow's Toil, or Peasant's Care.]*

"Tis very odd there should not be one Edition of *Virgil*, in which this Line is right pointed; the Comma is always put after *bominum*. There is a very curious *Variances Lectiones* of *Virgil*, in my Lord *Sunderland's* Library, in which this Line has no Comma at all. This shews the Doubt that Copyist had; but the Sense clears up the Difficulty. *Cura* cannot be separated from *Hominum*, and *Rastris* must relate to the Labour of Cattle. *In quo pondere rastri.* *Georgic. i.*

P. 41. *Gives Bacchus ought so worthy of Applause?*

We are now come to the Application. The Poet had before observed, that the Vine required infinite Trouble, and, for that Reason, he prefers Olive, and Fruit, and Forest Trees to it; though his true Reason was, to make People in love with what they had. But now he insinuates a farther and more convincing Argument in favour of the latter, which is, that the Produce of these Things is never pernicious to Mankind. But this cannot be said of the Vine; for the Vine, he tells us, occasioned the first Quarrel that was known amongst Friends and Brethren.

His Gifts, of fatal Ills the frequent Cause.]

Bacchus & ad culpam causas dedit. Ills furens

Cephauros letbo domuit. _____

This Passage is generally explained by joining *letbo* with *domuit*. But it seems to me that it should be joined with *furens*, as it is said, *furens irâ, invidiâ, amore, &c.* and as *Virgil* himself says in the second *Aeneid*.

_____ *Vidi ipse furens*

Cede Neoptolemum _____

And then the Meaning is, *domuit*, he *overcame*, in the common Sense as *Wine* is said to *overcome any one*, and made them mad

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to Death. In the other Sense, *Virgil* would contradict what he said before. *Bacchus & ad cuiquam causas dedit.* How would *Bacchus* have been to blame, for having punished with Death profigate Wretches that would have ravished the Bride from her Husband? This was a just and not a blameable Action, but the Blame was his overcoming their Reason, and exciting them to that Outrage.

P. 42. *O happy Swains, &c.]*

The following Piece is justly esteemed one of the finest of all Antiquity. The delicate manner in which the Poet introduces it, is this.

In speaking of the Vine, as we have just now observed, he mentions the Quarrel between the *Centaurs* and the *Lapiths*, who were Neighbours and Relations.

At the Time that the *Georgic* was writ, the Miseries of the Civil Wars were so fresh in the Memory of the *Romans*, that they could not but be sensible what *Virgil* pointed at, upon the least mention of Broils amongst People of the same Country, and Kindred. From thence he takes Occasion to represent, how happy they were in being delivered from those Calamities. And to come home to his Subject, he tells them, that now the Earth was at Liberty to be faithful to their Labours; the Scene being extreamly altered from that which was shewn at the Conclusion of the first *Georgic*, in these incomparable Lines,

*Non nullus Aratro
Dignus Honos, squallens abductis arva Colonis, &c.*

But it is worth while to consider this Piece, which ends this *Georgic*, Paragraph by Paragraph.

I. *O fortunatos nimisum, &c.*

Sua si bona norint, is a tender Reproach for their Insensibility of being delivered *a discordibus armis*, and restored to the quiet Enjoyment of their Possessions. The Poet likewise insinuates the Advantage which would accrue to them from the long Discontinuance of Husbandry. This is what he means by *jusifissima tellus Fandie humo facilem vitum*. The Earth, after having lain still so long, will pour out vast Crops; which is true, in Nature.

II. *Si non immensam foribus, &c.*

Here the Poet begins to enter upon Argument. In the first Place, he addresses himself to People of the greatest Consideration, who being dazzled by the Splendor of the Court, neglected the Happiness of the Country. On this Occasion, he paints the use-

+ less

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less Pomp of the former, and the real Blessings of the latter, in the strongest Colours that ever came from any Pencil. Nor is there such a Contrast to be found in any other Writer, as this betwixt the Line abovementioned, and *me vero primum*, &c. before which Verse there ought not to be made any full Stop.

III. *Me vero primum dulces*, &c.

What connects this Passage with the former, which no one of the Commentators has endeavoured to shew, is plainly the Poet's Design to obviate very properly an Objection *ad hominem*. It could be justly observed, that though he wrote admirably well in praise of the Country, preferably to the Court-Life, yet his Practice ran counter to his Precepts, whilst he spent all his Time in *Rome*. To this *Virgil* replies, that he was carried beyond himself by the Love which he had to natural Philosophy, and That made him pass so much Time in the City amongst the Philosophers; which, considering whose Company he frequented, was not an artless Compliment to *Augustus* and *Macenas*.

IV. *Sin has ne possem nature accedere*, &c.

The Poet questions, with great Modesty, whether he may have Capacity enough for so high a Study. If he should not; the Country, he says, was what charmed him above all Things. Then he falls into a Rapture in praise of the Country, and forgets himself, (*seemingly*) and wishes he were there instantly.

V. *Felix qui potuit*, &c.

Here he recovers himself from his Digression, and makes a solid Reflection upon the Happiness of arriving at that Height of Learning, which, he says, a little before, was his only Study.

VI. *Fortunatus & ille*, &c.

Next to that Happiness he places the Satisfaction of a retired Life, which he describes in a very fine manner. Hitherto he speaks with relation to Men of Figure, and at Ease.

VII. *Sollicitans alii remis*, &c.

Now he comes to the Men of Business, and enumerates a great Variety of Employments in the Town Life.

VIII. *Agricola*

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VIII. *Agricola incurvo terram, &c.*

Here he describes the Employment of the Countryman, and makes this as useful, as the former pernicious, to Mankind.

IX. *Hanc Rhemus & Frater, &c.*

The Poet observes, that this was the Life which the Founders of *Rome* were trained up in.

X. *Aureus hanc vitam, &c.*

This was the Life of *Saturn* in the Golden Age, before the Trumpet was blown, and before Hammers forg'd the *Sword*. Upon naming the *Sword*, the Poet seems to start, as if all the Miseries of the Civil War were brought afresh to his Sight, and instantly concludes, *Sed nos immensus, &c.*

L. 694. *Or lift me high to Hæmus billy Crown, Or in the Plains of Tempe lay me down.]*

—*O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sifas!*

I do not suppose it is possible to make a more ridiculous Translation than these two Lines of Mr. Dryden's. The cool Valleys of *Hæmus*, he calls, *High Hæmus billy Crown*.

Or in the Plains of Tempe lay me down.

This is certainly very much below Criticism, and what follows in the next Page, is hardly worth attending to.

From his lov'd Home no Lucre can him draw,
The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw,
Nor heard at bawling Bars corrupted Law.

The last Line has been taken Notice of in the Preface, but the former was omitted. One would wonder what could make Mr. Dryden put such an Expression into *Virgil's Mouth*, viz. *the Senate's mad Decrees*, just at the Time that they had decreed *Augustus* Divine Honours: But if that Circumstance did not occur to Mr. Dryden, he should have known however, that *Virgil* was not capable of talking of the Senate in such a Stile, at any Time, or upon any Account.

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P. 45. *Nor Pity, nor ev'n Envy can be found,
There none for Want repine, and none abound.]*

I cannot by any means think, that the ill natur'd Sence, which Mr. Dryden, after the Commentators, has given to this Line, is agreeable to Virgil's peculiar good Temper. I wish he had followed his Friend Mr. May, who understands it in the same manner as I had translated it, before I ever saw His Version.

And every belpless Household-God melts down.]

Hic petit excidiis Urbem, miserisque Penates.

Ruus, who assures his Readers in his Preface, that he had not omitted the Explanation of any difficult Passage, has not, however, taken *miseris penates* at all into his Consideration. Virgil points at the Avarice of the Soldiery, who were so profligate as to destroy a Town for the sake of the Plunder, and to carry away the Household-Gods with the rest of the Spoil. He calls them *miseris penates*, because they were so far from being able to help those that worshipped them, that they were not able to deliver themselves from the Pillagers. This is very agreeable with the *ancient* Opinion that the Romans had of the Gods of other Countries, which has been taken Notice of in a former Note.

L. 740. *And hence the Country Markets are supply'd,
Enough remains for Household Charge beside.]*

*— Hinc Patriam, parvisque Nepotes
Sufines, &c.*

What can be said in excuse of such Verse as this, were it from the lowest Writer, with Virgil before his Eyes?

P. 47. *Nor rests the Year, but still with Fruit abounds.]*

Nec requies; quin aut Pomis exuberet Annum.

It seems as if *anno* was understood in this Place, *nec requies annos*; in the same manner as, *Urbem quam statuo vestra est*, in the Aeneid. It is very poetical to apply Labour to the Year, but if *Nec requies* be applied to the Husbandman, as it is by Mr. Dryden, and others, this would make the Fertility of the Seasons to depend upon the Husbandman, which, I dare say, Virgil never thought of.

A Storm

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